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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

A CHARACTER STUDY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY," "LIFE OF LINCOLN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

"A prince should earnestly endeavor to gain the reputation of kindness, clemency, piety, justice, and fidelity to his engagements. He ought to possess all these good qualities BUT STILL RETAIN SUCH POWER OVER HIMSELF AS TO DISPLAY THEIR OPPOSITES WHENEVER IT MAY BE EXPEDIENT . . . *He should make it a rule, above all things, never to utter anything which does not breathe of kindness, justice, good faith, and piety; this last quality it is most important for him to appear to possess as men in general judge more from appearances than from reality. All men have eyes but few have the gift of penetration. Every one sees your exterior, but few can discern what you have in your heart."* — Machiavelli — *The Prince.* Chap. xviii.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is without question the most conspicuous type of our present dominating commercial man. "The most important man in the world" a great and serious newspaper passionately devoted to democracy calls him, and unquestionably this is the popular measure of him. His importance lies not so much in the fact that he is the richest individual in the world, with the control of property which that entails; it lies in the fact that his wealth, and the power springing from it, appeal to the most universal and powerful passion in this country — the passion for money. John D. Rockefeller, measured by our national ambition, is the *most successful man in the world* — the man who has got the most of what men most want. How did he get it, the eager youth asks, and asking, strives to imitate him as nearly as ability and patience permit. Thus he has become an inspirer of American ideals, and his methods have been crystallized into a great national commercial code.

Nor is this all. Mr. Rockefeller distributes money in charity and in endowments. If not our first, he is certainly our second philanthropist; the amount of the money given being the standard. All over the land those who direct great educational, charitable and religious institutions are asking, "Can we not get something from him?" Receiving his bequests they become at least the tacit supporters of the thing for which he stands — that is, John D. Rockefeller exercises a powerful control over the very sources of American intellectual and religious inspiration.

Now a man who possesses this kind of influence cannot be allowed to live in the dark. The public not only has the *right* to know what sort of a man he is; it is the *duty* of the

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public to know. How else can the public discharge the most solemn obligation it owes to itself and to the future, to keep the springs of its higher life clean? Who then is this John D. Rockefeller? Whence did he come? By what qualities did he grow to such power? Has he proved his right to the power? Does he give to the public whence he has drawn his wealth a just return in ideas, in patriotism, in devotion to social betterment, in generous living, in inspiring personal character? Has John D. Rockefeller made good? From time immemorial men who have risen to power have had to face this question. Kings, tyrants, chieftains, since the world began have stood or have fallen as they have convinced the public that they were giving or not giving a just return for the power allowed them. The time is here when Mr. Rockefeller must face the verdict of the public by which he lives.

As to Mr. Rockefeller's origin it is typically American. He sprang from one of those migrating families which, coming to this country in the seventeenth century, has moved westward with each generation seeking a betterment of condition. He and his brothers were the first great product of a restless family searching a firm footing on new soil. The first word heard of the Rockefeller family in Richford, Tioga County, New York, where John D. Rockefeller was born, was in the early '30's when his grandfather, Godfrey Rockefeller, moved to that community from Mud Creek, Massachusetts. There are still alive in Tioga County many men and women who remember Godfrey Rockefeller. It is not a pleasant description they give of him — a shiftless tippler, stunted in stature and mean in spirit, but held to a certain decency by a wife of such strong intellect and determined character that she

ELIZA DAVISON ROCKEFELLER

THE MOTHER OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"There is something in the fine, keen face which recalls the face of Lætitia Ramolino, mother of Napoleon Bonaparte." Mrs. Rockefeller has been dead several years

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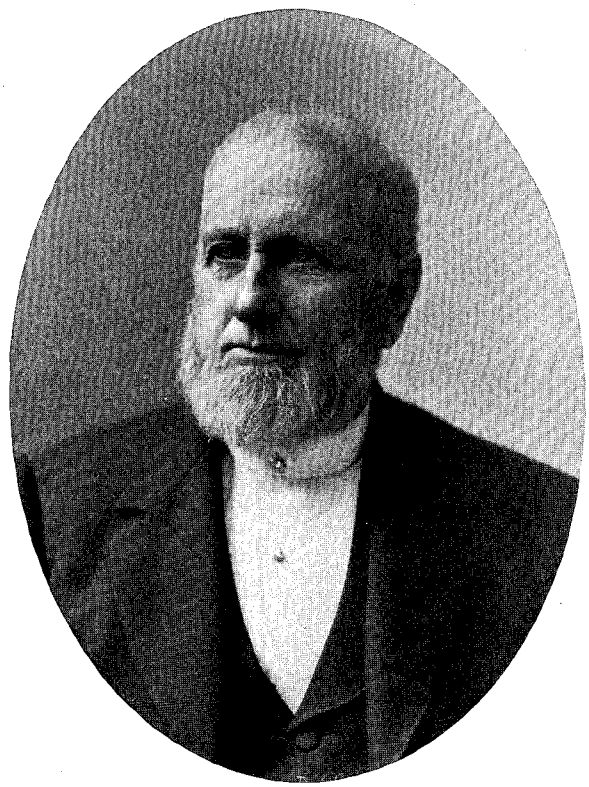
impressed herself unforgettably on the community.

Godfrey Rockefeller had not been long in Richford when he was followed by his eldest son — William A. Rockefeller — a man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. There seem to have been other Rockefellers, for the family was sufficiently numerous and conspicuous to cause the farm in West Hill



WILLIAM A. ROCKEFELLER

THE FATHER OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

"A good fellow, jolly, generous and kindly." Mr. Rockefeller, now over ninety years old, is living in Iowa

near Richford, where they settled, to be dubbed "Rockefeller settlement" — a name it still bears.

It is with William A. Rockefeller, father of John, that we have to do here. There is enough which is authentic to be gleaned about him to form a picture of a striking character. William A. Rockefeller was a tall and powerful man with keen straightforward eyes, a man in whom strength, and fearlessness, and joy in life, unfettered by education or love of decency, ran riot. The type is familiar enough in every farming settlement, the type of the country sport, who hunts, fishes, gambles, races horses and carouses in the low and mean ways which the country alone affords. He owned a costly rifle, and was famous as a shot. He was a dare-devil with horses. He had no trade — spurned the farm. Indeed he had all the vices save one — he never drank. He was a famous trickster, too; thus, when he first reached Richford he is said to have called himself a peddler — a *deaf and dumb* peddler, and for some time he actually succeeded in making his acquaintances in Richford write out their remarks to him on a slate. Why he wished to deceive them no one knows. Perhaps sheer mischief, perhaps a desire to hear things which would hardly be talked before a stranger with good ears.

It was not long after he came to Richford that he began to go off on long trips

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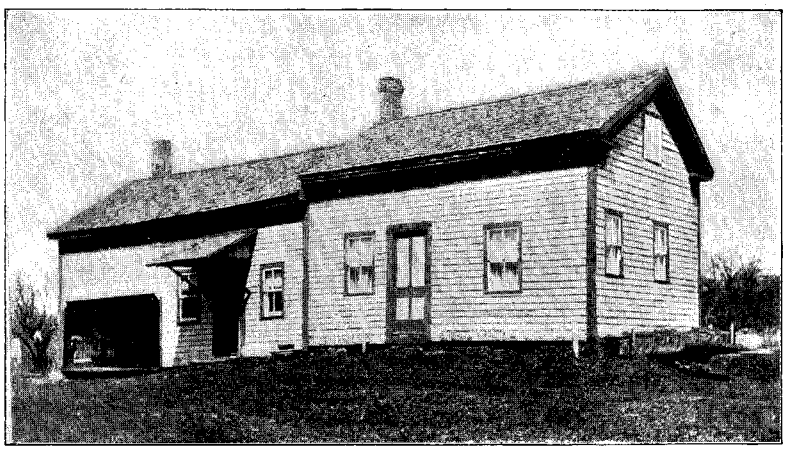
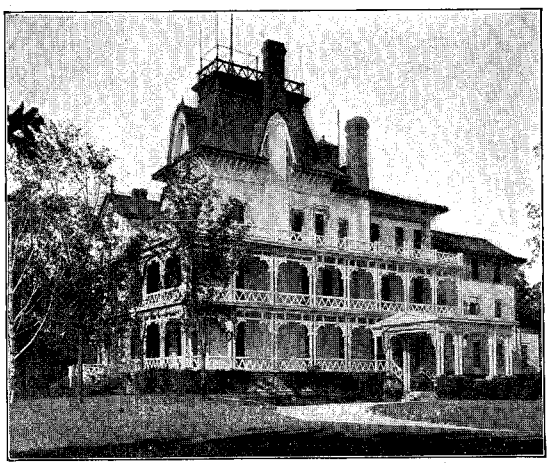


The house in which John D. Rockefeller was born near Richford, Tioga Co., N. Y.

— peddling trips some said. Later he became known as a quack doctor, and his absences were supposed to be spent selling a medicine he concocted himself. Irregular and wild as his life undoubtedly was, his strength and skill and daring, his frankness, his careful dress, for he paid great attention to his clothes, as well as the mystery surrounding the occupation which kept him looking so prosperous, made him a favorite with the young and reckless and, unhappily, with women. On one of his trips he met in Moravia, New York, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, Eliza Davison. It is said that the girl married him in the face of strong opposition of her family. However that may be, it is certain that about 1837, William A. Rockefeller brought Eliza Davison to the Rockefeller settlement as his wife, and here three children were born, the second of whom — the record of his birth is dated July 8, 1839 — was named John Davison.

In 1843 William A. Rockefeller moved his family to a farm near Moravia, Cayuga County. The reputation he had built up in Richford as a "sporting man" was duplicated in Moravia. He soon became the leader in all that was reckless and wild in the community, and was classed by the respectable and steady-going as a dangerous character on whom no doubt much was fastened that did not belong. It may be for this reason, as well as because of his frequent long and unaccounted for absences, that he is still classed popularly in Moravia as one of the gang who operated the "underground horse railroad" — and ran off horses from various parts of the country. There is absolutely no proof of this, but the conviction and sentence to the State prison, in 1850, of three of his closest pals for horse-stealing coupled with his bad reputation made many of his disapproving neighbors fix the crime equally on him, and to-day old men in Moravia nod their heads sagely and say, "He was too smart to be caught."

Mr. Rockefeller's dwelling on his four hundred acre estate "Forest Hill," six miles east of Cleveland, Ohio.



There is an indictment against William A. Rockefeller for a more serious crime than horse-stealing in the records of the County, for 1849, and it is quite probable that he left Moravia under compulsion. At all events, about 1850 he again moved his family, which now consisted of his wife and five children, to

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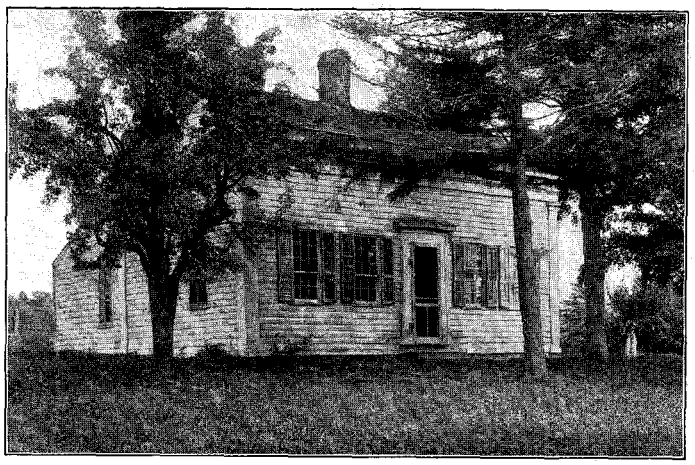
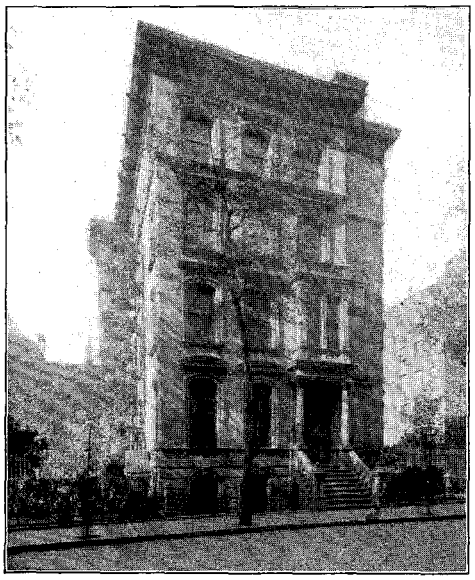
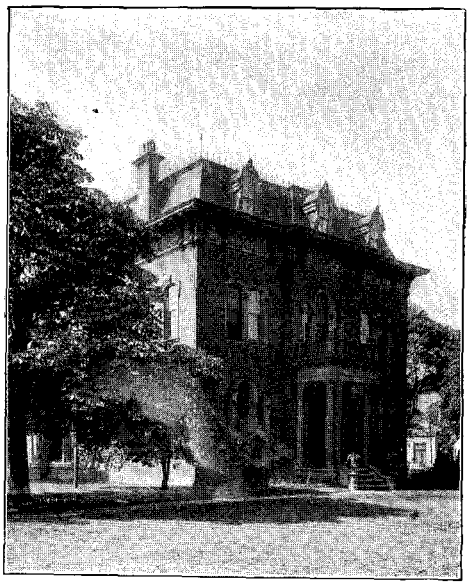


The boyhood home of John D. Rockefeller, near Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y.



Mr. Rockefeller's New York City home, 4 West 54th Street



Mr. Rockefeller's town house in Cleveland. For many years this dwelling has not been used except for the family's occasional Sunday dinners

Mr. Rockefeller's home at Pocantico Hills on the Hudson

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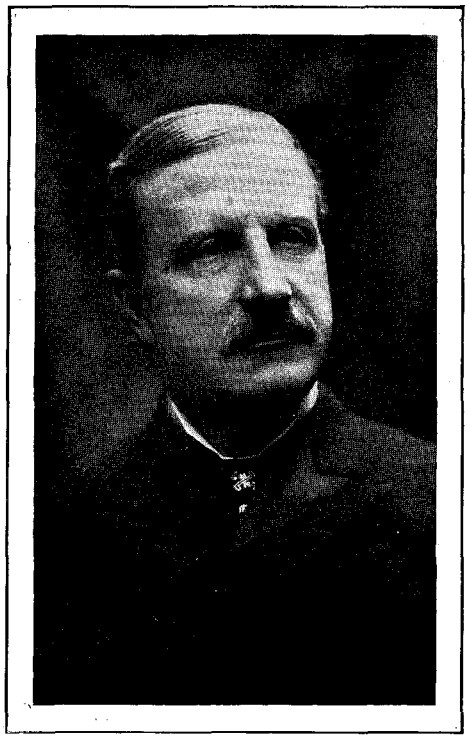
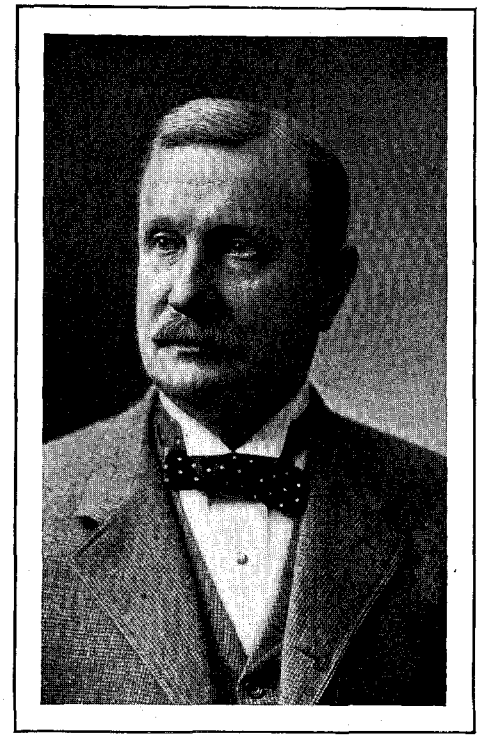


WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER



FRANK ROCKEFELLER

THE ONLY BROTHERS OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Owego, New York. The family remained in Owego but three years, and then moved to Strongsville, Ohio, twelve or fifteen miles southwest of Cleveland. A year later they left Strongsville for a country settlement, about seven miles south of Cleveland, called Parma; and from there they went, in 1857, to Cleveland, moving into a comfortable brick house, which William A. Rockefeller had built for them.

In the Ohio communities where he lived the legends of "Old Bill," as he is popularly spoken of to-day by his former acquaintances, are identical with those in Richford, Moravia, and Owego. They all remember him as a man who came home but rarely, who was supposed to sell some kind of medicine — a "cancer doctor," is the opinion of one, a "quack doctor," of another, and there are those who declare he was a gambler. In Ohio, as in New York, he always created a profound impression on his visits home, by his clothes, his good horse, and his crack shooting. "He was a rippin' good one," an old associate in Parma declares. "How he would shoot — bang-e-tee-bang — you'd thought there was a whole army around!" There are many sly winks at the occupations and morals of William A. Rockefeller by his old neighbors, but there is a universal verdict that he was a "good fellow," jolly, generous, and kindly.

When William A. Rockefeller took his family to Ohio, his oldest son, John Davison, was a lad of fourteen years. A quiet, grave boy by all accounts, doing steadily and well the thing he was set at. Up to this time his training had been that of the ordinary country boy. He had gone to a district school a few months of the year, and the rest of the time had worked and played as a boy ordinarily does in a country settlement, chopping wood, caring for a horse, milking cows, weeding garden, raising chickens and turkeys. Nowhere does he seem to have made an impression, save by his silence and gravity. "He never mixed much with the rest of us," one old man tells you. "He seemed to be always thinking," says another. "He was different from his brothers and different from the rest of us," says a third.

No doubt his mother had had much to do in shaping the boy's mind to serious living.

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Dominated as this daughter of a prosperous farmer probably was by a spirit of narrow and stern New England conventionality, she must have come to hate the lawless and suspicious ways of this likeable sinner, this quack-doctor horse-jockey, this loose-tongued rake she had married, and all the arrogant respectability within her must have risen in a fierce effort to save appearances, and to force these children of his into good and regular standing. There is a something in the fine, keen face of John D. Rockefeller's mother which recalls the face of Lætitia Ramolino, mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, and convinces one that she could not but have been a power with her boys, though there is little enough to go on in trustworthy tradition and records. That she kept her children in school and church is certain. Old friends of hers at Strongsville and Parma, Ohio, speak of her with profound respect — a good woman who made her boys do right, who did not allow them to read novels on Sunday, who "worried over saloons" in her vicinity. It is quite probable that it was her influence which persuaded her husband to send John to school in Cleveland soon after the family moved to Ohio.

The boy spent a quiet year in the town studying diligently, so his former schoolmaster has testified, his only outside interest being in the Baptist Church and Sunday-school — to which he had been directed by a wise landlady. In 1855, after a year of study, young Rockefeller left school and began to look for work. It was a hard time in the West, the year of 1855, and it is quite possible that William A. Rockefeller had not been so successful as formerly in his wandering trade or trades, whatever they may have been, and that he felt it time for his son John to do something for himself. At all events, in the summer of that year, John D. Rockefeller made his first attempt to get a footing in business.

The struggle and discouragement of the days he spent walking the streets of Cleveland looking for work made a deep impression on Mr. Rockefeller. Again and again in his later years he has referred to the experience in the little talks he has given at Sunday-school and church gatherings. Again and again he has expressed his lasting gratitude that finally he did find a position. It was a modest enough one, that of a clerk in a warehouse on the Cleveland docks. How modest, Mr. Rockefeller has frequently explained using as authority one of the few "documents" of his early life which he has seen fit to reveal to the public. This document is his first account book, "Ledger A" he calls it. It is not too much to say that this book has been more conspicuous than the Bible itself in the religious instruction which John D. Rockefeller has given for years to Baptist Sunday-schools. This is not strange, for in Mr. Rockefeller's own judgment its brief entries explain his success. The little book is most significant. No wonder, as he once told his Sunday-school class, holding up "Ledger A" to their attentive eyes: "You could not get that book from me for all the modern ledgers in New York, nor for all that they would bring. It almost brings tears to my eyes when I read over this little book, and it fills me with a sense of gratitude I cannot express."

From this venerated volume we learn how much young Rockefeller earned back there in 1855 when he started out for himself. It was a small enough sum, $50 for the first three months; then, beginning with January 1, 1856, $25 a month. We also learn from "Ledger A" what he did with his earnings. There is no doubt but that, young as he was, he applied to the money he received those two vital principles in fortune making: Make good bargains; save your money and let it work for you. We have his own word for believing this, taken from the personal reminiscences which, from time to time, appear in his religious instructions. The first lesson he learned by buying cord-wood: "I was taught to do as much business at the age of ten or eleven as it was possible for me to do," he told the Bible class one day. "Among other things I was sent over the hills to buy cord-wood for the use of the family. I knew what cord-wood, solid beech and maple-wood, was. My father told me to select only solid wood, straight wood, and not put any limbs in it or any punky wood. That was good training for me. I did not need my father to tell me, or anybody else, how many feet it took to make a cord of wood. *I did not require the presence of anybody to enable me to secure from the man who sold that wood good measure.*"

"I know some people, especially some young men," he said in the same talk, "find it difficult to keep a little money in their pocket-book. I learned to keep money, and, as we have a way of saying, it did not burn a hole in my pocket. I was taught that it was

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the thing to do to keep the money and take care of it. Among the early experiences that were helpful to me that I recollect with pleasure, was one of working a few days for a neighbor digging potatoes — an enterprising and thrifty farmer who could dig a great many potatoes. I was a boy perhaps thirteen or fourteen years of age, and he kept me busy from morning until night. It was a ten-hour day.

"And as I was saving these little sums, I soon learned I could get as much interest for $50 loaned at seven per cent — the legal rate in the state of New York at that time for a year — as I could earn by digging potatoes ten days. The impression was gaining ground with me that it was a good thing to let money be my slave and not make myself a slave to money. I have tried to remember that in every sense."

It was these two principles, then, Get the worth of your money, Let your money work for you, that he applied to his income in 1855. One must live, but how frugally it can be done! Young John boarded himself, and from November 24, 1855 to April, 1856, he spent $9.09 for clothing. "It is true," Mr. Rockefeller explained to his Sunday-school in calling their attention to these figures, "I could not secure the most fashionable cut of clothing. I remember I bought mine then of a cheap clothier. He sold me clothing cheap, clothing such as I could pay for, and it was a great deal better than buying clothing that I could not pay for." Satisfactory as his expenditures in 1855 and '56 appear, on the whole, to Mr. Rockefeller, he is obliged to condemn himself to-day for one item on the little ledger, made in this first winter of his breadwinning. "I see also here another item which I am inclined to think is extravagant, because I used to wear mittens. The item is a pair of fur gloves for which I paid $2.50."

The little income was not only made honorably and cheerfully to suffice for Mr. Rockefeller's support, it was stretched to cover the obligations to church and charity which the boy seems to have felt as forcibly and as early as he did the need of good bargains and of saving. In a period of four months in which his earnings were perhaps $100, he gave away, according to "Ledger A," $5.58. The items as Mr. Rockefeller once read them at a church gathering are interesting:

"I begin on the 25th day of November," he said: "Missionary cause, ten cents; Mr. Downie, one of our young ministers, ten cents. . . . 'Slip rent' — pew rent — one dollar. December 16th, Sabbath-school, five cents. Present for Mr. Farrar, the superintendent, twenty-five cents. Five Points Mission, New York, twelve cents. The *Macedonian*, a little religious paper, ten cents. Present to teacher, Deacon Sked, twenty-five cents. January 16th I had something left over for benevolence: 'Missionary cause, six cents; the poor in the church, ten cents' — all on one Sunday! February 3d I gave ten cents more to the same cause; the same day ten cents for foreign missions. March 2d, foreign missions again, ten cents more. . . . Then, on the 2d day of March, ten cents for the poor of the church; March 3d, pew rent one dollar. March 6th, foreign missions, ten cents. Then I went outside of our church, and on the 21st of March gave one dollar to the Young Men's Christian Association."

And so "Ledger A" goes on with a painstaking record of every cent received and expended for a period of several years. Every cent earned could be accounted for, not a loose thread in his weaving, and one cannot help but feel that each particular penny was spent only after deliberation, and perhaps prayer.

And all this time, as the little ledger shows, Mr. Rockefeller was saving money. He was soon to have a place for it. Two years after he took this first position, a difference arose between him and his employer on the question of salary. Mr. Rockefeller thought he ought to have $800 a year. His employer was willing to give but $700. "Meanwhile," to quote from Mr. Rockefeller himself, "the opportunity was offered to engage in business with a young man who was ten years older than myself. I had saved a little money and, accordingly on April 1st, with $800 or $900 that I had saved up and a few thousands which my father loaned me at ten per cent until I should become of age, I contributed my part of the capital, which was $4,000.

"We were prosperous from the beginning. We did a business of $500,000 produce commission for the first year. Our profits were not large — I think $4,400 — but I think it was better for me than the $800 which I had asked."

And so Mr. Rockefeller was doing an independent business and was making money. With each succeeding year his business and his profits grew, and these profits he handled

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as he had handled the money he earned as a boy chopping wood. He put them away to work for him. He spent as he had spent when his income was $25.00 a month, with minute attention to every cent. Watching what it cost to eat and drink and clothe himself, calculating what it cost to marry, estimating the proportion he could afford to give to the church and to charity — and always putting a little aside. But this was not all, he was demonstrating that he possessed other qualities even more essential than the fundamentals with which he had started out — he was showing he had the instinct for opportunities, the courage to seize them though they might be far bigger than the means at his command, the power to persuade men to lend him money — the patience to stick by enterprises until they had justified his faith. This, then, was the man in 1860 — frugal, calculating, money-bent — cautious in trade yet daring, quick to seize yet ready to wait, and withal "good—" that is a steady attendant at church and Sunday-school, serious — that is eschewing all amusements which might be called frivolous, the theater, cards, the dance.

As time went on, these characteristics became more conspicuous. They led him to new lines of business — one in particular — the refining of oil — a new industry in which it was plain that there were great profits. He gave himself to this venture, body and soul one may truthfully say, working with a persistency which put day laborers to shame. He watched details with a hawk's eye — not a cent must go astray — not a pint of oil be lost — not a rivet or bung be wasted. "Pay a profit to nobody," he began to say, and it was he and his partners who, themselves, went to Oil Creek for oil, and so saved commissions; he who made his own barrels and so saved a middleman's profits; he who hauled and loaded, bought and sold. Nobody but him must make a cent on his oil, from the well to the lamp. It was combine, save, watch. A sort of mania for saving seemed to possess him. It was over this he brooded from morning to night, and it was the realization of this alone which awakened

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

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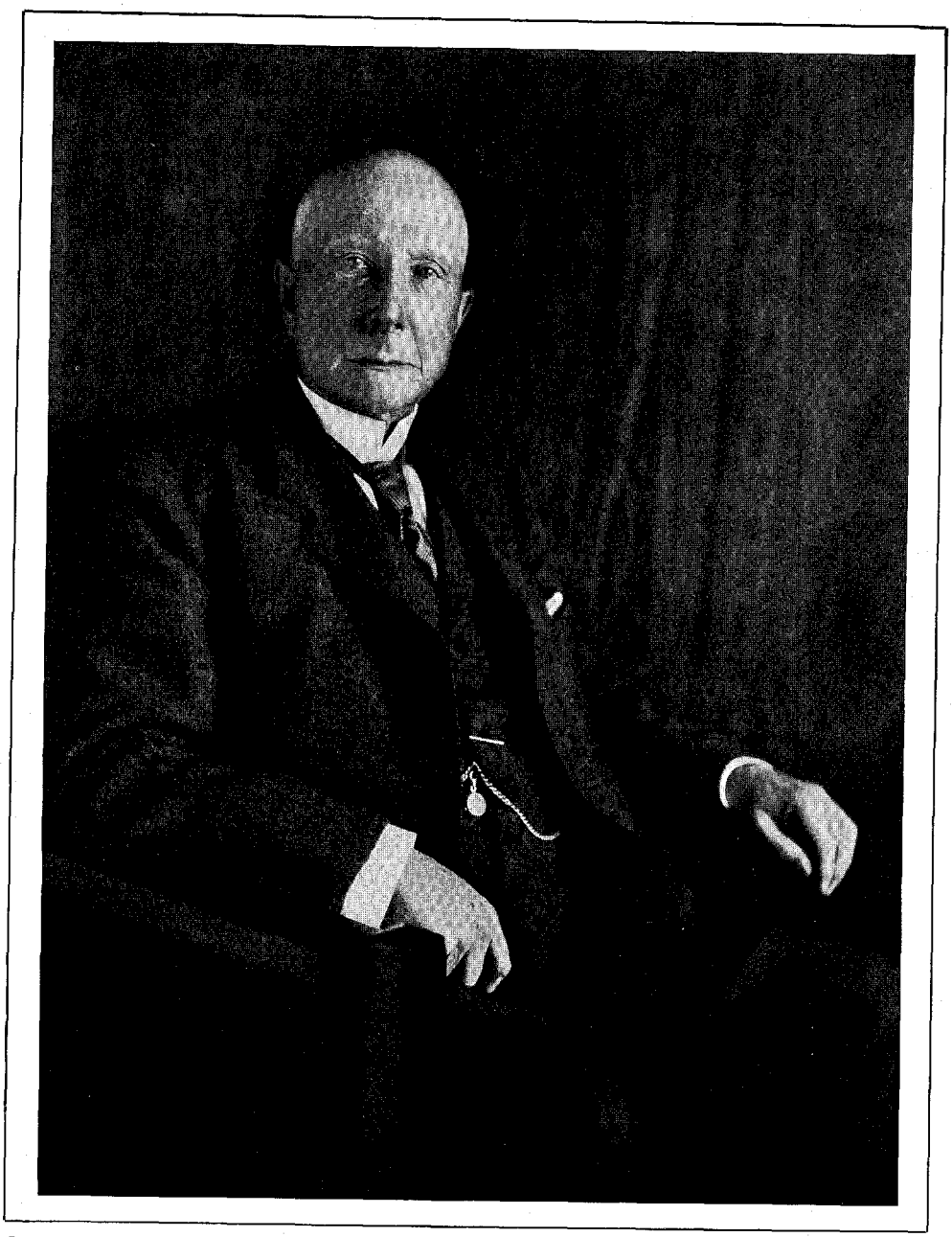

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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

BORN JULY 8, 1839. FROM HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH

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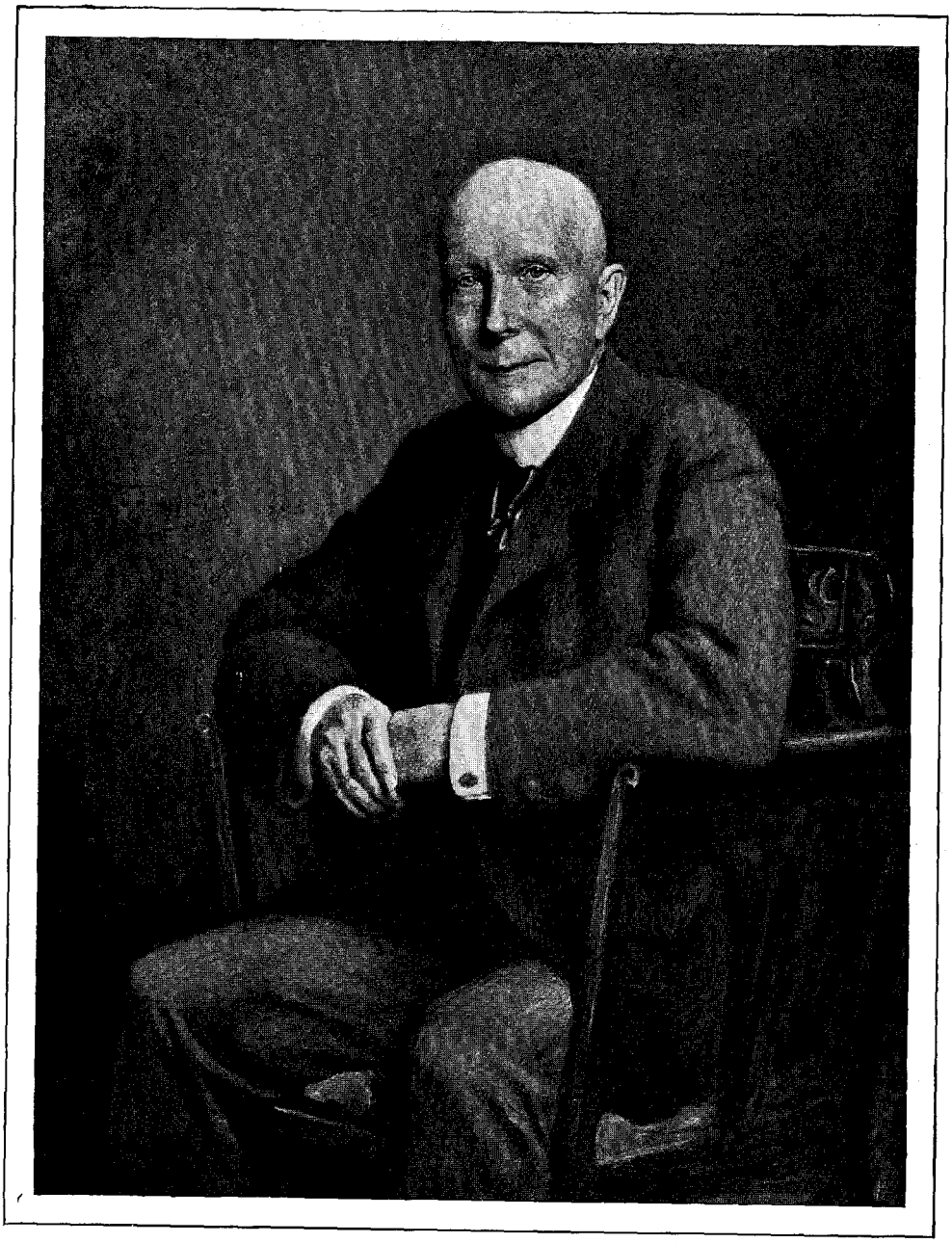

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

ONE OF TWO PORTRAITS PAINTED BY DEFERRARIS, THIS BEING THE "INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF MR. ROCKEFELLER" (AS THE ARTIST SAYS) IN CONTRADISTINCTION TO THE OTHER "SOMEWHAT MORE SERIOUS, OFFICIAL PORTRAIT"

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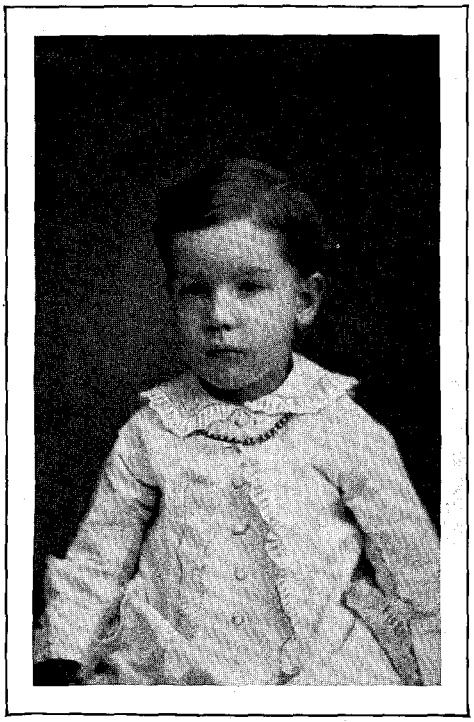

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT THE AGE OF FOUR AND IN EARLY MANHOOD. HE IS MR. ROCKEFELLER'S ONLY SON AND WAS BORN IN 1877

in his face, already grave with incessant reflections, a sign of joy. Indeed, the men who worked there in Cleveland at his elbow will tell you to-day that the only signs of hilarity John D. Rockefeller ever showed in those days were over a good bargain. This would make him clap his hands. Let it be a very good bargain, and he would throw up his hat — kick up his heels, hug his informant. This was joy for him, this was the satisfaction of passion — this good bargain.

And as he succeeded his desire for wealth seemed, to his friends, to grow even more rapidly than his business. "I am *bound* to be rich, BOUND to be rich, *BOUND* to be rich," they report him as saying. His conviction that it was the duty of a man to get and keep all the money he could, a conviction which seems to have been born in him, was becoming a passion for wealth. By 1870 he was a rich man; his friends said he would go far. The city histories began to pay him profound respect. "He occupies a position in our business circles second to but few," said the biographer in "Cleveland Past and Present" in 1869. "Close application to one kind of business, an avoidance of all positions of honorary character that cost time, keeping everything pertaining to his business in so methodical a manner that he knows every night how he stands with the world." This was the man at thirty as he appeared to his admiring townsmen — a very logical development he appears of the boy who kept "Ledger A."

But there was something going on in the head of this man of thirty, of which his Cleveland biographer did not know, or knowing discreetly passed by. It was the enlargement of his youthful faculty for driving a good bargain. It is quite probable that Mr. Rockefeller, natural trader that he was, learned early in his career that unless one has some special and exclusive advantage over rivals in business, native ability, thrift, energy, however great they may be, are never sufficient to put an end to competition. Mr. Rockefeller certainly saw by 1868 that he had no *legitimate* superiority over those competing with him in Cleveland which

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would ever enable him to be anything more than one of the big men in his line. He must have seen clearly by this time that nothing but some advantage not given by nature or recognized by the laws of fair play in business could ever make him a dictator in the industry to which he was giving his attention. But he was beginning to see there was such an advantage to be had if one were wily and patient enough. It lay in transportation, in getting his carrying done cheaper than his neighbors could. It was a very seductive idea to a man with a passion for wealth.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

WITH ONE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN

There were difficulties in the way. Men generally held then, as now, that it was not fair for the railroads to allow one shipper a better rate than another. The common law was known to disapprove the practice. The theory that the railroad held its right of way from the people, and therefore must be just to the people, treating them without discrimination, was familiar enough, so familiar that the railroads never dared show favoritism save secretly. But under threats of loss of business, under promise of larger or more regular shipments, under chances of sharing in the profits of the enterprises they favored, they did do it secretly. That is, rebate giving then, as now, was regarded as one of those lower business practices which characterize commerce at all periods, and against which men of honor struggle, and of which men of greed take advantage. Naturally, one would expect Mr. Rockefeller to spurn such an advantage. The one thing for which he was conspicuous outside of his zeal for business was his devotion to the church, one of whose cardinal teachings is "whatsoever ye would that men do to you do ye even so to them." Naturally, one demands a man of his profession to be keenly alive to degrading business practices and keen to overthrow them. But, although Mr. Rockefeller no doubt heard weekly from the pulpit that the "law and the prophets" were all summed up in doing as you would be done by, it is quite probable he had never seen any connection between the doctrine and railroad rebates. He was not an educated man. He had evidently never thought seriously of anything but making money. His religious training seems to have been purely formal, awakening him merely to the duty of attending to devotional exercises and giving to the church. So, when he realized that the rebate was the means by which he could gain control of the oil industry in Cleveland, he went after it, ignorant of, or indifferent to the ethical quality of the act.

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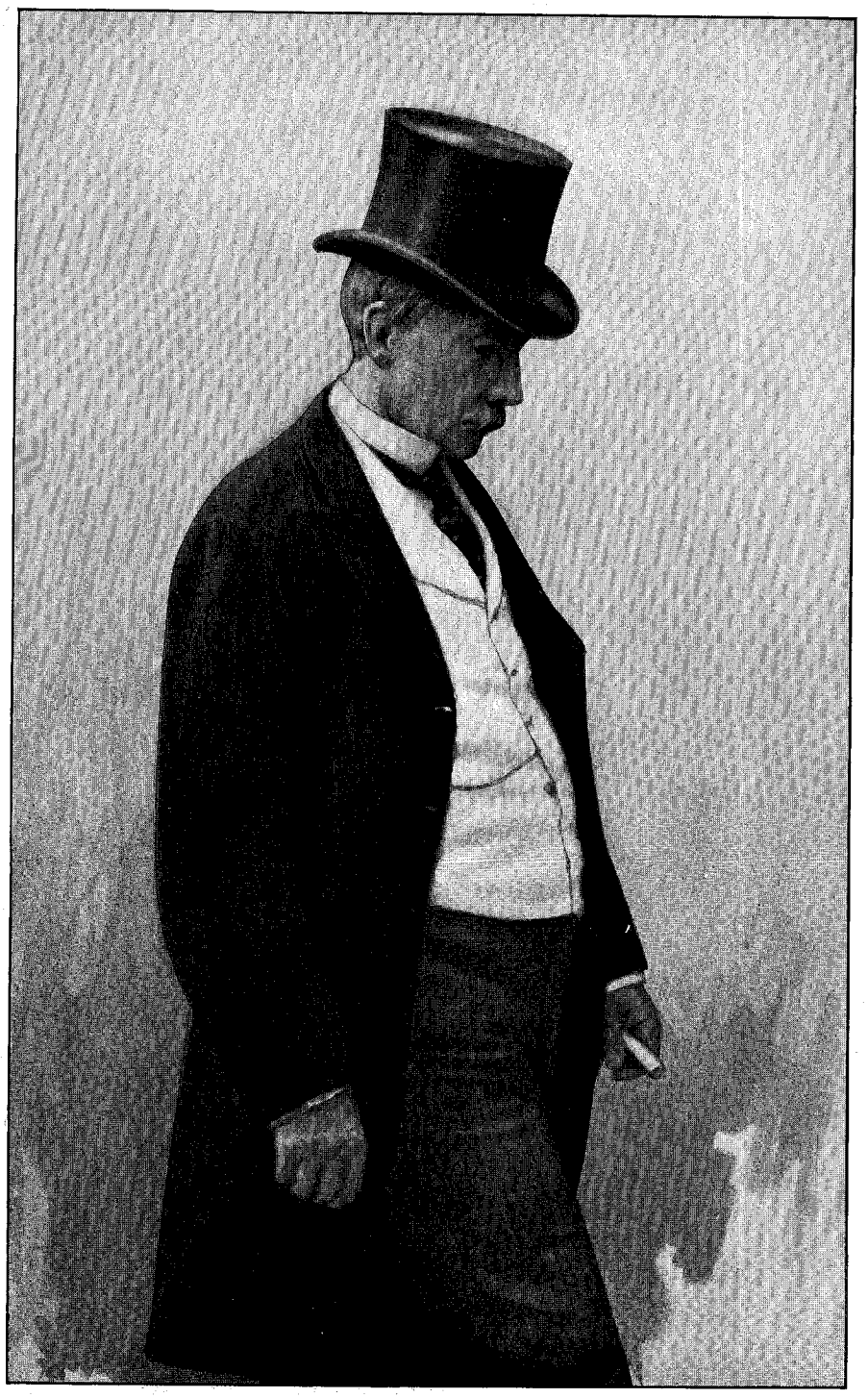

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY IN 1900

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His beginnings in discrimination seem to have been small — but their effect in increasing his business and in decreasing that of his rivals was large — and as Mr. Rockefeller saw in increased profits the effect of the advantages gained, he became eager to increase these advantages, eager to secure them by permanent contracts. The question became one of the chief concerns of his business life. Finally he and certain of his friends whose ambitions were similar to his own, and who appreciated as he did the power the railroad rebate had to destroy a competitor's property, hit on a scheme familiar to readers of this magazine, but repeated here because so vital in the development of Mr. Rockefeller's character. These gentlemen proposed to certain high railroad dignitaries, W. H. Vanderbilt, Thomas Scott, Jay Gould, H. W. Clarke, and General McClellan, to allow them a rebate on all the freight they shipped and to allow nobody else one. They proposed not only that they be allowed to ship cheaper than anybody else, but that the extra money their rivals paid to the railroads be not kept by the roads but paid over to *them!* They also asked to be allowed to examine weekly the shipping books of the transportation lines that they might know how much and to whom their competitors shipped. It was a strong scheme even for the strong stomachs of the men to whom it was presented. Old Commodore Vanderbilt told "Billy," as he called his son, to let it alone. Even Tom Scott balked at it from the first.

But the men who had devised the Southern (or South) Improvement Company, as the plan was called, were in earnest. They knew that if they could get the contracts they asked, they could control one of the richest industries of the country, and they turned their whole force to overcome the objections raised by the railroad presidents. And to do it they hesitated at no misrepresentation, found no falsehood too big to swallow. "This makes you a monopoly," the railroads objected. "It will ruin everybody outside of your combination." "But we have already the great bulk of the business and we are going to take all in," which was untrue. The gentlemen had in their company only about one-tenth of the manufacturing end of the industry they aimed to control. "It puts the producer at your mercy," objected Mr. Scott. "But the producers want the business regulated and are going to join." Again untrue, for the producers knew nothing of what was afoot.

They were a persuasive body — those South Improvement advocates, and they had great arguments. "Sign these contracts, and we shall control the business, then you will have but one party to deal with. Think of the ease in handling your freight? Sign these contracts and we will divide the trade, thus saving you the wear and tear of securing your quota — preventing rate wars. Think of the profits!" And the contracts were signed — secretly of course. And when they were signed what did Mr. Rockefeller do? He swooped down on a great industry in his home town with the proof that henceforth he was not only to have rates fully one hundred per cent cheaper than his competitors, but he was to have the extra one hundred per cent they paid! And he told them they had better sell—at his price; twenty-one out of twenty-six did, and by March, 1872, young Mr. Rockefeller was practically the only oil refiner in Cleveland, Ohio, where three months before there had been twenty-six.

Now, as already intimated, it is supposable that Mr. Rockefeller when he went into the above scheme had never considered the moral and public questions involved in it. But if he went into it without thought, immediately consideration of its ethical meaning was forced upon him by a hundred throats. Scarcely had he become master of the industry in Cleveland, when the nature of the contracts he had made became public, and a frightful uproar broke out. The men injured pointed out the unfairness of railroad discriminations, the dishonesty of the railroad in collecting from them and actually paying the money over to Mr. Rockefeller. The newspapers lashed the scheme. The State legislatures of Ohio and Pennsylvania both hurried to introduce clauses into their constitution forbidding such practices as those contemplated. Congress stripped the company for the public to see its meaning, and called it a conspiracy. At the same time the railroads, frightened by the uproar made, signed written contracts with the oil producers to abolish forever the rebate system from the oil industry.* Mr.

* In this later day it is common enough to hear the argument that Mr. Rockefeller did no wrong in building his business on rebates because at that day there was no sentiment against rebates. Nothing but utter ignorance or wilful distortion of the sentiment of that day could account for such a view. Mr. S. C. T. Dodd for many years the Chief Counsel of the Standard Oil Company, in a recent public letter made the statement:

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Rockefeller received enough instruction, in the fundamental principle of fair play and in the duties of the common carrier, in the spring of 1872, to have convinced his moral sense of wrong-doing and his reason of the injustice of the rebate system if he had been open to conviction. He knew now, if he had not before, that the scheme he had gone into was bound to ruin men, that by it he enriched himself at the expense of others. Now what did Mr. Rockefeller do? Did he say, "Here, I went into that without realizing its injustice. I had never thought of the railroad as anything but a private business. I supposed I had the same right to bargain for transportation that I had for barrels. I see now that the railroad is a public servant, bound to treat everybody alike. I see that there is an ethical question, and, of course, I want to be on the right side. I withdraw, and I will join the men of the oil country in these contracts they have made with the railroads stopping forever this whole vicious business?"

No, Mr. Rockefeller said nothing of the kind. He went to Mr. Vanderbilt and, by a series of arguments and threats easy enough to divine, he obtained a secret rebate on his shipments, not so sweeping as he had planned, but sufficient to give an advantage over other men; and he did not cease his efforts until he had not only a rebate on his shipments over all the oil-carrying roads but a drawback on all the oil his competitors shipped over those roads. That is, at the moment when Mr. Rockefeller had such a chance of rendering valuable service to the public as rarely comes to a man, he deliberately refused it. While the whole body of men in his trade were allied openly to put an end to a vicious and unjust practice, he bent all his great energies to perpetuating it for his own benefit. Did it cost him a struggle — a struggle with what men call conscience? Nobody knows. There is a tradition in Cleveland that it was at this time of great

"Prior to the enactment of the interstate commerce law the rebate system was universal. Railroads made their nominal rates higher than they expected to obtain from regular shippers, and the amount of actual freight to be paid was a matter of contract. Each shipper made the best terms he could. The Standard did not invent this system; it found it existing and could not do business without submitting to it. Like all shippers it made the best terms it was able to make with the railroads."

How utterly the spirit of this statement is at variance with Mr. Dodd's own words, uttered in 1873, the reader may judge. He was a delegate-at-large in the Pennsylvania State Constitutional Convention and was arguing before the body for the insertion into the new constitution of a clause forbidding rebates. He said:

"I wish to say a word in relation to the amendment now pending. In my opinion, it is not sufficiently specific to cure the evils under which we are now suffering, and which it is the evident desire of this convention to remedy, if possible.

"I have before me and would like to refer this committee to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Sanford *vs.* The Railroad, in 11 Harris. It will be found that the common law of this state is now all that will be obtained if this amendment is carried; in fact, the court, I think, goes a little further than this amendment would go. Judge Lewis in the case says:

"'That by the act of June 16, 1863, the court has powers, as a court of chancery, in regard to the control of corporations, except municipal.'

"A railroad is a public highway for the public benefit. It is bound to receive and carry all goods offered for transportation. It results from the nature of the privileges conferred by the charter that the benefits should be extended to all alike, and that no special privileges should be granted to one man or set of men, and denied to others. The power to regulate the transportation on the road does not carry with it the right to exclude any particular individual, or to grant exclusive privileges to others. Competition is the best protection to the public, and it is against the law to destroy it by creating a monopoly in any branch of business. Limited means may perhaps limit the amount of business done by a railroad company, but it can never furnish an excuse for appropriating all its energies to any particular individual. If it possessed this power, it might build up one set of men and destroy others; advance one kind of business and break down another, and might make even religion and politics a test in the distribution of its favor. A regulation depriving any person of the benefit of the road, or granting exclusive privileges to others, is against law, and void."

"That is the law in Pennsylvania today," said Mr. Dodd; "but in spite of this decision and in spite of the law, we well know that almost every railroad in this state has been in the habit and is today in the habit, of granting special privileges to individuals, to companies in which the directors of such railroads are interested, to particular business and to particular localities. We well know that it is their habit to break down certain localities and build up others, to break down certain men in business and build up others, to monopolize certain business themselves by means of the numerous corporations which they own and control; and all this in spite of the law, in defiance of the law. The gentleman from Crawford, has referred you to the South Improvement Company's company scheme which transpired but a year ago, when the leading lines of this state, and of other states, conspired together to grant rates of freight to a corporation which they owned and controlled that would give that corporation the monopoly of the entire oil business of this state, amounting to twenty millions a year. That corporation was created by the Pennsylvania legislature, along with at least twenty others, under the name of improvement companies, within a few years past, all of which corporations contain the names, as original corporators, of men who may be found in or about the office of the Pennsylvania Railway Company in Philadelphia, when not lobbying at Harrisburg. The railroads took but one of those charters which they got from the legislature, and by means of that struck a deadly blow at one of the greatest interests of the state. Their scheme was contrary to law, but before the legal remedy could have been applied, the oil business would have lain prostrate at their feet had it not been prevented by an uprising of the people, by the threatenings of a mob, if you please, by threatening to destroy property, and by actually commencing to destroy the property of the railroad company; and had the companies not cancelled the contract which Scott and Vanderbilt and others had entered into, I venture to say there would not have been one mile of railroad track left in the county of Venango; the people had come to that pitch of desperation.

"Now, sir, I say here, that unless we can give the people a remedy for this evil of discrimination in freight, they will sooner or later take the remedy into their own hands. It is well enough to say that there shall be no *unjust* discriminations; but the railroads can enter into such a contract in relation to certain business, and have the entire control of that business, monopolize it, whether it is the lumber business of Williamsport, or the coal business of Scranton, or the oil business of Venango, before you can appeal to the law or prevent their action. What I desire to say here is that we must be specific in relation to this matter; we must ourselves declare certain things to be unjust. We need not leave it to the legislature, and we need not leave it to the courts; we can say here that certain discriminations are unjust and shall not be made; and we must say, if we mean to give our words any effect whatever, that if such discriminations are made it shall work a forfeiture of the charter. Without that our language will be worthless." The moment you discriminate against any locality, or against any business in freights, when you allow a secret drawback or rebate to one man, or one set of men, or one manufacturing company, you destroy the business of every one in competition with that company; and by allowing railroads this power you place every business interest in the state, whether it be mining or manufacturing, or whatever it be, at the mercy of the railroads."

Mr. Dodd's own words are the best proof of the sentiment of his time. They might be duplicated from the files of scores of newspapers of that period and from many court decisions.

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anxiety that Mr. Rockefeller laid the foundation of a stomach difficulty, which for years limited him to the diet of the monk and the pauper. It may have been a moral struggle which made him walk the floor nights. It may have been fear, for threats of violence rained upon him from an outraged industry. It may have been the consideration of new plans for getting the privileges which an indignant public had stripped from him. However that may be, it is certain that Mr. Rockefeller's conscience and courage withstood both public disapproval and public education, and that the principles of getting rich by the use of privileges contrary to the public good and to the spirit of the laws became a cardinal one with him from that date. This episode of the South Improvement Company may probably be called the turning point in the character of John D. Rockefeller — the point at which he faced, as probably every man does some day, the necessity of a *conscious* life-choice between the thing which is good and that which is bad — and he chose, knowingly (to believe it was not knowingly is to believe he was not intelligent), the thing which was bad.

But what could have induced him so to defy public sentiment and the common law of his country? What could have induced him to break the "law and the prophets" of that faith which he pretended ruled his life? There seems to have been nothing but the size of the stakes for which he was playing. Mr. Rockefeller had seen the oil industry of Cleveland fall into his hands by the panic which the contracts with the South Improvement Company had caused. He saw clearly enough that if the essential features of those contracts could be put into force, that is, if he could ship cheaper than his competitors, could get back part of what they paid, and could establish a system of espionage on their business, the oil industry of the country would be his in time. And then and there he began deliberately to put into effect his plans for driving all men out of the oil business whom he did not need in it, in order to perfect the great organization which we now know as the Standard Oil Company.

But when a man deliberately decides to build up his fortune by taking advantage of practices against which the moral sense of his day has pronounced, as in 1872 it had loudly pronounced against railroad discriminations, of practices to which he knows the moral law is opposed, he must have the courage of his decision, he must be prepared to sustain his determination by any or all of those practices which are essential in supporting a deed which society declares contrary to her good. He must be prepared to conceal, to spy, to threaten, to bribe, to perjure himself, and he must be prepared to harden his heart to the sufferings of those who fall in his path. This is what it has always cost to do a thing of which the moral sense of the world disapproves. This is what it always will cost. There is no evidence whatever that Mr. Rockefeller has ever hesitated once, in thirty-two years, at the price demanded. He has faced the need with unwavering courage. He has paid, like a man who has weighed the price of wrong-doing and decided to pay it.

From the first, concealment was the very key to the game. Mr. Rockefeller's skill in concealing the truth was masterly. His is not a frank nature. He was a silent boy — a silent young man. With years the habit of silence became the habit of concealment. It was not long after the Standard Oil Company was founded, before it was said in Cleveland that its offices were the most difficult in the town to enter, Mr. Rockefeller the most difficult man to see. If a stranger got in to see any one he was anxious. "Who is that man?" he asked an associate nervously one day, calling him away when the latter was chatting with a stranger. "An old friend, Mr. Rockefeller." "What does he want here? Be careful. Don't let him find out anything." "But he is my friend, Mr. Rockefeller. He does not want to know anything. He has come to see me." "You never can tell. Be very careful, very careful." This caution gradually developed into a Chinese wall of seclusion. This suspicion extended, not only to all outsiders but most insiders. Nobody in the Standard Oil Company was allowed to know any more than was necessary for him to know to do his business. Men who have been officers in the Standard Oil Company say that they have been told, when asking for information about the condition of the business, "You'd better not know. If you know nothing you can tell nothing."

As the business developed and its practices became more hostile to public good, one of its chief aims was to protect itself from publicity. It became the practice to conceal whatever advantages it gained and whatever relations it formed — if charged with them, to deny them even under oath. "You were a

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member of the Southern Improvement Company?" he was asked once by an investigating committee. "I was not," he said. Yet Mr. Rockefeller was a member of this company, owned 180 shares of its stock — was one of the two men who stood by it until public indignation overthrew it.* "The Standard Oil Company owns and operates its refineries at Cleveland, Ohio, and its refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey; it has no other refineries nor any interest in any other refineries, nor does the Standard Oil Company operate or control in the United States any other refineries of crude petroleum," he swore in 1880, when for five years the Standard Oil Company had owned by direct purchase the largest refineries in New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller swore falsely because in his judgment secrecy was essential to carrying out his purpose, and carrying out his purpose was vastly more important in his opinion than telling the truth. That is, he had no interest in truth when it interfered with business. Business is the higher law; success in it justifies itself! So absolute is his faith in this policy of concealment that he has for years endured misrepresentation, jeers, absurd *canards*, as general and contemptuous ridicule as any man in America, even in politics, has endured without reply. His self-control has been masterful — he knows, nobody better, that to answer is to invite discussion, to answer is to call attention to the facts in the case. "Why do you not deny these slanders, John?" a friend once asked him, as they walked a path in one of his great parks. "Do you see that worm there?" Mr. Rockefeller said, pointing to an earth-worm which squirmed on the walk, at his feet. "If I let it go, it will disappear into the ground. If I trample on it, I will call the attention of every passer-by to it." It is a great philosophy — a very great philosophy for one with Mr. Rockefeller's ambition. Its difficulty is that the day comes when it no longer works. It has come for John D. Rockefeller. Who is left in the country so unsophisticated as to believe Mr. Rockefeller, except upon personal knowledge that he is telling the truth? Witness the cynical sneers that have gone over the country recently at the public statements of the Standard Oil Company.

Along with concealment of his own affairs went watchfulness of other people's affairs. From the beginning he saw how useful it is to know what your neighbors are doing. It was not difficult to learn. Business men in Cleveland in those days were openly loquacious. It was a frank, expansive period. What was the fun if you could not talk? Mr. Rockefeller was a good listener. He helped his friend to full confession by his gentle and respectful attention and his occasional friendly questions. As time went on he did more than listen to those who were willing to talk. He set his employees to finding out things. He began to tabulate what they learned. But this was not enough. He began to employ men in the concerns whose business interested him to give him information — and this information was tabulated. In time he developed a system so perfect that its results are to-day actually a matter of elaborate and expensive bookkeeping. It is something Napoleon never achieved in the palmiest days of his *cabinet noir*.

The knowledge he obtained he used with rare skill in working on men. He knew men — whether they were the kind he wanted in his concern — or whether he preferred they go out of the business. If he wanted them, he treated them as one treats the man he wants, generously — if he did not want them he drove them from the industry; if possible he did this by frightening or bullying them. Creating a panic in his opponent's mind became, indeed, one of his chief commercial weapons. The success he had had in Cleveland, in 1872, in putting an end to competition by creating panic, had strengthened into a conviction his instinct that this sort of practice was effective. To all who approached him in the early years to consult about conditions, he took a hopeless view. "There is no hope for any of us, but the weakest must go first," he told a hard-pressed visitor one day in 1873, a year when he made about

*A quibble has recently been made by one of Mr. Rockefeller's counsel over the use, in the testimony here referred to, of the term *Southern* Improvement Company instead of *South*. Mr. Rockefeller, says his counsel, did not belong to the former company, he belonged to the latter. There was but one company and it was known both as the Southern and the South. Its own secretary, W. G. Warden, when on the witness-stand in the congressional investigation of 1872, referred to it both as Southern and South. There is abundant documentary proof that both names were used interchangeably for it. The charter under which it was incorporated as published in the only official collection of documents concerning the company which exists — documents brought out in the Congressional investigation of the concern, made in March, 1872, reads:

"An act to incorporate the *Southern* Improvement Company." It was this company which was being investigated when Mr. Rockefeller denied that he belonged to it. No other company was in any way connected with the Standard Oil Company which could have been referred to, and it was this company in which he held 180 shares.

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thirty-three and one-half per cent on his capital And if the unhappy victim of the condition he was fighting to perpetuate did not yield to his depressing news and sell, he had a still more forcible argument. "We have ways of making money of which you know nothing. The oil business belongs to us, we have money laid aside to fight anybody who gets in our way." It is hard to overestimate the psychological effect this arrogant assumption that the oil business belonged to the Standard Oil Company, has had for thirty years on Mr. Rockefeller's fortunes. This declaration, coming from him and gradually accepted and announced by the whole machine he was creating, grew in importance as he made it good — for he made it good. A time came when Mr. Rockefeller and his colleagues practically owned the great industry to which he had laid siege, and all who lived by it outside of his dominion felt that their tenure of life was at his mercy.

And if those who had what he wanted refused to yield to panic, there was the machine devised expressly for such cases. It worked as regularly, as faultlessly, as irresistibly as that Chamber of the Inquisition, the walls of which slowly closed upon the doomed prisoner until he was forced into the pit of unknown horrors. It cut down his supply, it interrupted his transportation, it crowded him from the market. He was not to share in the bounty of Nature — not to know the freedom of the road, not to stand in the marts to trade. The industry belonged to Mr. Rockefeller.

Now, it takes time to secure and to keep that which the public has decided it is not for the general good that you have. It takes time and caution to perfect anything which must be concealed. It takes time to crush men who are pursuing legitimate trade. But one of Mr. Rockefeller's most impressive characteristics is patience. There never was a more patient man, or one who could dare more while he waited. The folly of hurrying, the folly of discouragement, for one who would succeed, went hand in hand. Everything must be ready before he acted, but while you wait you must prepare, must think, work. "You must put in, if you would take out." His instinct for the money opportunity in things was amazing, his perception of the value of seizing this or that particular invention, plant, market, was unerring. He was like a general who, besieging a city surrounded by fortified hills, views from a balloon the whole great field, and sees how, this point taken, that must fall; this hill reached, that fort is commanded. And nothing was too small; the corner grocery in Browntown, the humble refining-still on Oil Creek, the shortest private pipe line. Nothing, for little things grow.

These are not pleasant practices, but Mr. Rockefeller had conceived a great purpose, and had set himself resolutely to realize it. The man who is bent on big accomplishment often gives scant scrutiny to the means he employs; the end is the thing. It becomes a sort of fetich — to which, as to Moloch, one sacrifices even his own flesh and blood. But, while one can conceive how Mr. Rockefeller's vision might have become so distorted that he was willing to sacrifice all the commands of his religion to achieve his ambition, one would rather expect that in his private dealings he would seek relief by generous — even quixoticly generous — dealings. But business never ceases to be business with Mr Rockefeller, whether he is building a corporation or dealing with a friend. That is, the end with him is not the completion of a great idea, it is *money*. Take the incident of his acquisition, in 1895, of 2500 shares of Standard Oil stock which had belonged to one of his boyhood friends, James Corrigan, of Cleveland. The tale is public property, being all written in legal documents.

Mr. Corrigan was one of the many enterprising young men who, like Mr. Rockefeller, took advantage in the '60's of the discovery of petroleum, to build up a plant for its refining. He brought to the business something even Mr. Rockefeller himself never was able to give it — the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the born inventor. The processes he devised made him prosperous — so prosperous that he attracted the attention of the Standard Oil Company, and about 1877 he began to have trouble. He could not get the crude oil he bought on Oil Creek shipped to Cleveland. The railroads refused him cars — delayed to run them, even if they were loaded. It was not only getting oil which began to trouble him, it was disposing of his product. At last, tired of opposition, he leased his works to the Standard Oil Company, and went to Europe to look up the oil business there. In 1883 he returned and sold his plant for 3000 shares of the Standard Oil Trust certificates.

After selling his oil property, Mr. Corrigan embarked in the iron business. He and Mr.

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Frank Rockefeller, a brother of John D., bought the Franklin Mine in the Lake Superior region — a mine rich in Bessemer ore. He put $300,000 into a fleet of lake propellers and schooners, and he went into other similar enterprises, all of which were prospering when, early in the '90's, the hard times in the iron business came on. Mr. Corrigan saw himself obliged to have money. What more natural than that he should apply to his old friend, John D. Rockefeller, the brother of his principal partner? Mr. Rockefeller seems to have loaned freely — first $46,000, then $80,000, then $45,000. It was a good investment, for Mr. Corrigan paid him seven per cent interest, and secured him with shares of Standard Oil Trust certificates and a mortgage on his vessels; so good that when Mr. Rockefeller learned that Mr. Corrigan had borrowed $125,000 from the Citizens' Savings and Loan Association of Cleveland, giving 1200 shares of Standard Oil Trust certificates as collateral, he offered to take up the loan. The result was that he soon had all of Mr. Corrigan's interest in the trust in his hands. About the same time Frank Rockefeller found it necessary to borrow money from his brother, and Mr. Corrigan was asked to endorse the note he gave and a little later to secure this indorsement by depositing 4936 shares of Franklin Mining stock, the sum total of his holdings in that property. Mr. Corrigan did so, not reflecting at the time, probably, that this put all the property he owned under Mr. Rockefeller's control.

The hard times of 1893 became a panic. Mr. Corrigan was terribly pushed. In October he had no money with which to meet the interest on his notes, none to pay the note for $46,000 now due. In his stress he laid his case frankly before his friend, Mr. Rockefeller. "I owe you, with accrued interest, $402,000," he wrote in substance. "You have fully $700,000 as collateral in my Standard and shipping stock. Surely that is enough to cover the loan. Can you not release my Franklin Mining stock (held as collateral for his indorsement of the loan to Mr. Rockefeller's brother), in order that I may meet my outside obligations? If you do not, I fear I must make a personal assignment." And Mr. Corrigan claimed, in the letter he wrote Mr. Rockefeller making this request, that it had been stipulated that he could get this collateral at any time that he needed it; that his leaving it with Mr. Rockefeller was a wise precaution in Mr. Corrigan's own interest!

Mr. Rockefeller's reply was entirely businesslike. He could do none of the things Mr. Corrigan requested. He could not release the mining stock. Nobody at 26 Broadway remembered that any arrangement for releasing it had ever been made. Besides, he must also have the dividends on the Standard Oil certificates. Mr. Corrigan's case was desperate. He felt that his property much more than covered his debts. Iron ore in the ground and good boats in a dock may temporarily lose value, but their intrinsic value cannot be destroyed. There were already signs that values were recovering. If he could but get hold of his mining stock! Mr. Rockefeller was firm and he began gently to hint that there was one way out of the trouble, if Mr. Corrigan would sell him his Standard Oil Trust certificates, that would wipe out whatever of the debt was due, give him the ready money he needed and enable Mr. Rockefeller to give time on his other loans. Mr. Corrigan would not listen to the idea. The Standard holding represented the work of his early manhood. It was his largest dividend earner; that he could not give up. He called in Frank Rockefeller to plead for him. The interview broke up without a decision, but as Frank Rockefeller left the room John called him back. "Corrigan is going to the wall, Frank," he said. "I might as well have his stock as anybody. Persuade him to sell it, and you get his mining stock."

By the fall of 1894, Mr. Corrigan was desperate. He must have money, would not Mr. Rockefeller help him? There were interviews, pleadings, promises, but always they ended in the same *impasse* — "sell me your Standard Oil Trust certificates and that will help you," and to further his plan Mr. Rockefeller now began to apply his favorite process of creating panic. After all Standard Oil was very uncertain in its value. One could never tell what would happen. Beside, the mining stock was of little value. According to Mr. Rockefeller all of Corrigan's property was doubtful. Nevertheless he would buy the Standard holdings to help an old friend!

Now, some time before this, Mr. Corrigan had made an assignment of the equities in his Standard Oil Trust certificates and shipping interests to Judge Stevenson Burke of Cleveland, his counsel, and an associate in business. Judge Burke believed that the property in Mr.

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Rockefeller's hands was ample to extricate Corrigan, and he decided to try to negotiate a loan upon his equities in the securities. To do so, however, it was necessary to be able to show to lenders of money what the Standard stock was really worth. Mr. Corrigan was unable to give him any definite information on that point; he had no report showing its property, its earning power, or its investments, and hence it was a mere guess as to what the property ought to sell for. Accordingly, Judge Burke wrote Mr. Rockefeller asking a "definite statement as possible, first, of the total amount of stock outstanding; second, its assets, including all its investments, its earnings gross and net for, say the last five years, and any other information which will enable any one to understand definitely the value of the property."

Judge Burke got no answer to his letter. He wrote a second time:

> I must now ask you as President of the Company to furnish me with a definite and specific statement of the assets and liabilities of that Company, together with any facts which may enable me to negotiate a sale or pledge of the stock, or the equity in the stock, in your hands. You know full well that it is in my power to obtain this information, but I trust that your own good business sense and judgment, and your sense of fairness and right, is such that you will not force me to resort to any other measures than application to yourself for that to which I am so clearly entitled.

But still no answer. He and Corrigan twisted and turned, came to New York, begged for a valuation on the Standard stock, a chance to save it, but Mr. Rockefeller was firm. Finally putting some of his own collateral with that of Corrigan, Burke secured a promise of enough money from a New York Bank to pay the entire debt to Mr. Rockefeller, and thus free the collateral. Mr. Rockefeller refused to accept the money! The greater part of the debt was not due. He never did business in that way!

He had Corrigan in his grip and in February, 1895, the 2500 shares of Standard Oil stock were sold to Mr. Rockefeller for $168 a share. But the fact that he had been obliged to part with what was his most profitable possession — with stock which was the first fruit of his early struggles as a refiner, with the results of the processes he had developed, and the benefit of which the Standard Oil Company had been reaping for fifteen years, made Corrigan bitter in the extreme and his bitterness was increased by the rise in the value of the stock which immediately followed the sale. Before a month had passed Standard Oil stock was selling at $185. Judge Burke was particularly incensed and it was under his advice that some weeks after the sale Corrigan raised a question as to Mr. Rockefeller's right to buy the stock after refusing repeatedly to give an accounting which would allow him to judge of its value:

"You have been the trustee of my property, my representative," he wrote Mr. Rockefeller in substance. "You have always held my proxy. It was your duty to advise me of all matters pertaining to the company which should show the value of my property. I want an accounting, showing the value of the property — its surplus, etc.," and he added, "When I have received the accounting asked for, I will then decide whether to annul our last deal or allow it to stand."

Mr. Rockefeller's reply was plausible: "The affairs of the Standard Oil Trust have been presented at the public meetings held from time to time at which meetings all shareholders had a right to be present. . . . As to surplus there was none, all the funds had been paid out in dividends. Mr. Corrigan knew very well how much a stock-holder learned at the public meetings of the Standard Oil Trust. He knew that ever since the trust had been formed Mr. Rockefeller's policy was to let nobody know what was doing. Both he and Mr. Frank Rockefeller say that they repeatedly asked in the years between 1882 and 1894 for accountings of the property, and they had repeatedly been told that it was better for them not to know anything about the inside workings of the Trust. "Congress and the state legislature are after us. You may be subpœned. If you know nothing, you can tell nothing. If you know about the business you might tell something which would ruin us."

Mr. Corrigan also doubted Mr. Rockefeller's statement that there was no surplus, as he was right in doing. The balance sheet of the Standard Oil Company for December, 1894, less than two months before Mr. Corrigan sold his stock, showed total undivided profits of $35,989,903.94, and at the end of this year, in which Mr. Rockefeller wrote Mr. Corrigan there was no surplus, the total undivided profits amounted to $44,840,371.02.

Mr. Corrigan was not satisfied. He still insisted on seeing the balance sheet. Mr. Rockefeller was deeply hurt by his insistence.

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"Is it possible," he wrote, "that Jim Corrigan should be willing to write me such a letter, after my uniform kindness to him for a life time?" Mr. Corrigan's answer was very much to the point:

> I shall always be ready to recognize gratefully any act of kindness which you have extended to me. But I am obliged to say in regard to the matter in hand, that I am unable to see that you have been either kind or fair. From my standpoint it appears that you have taken advantage of your position and knowledge, to take from me my stock at much less than its value. You were my agent and representative in regard to this stock. You know its value and you concealed from me all useful knowledge in respect to it. You not only were my agent, by the fiduciary relation which you sustained to the trust, but you were also my agent especially appointed to represent my interest in dealing with the trust after the decision in Ohio and New York. It was, therefore, your legal as well as moral duty to take no advantage of your situation to my detriment. No one understands better than yourself the duty of an agent to his principal, and you know that in dealing with me you have not supplied me with information which put me upon an equality with yourself.

Mr. Rockefeller was face to face with a very disagreeable legal question, but he was not disposed to give up his stock, particularly now when it was going up by leaps and bounds; and when dividends of twelve per cent it carried, when Mr. Corrigan parted with it, rose to seventeen per cent in 1896, to thirty-three per cent in 1897! he refused to consider the matter. Corrigan refused to acknowledge him owner of the stock, and thus matters went for three years until finally, in 1898, it came to trial before a board of arbitrators, and then it was that the letters quoted above were brought out.

Judge Burke's whole argument in this trial was that Mr. Rockefeller had betrayed his trusteeship. That Mr. Rockefeller was Mr. Corrigan's trustee was easy to show, much as the defendant's counsel might quibble over it. Now, Mr. Rockefeller could not legally barter with stock he held in trust, and again, he must, according to law, keep the man whose property he held informed of its value. He had not done this — more, he had even attempted to depreciate the stock in Mr. Corrigan's mind — at least so Mr. Corrigan claimed, and at this point came one of the rare episodes we have in which Mr. Rockefeller plays a dramatic part. Mr. Corrigan had told of an interview with Mr. Rockefeller in which the latter had told him that the trust was earning no money, that they were having the worst competition they ever had, that the certificates were not worth $125 — that they had no surplus funds. Mr. Rockefeller denied saying anything of the kind — denied having an interview on the date mentioned — denied having ever had more than one interview in the period in question. Judge Burke tried to refresh his memory. He knew the interview had taken place, had a witness to it to fall back on in case of need, but Mr. Rockefeller could not or would not remember, and when pressed he sprang to his feet and, drawing himself to his full height, with uplifted hand he cried: "I call God, as my judge, that I never did have an interview with him after the 29th. I call God to witness that." Yet later, when Judge Burke mentioned the name of a person present in the ante-room to that interview, Mr. Rockefeller remembered.

Mr. Corrigan lost his suit. The arbitrators did not deny Mr. Rockefeller's trusteeship — that is they acknowledged he had no right to take advantage of Mr. Corrigan's ignorance of the value of the property and the earning power of the Standard Oil Trust to buy his holdings at less than their value — had no right to refuse him information about the condition of the concern, but they gave Mr. Rockefeller the suit, because Mr. Corrigan had not elected promptly, after he sold his stock, whether to rescind or not, because, as they asserted, he had "played fast and loose."

This story has not been told to prove that the arbitrators were wrong in their decision. That is a matter for the learned to decide. One who has only the ordinary equipment of common-sense and common morality should not presume to venture to decide on legal matters. The arbitrators were all men of experience and learning — the Hon. William G. Choate, William D. Guthrie, William A. Lynch. This decision was, no doubt, in accordance with the rules of the game they play. The tale has been told merely to illuminate Mr. Rockefeller's ideas of business. There can be no manner of doubt that Mr. Rockefeller could, without loss, have carried Mr. Corrigan through his crisis. There can be no manner of doubt that Mr. Corrigan could, with Mr. Rockefeller's help, have extracted himself and saved his Standard Oil stock — even with the sacrifice he had to make he has been able to recoup, and is, today, several times a millionaire. But to spare a man's property, even if that man be

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your life-long friend, to spare a man's property which, by squeezing, you can get and make money from is not business in the sense John D. Rockefeller understands it. That is, in Mr. Rockefeller's practice, mutual helpfulness has nothing to do with trade. "Might makes right," not generosity, not justice, not humanity. It is a far cry indeed from this creed to the one of that religion which Mr. Rockefeller holds up to the world as his most priceless possession — the religion whose very essence is in bearing one another's burdens.

Mr. Corrigan's case is not exceptional. It is typical. Stories like his are current in every community in which Mr. Rockefeller does business. The man who in Cleveland, Ohio, allows himself to become a debtor to Mr. Rockefeller is a laughing-stock to the initiated. Even in his own church men say of him: "He's a good Baptist, but look out how you trade with him!" "*I have been in business with John D. Rockefeller for thirty-five years,*" one of the ablest and richest and earliest of Mr. Rockefeller's colleagues once told me in a moment of forgetfulness, "*and he would do me out of a dollar to-day; that is,*" he added with a sudden reversion to the school of cant in which he had been trained — "*that is, if he could do it honestly!*"

These then are the tactics which for thirty-five years John D. Rockefeller has been applying to business. Is it strange that he has grown richer and richer as the years went by until to-day he is called the richest man in the world? How rich he is nobody knows — perhaps he does not know himself. Twelve years ago, in 1892, when the Standard Oil Trust was dissolved, Mr. Rockefeller owned certificates for 256,854 shares of the stock, between one-fourth and one-third of the entire trust. His dividends on this amount were in that year over three million; in 1896 nearly eight million; in 1900 over twelve million. How much more stock he has now nobody knows, for nobody knows how often the Corrigan manoeuvre has been repeated. And his Standard Oil stock is only one of his dividend earners. Mr. Rockefeller's personal property in Cleveland, Ohio, outside of Standard Oil interests amounts probably to $10,000,000, and includes mortgages from $200 up to $500,000, real estate from remote city lots to his beautiful Forest Hill park of over 400 acres, beside stocks and bonds of all sorts.

Mr. Rockefeller has not squandered his income. He has applied it for thirty-five years to accumulating not only oil property but real estate — railroad stock, iron mines, copper mines, anything and everything which could be bought cheap by temporary depressing and made to yield rich by his able management. For thirty-five years he has worked for special privileges giving him advantage over competitors, for thirty-five years he has patiently laid net-works around property he wanted, until he had it surely corralled and could seize it; for thirty-five years he has depreciated values when necessary to get his prey. And to-day he still is busy. In almost every great financial manoeuvre in the country is felt his supple, smooth hand with its grip of steel, and while he directs that which is big, nothing is too small for him to grasp.

Why does he do it? What does he want an income of $25,000,000 and more for? Not to spend like some splendid old Venetian in palaces and galleries, for none of the glories of the fine old-world life are known to him. Not to squander in riot. So far as the world knows, he is poor in his pleasures. Not to give away — his charities and bequests are small compared to his wealth. For what then? Why this relentless, cruel, insistent accumulation of money when you are already buried in it. There seems to be only one explanation, that Mr. Rockefeller is the victim of a money-passion which blinds him to every other consideration in life, which is stronger than his sense of justice, his humanity, his affections, his joy in life, which is the one tyrannous, insatiable force of his being. "Money-mad, money-mad! Sane in every other way, but money-mad," was the late Senator Hanna's comment on John D. Rockefeller. And the late Senator Hanna could not be accused of holding money in light regard.

(*To be concluded*)

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HOW THE BARLOWS TOOK IT

BY

SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT

HALF an hour had passed since Thomas Henry Barlow had learned from an evening newspaper that his son had abruptly left college and married an actress. Yet there Mr. Barlow still sat, his great head with its tousled thatch of iron-gray hair sunk despondently between his shoulders, his square, rugged jaw hung loosely, his eyes fixed dully on the rug at his feet, and the paper crushed vengefully in one rough, hairy fist.

Across the heavy oak table from her husband, Mrs. Barlow disconsolately burrowed into the yielding depths of a huge, leather-covered arm-chair. She was sobbing, in a quiet, subdued fashion, as if making a half-hearted effort to hide her distress.

Standing between the hangings of a window-nook, and regarding them both with vexed impatience, was Miss Rhoda Barlow, a tall, dark-eyed, highly-colored young woman of athletic figure. She gripped a silver-handled dog-whip, with which at intervals she lashed her skirt.

For Miss Barlow was indignant. And why not? How many of her acquaintances, she wondered, were at this very moment giggling over that horrid article? With merciless flippancy it had told all the bald details of Cheever's escapade; how he had met the captivating Stella Lacey of "The Naughty Princess" Company, followed her through three states, and finally carried her off in his auto.

Then there had been the pictures, showing Miss Lacey in various costumes, and "Chivvy" Barlow in football armor. The reference to her father as "Barlow, the stove king, whose nickle-plated art ranges gladden half the kitchens of the land"; that had hurt, too.

But why must they drag in her name, and the fact that she was to be married next week to "Dickie" Van Anstead? And they had called her "the stove magnate's stately daughter!" Oh, if she were only big enough to shake Chivvy, and he were only there to be shaken! Swish went the braided thong of the dog-whip against her skirt.

"It's a lovely mess Chivvy's got us into, isn't it?" she demanded angrily.

Her father did not answer at once. He took time to pull himself together. Then, tossing the crumpled newspaper on the table, he straightened, squaring his shoulders as if shaking off a weight. For a moment he regarded his handsome daughter with cool shrewdness.

"You don't seem to fancy having an actress for a sister-in-law," he observed. "Can't say I planned to have one in the family myself; but then, I didn't know I had a damn-fool son, either. Guess you can stand it if I can, though."

Mr. Barlow lighted a cigar and then, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, began pacing up and down the room.

"Can't it be undone, dad? Couldn't you have the thing hushed up, for a week or so, anyway?"

"No. I'm all through."

"You don't mean to cut Chivvy adrift, do you?"

"Yep! That's just what I do mean."

Rhoda Barlow bit her lip and retired into the window-nook. From the big leather chair came the sound of renewed sobbing, and a quavering voice which moaned: "Oh, Thomas! Thomas!"

"Come, come, mother! Shut off the sprinkler, won't you?" said Mr. Barlow. "Your darling boy is all right. He's a happy bridegroom. We'll be hearing from him pretty soon. He'll be needing some more

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money. Then we'll see how long he keeps his beauteous bride after she finds that he's lost the key to the combination."

Mr. Barlow chuckled at this, and resumed his pacing, a blue wreath of cigar smoke floating bravely over his shoulder. The sobs were choked down into half-audible sniffles. Save for these, and the firm, heavy tread of Mr. Barlow as he traversed the rug, silence ensued. It was broken by the penetrating purr of geared wheels and a hoarse toot from without.

"Some one's bringing an auto up the driveway," announced Rhoda. "It looks like Chivvy's runabout. It *is* Chivvy and — I believe he's brought her with him, dad!"

Eagerly Mrs. Barlow ran to the window to join her daughter in peering through the curtains.

"They're getting out," said Rhoda, turning to look curiously at her father.

Mrs. Barlow turned also, a look of timid appeal in her eyes. She was a plump, blonde little woman, with straw-colored hair, and cheeks that had the uncertain pinkness of ripe maturity. From the manner in which she clung to Rhoda it was clear that in such a crisis as this she did not count for much.

"the paper crushed vengefully in one rough, hairy fist"

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Mutely she watched her husband. He had stopped pacing and, the cigar clenched between his teeth, awaited developments.

Footsteps were heard in the hallway; a heavy, defiant tramp, and the sharp, incisive click of high heels. The door opened, and the bridal couple entered.

Looming big and awkward in the lead was Mr. T. Cheever Barlow, better known abroad, as well as at home, as "Chivvy," a domestic diminutive whose very absurdness the college boys had hailed with delight. At this moment he was hardly at his best. Although the tilt of the chin and the squared shoulders suggested boldness of purpose, there was a sheepish look in his wide-set blue eyes that told a different story.

A trifle in the rear, but by no means hiding behind his unprotective bulk, was the former Miss Lacey. Very calm and self-possessed was the newly made Mrs. Chivvy Barlow. Perhaps it was the consciousness of a faultless figure, faultlessly attired, perhaps it was the result of professional training which enabled her to meet so coolly this ordeal of inspection.

The dark eyes of Mr. Barlow surveyed her keenly for a moment. Into her stare Rhoda managed to put a great deal of cold hauteur, while Mrs. Barlow's glance was furtive and mildly accusing. Mrs. Chivvy met them all in turn with a slightly curious but otherwise impassive look, and then, having adjusted a small cloud of veiling on the top of her smart little hat, turned expectantly to her husband. Although brief, the pause was becoming embarrassing. T. Cheever shifted his weight restlessly from his right to his left foot and broke the silence by huskily announcing:

"This is my wife, governor."

Mr. Barlow bowed a stiff acknowledgment of the honor.

"I suppose I'm delighted. Just been reading about her in the evening paper. Thought you'd quit college, eh, Cheever? Going on the stage now, I expect?"

The awkward mass of Chivvy Barlow seemed to straighten and become as rigidly alert as if he had been cut with a whip. Tossing his leather automobile cap on a chair he dropped his big hands on his hips, as if he stood on the line watching a punt for goal.

"See here, governor, there's no use being ugly about this. It's done and over with."

"And now you've come home to see what I'm going to do about it, eh? Well, I'll relieve your mind. I'm not going to do a blessed thing. You've grabbed the reins; keep 'em. I'm all through." Mr. Barlow's gesture indicated that the incident was closed.

The sound of convulsive sobbing came from the other side of the room, where Mrs. Barlow clung to the stately, scornful Rhoda. No one paid the least heed to this evidence of grief save Mrs. Chivvy who, after a troubled sympathetic glance, gazed inquiringly at the other members of the family. Evidently it was quite the usual thing for Mrs. Barlow to sob.

Cheever did not change his pose. He was looking steadily at his father.

"You mean that you throw me off; is that it, governor?" he demanded.

"I don't have to. Seems to me you've pulled away. I've just let go, son. You've been rather a lively colt for me to manage single, you know, and now that you've hooked up in double harness, why, it's time I quit."

"Yes, but how do you quit; that's what I came to find out?"

"Oh, we quit even. You're of age, you're married. If you owe me anything I'll cross it off the books. We're square, Chivvy; unless, of course," here Mr. Barlow, Senior, ventured a shrewd look at Mrs. Barlow, Junior, "unless the young lady has any proposition to make. Has she?"

"Yes, I have." The reply came quite unexpectedly. It was made quietly, but with some determination.

"Well, what's the sum, cash down?"

A quick flush came into Chivvy's face. His big hands twitched nervously.

"Look here, governor," he began, "you can't talk that way to my —— "

"There, there, Cheever!" interrupted the former Miss Lacey. "Remember your promise."

"But — " he objected.

"No, no; I'm on now. You've said your piece. It's my turn. I'm going to sit down, too; may I, Mr. Barlow?"

As Mr. Barlow nodded, she dropped gracefully into a wide-armed library chair, threw back her silk dust-coat, and leisurely began the job of removing her cream-colored kid gloves.

"Can't we all sit down?" she suggested. "It won't seem so hostile and tragic if we do; besides, I'm liable to talk a lot if I get started. That is, if you'll let me." Her brown eyes put the question a little mischievously.

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"'See here, Governor, there's no use being ugly about this'"

"I'm willing to hear it all, I guess," assented Mr. Barlow, "but I'll take it standing, if it's all the same to you."

Only Chivvy half accepted the invitation by leaning over the back of her chair.

"You asked me something about a sum, cash down, didn't you?" continued the younger Mrs. Barlow cheerfully. "I rather imagined from your tone that you wanted to know how much money I'd take to give up my claim on Cheever. Was that it?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Barlow dryly.

"That's supposed to be the usual thing when an actress marries a man whose folks have more money than brains, isn't it?" she resumed sweetly.

The effect of this query was distinctly visible. Chivvy's face went blank. Rhoda started, gripping the dog-whip. Then, after a glance which seemed to impale her new sister-in-law, she turned scornfully and led her docile, still sobbing mother from the room. Thomas Henry Barlow, having watched this retreat, shook his big head as though about to roar. But he did not roar at all. He appeared to swallow something hard, and his retort came out in deep, even tones.

"When a woman of your stamp, Miss What's-your-name, gets hold of a young sap-head like Cheever, here, she generally wants to be well paid before she lets go. I'm going to say right now that Cheever's stock isn't quoted very high at present. Still, for family

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reasons, I'm willing to pay a fair amount to keep him out of the lime-light. It isn't a question of how much brains I've got, but of how many dollars you want."

The charming Mrs. Chivvy paused to free her left thumb before explaining, in a tone which suggested that she hardly hoped to be believed: "Really, you know, I haven't set a price on Cheever. I suppose you mean actresses when you speak of 'women of my stamp?' I'll admit that I'm an actress, although I've been told lots of times that I wasn't and never would be. Perhaps I'm not, for when it comes to matrimony I guess I'm a good deal like other women. If Cheever wishes to back out now, I'm afraid I shall not try to stop him."

"You mean that you'll call it off, let the lawyers untie the knot, and agree to put in no alimony bill or that sort of thing? Will you sign that in black and white, young woman?" eagerly demanded the stove magnate, peering shrewdly at her from under his shaggy brows.

"Yes, yes," she assented a bit wearily. "I'll do all that, if Cheever wishes."

"Oh, see here, governor, that's enough of this blamed rot," broke in young Mr. Barlow hotly. "We don't want either your money or your insults, and I'll not — "

"Now, Cheever, we're not half through," soothingly remarked his wife, "and you promised to behave, you know."

"Yes, but what's the use, Stella? You see what a beast the governor is. Come on, I'm going to take you out of this."

She smiled indulgently up at him from under her hat rim, but made no move to rise. Instead she reached up and slipped one of her hands in his.

"He seems to prefer you, madam," said Mr. Barlow.

"I'm afraid he does," sighed the younger Mrs. Barlow. "He's been acting that way for the last week."

"Couldn't discourage him, could you?" suggested the stove magnate insinuatingly.

"I tried that at first, now I don't believe I want to. He's my husband, you know."

"So I've heard." Mr. Barlow's heavy jaws let out the words grudgingly. Then, after a moment, he went on: "And it happens that he's my son, too, although I haven't much cause to be proud of the fact. But he's my son, just the same. There was a time, too, when I thought a good deal of him. Guess I'll have to tell you something about those days, young woman. Perhaps it'll help you to understand how I feel about you and Cheever."

Mr. Barlow spread his feet wide apart, thrust his rugged chin forward, and regarded them musingly for a moment before resuming. "He's twenty-one now, almost twenty-two, just about your age, I take it. Well, about twenty years ago, when Cheever was wearing bibs, and sleeping in a wooden crib that I'd made out of a packing box, if some one had come along and stolen him I couldn't have offered much of a reward to have him brought back. I didn't have the money. I was a foreman in a foundry then. I wore a blue flannel shirt and overalls, and I worked twelve hours a day; worked hard, too. That's why my back isn't as straight as Cheever's, or my shoulders as square. Evenings I sat at home whittling out stove models and drawing designs, until I would fall asleep with my head on the table.

"We lived in a cheap little tenement. We scrimped and saved. We didn't have much fun or comfort. I was making plans for Cheever then. I meant, by the time he was old enough to realize about such things, to be something more than just a foundry foreman. I was, too. He can't remember when I wasn't my own boss, or when we didn't live in a decent house. And I rather counted on his taking hold, when he was big enough, along with me.

"But, somehow, Cheever didn't turn out as I expected. We began to have differences when I kept him at his books instead of letting him run the streets as he wanted to. We've never got along very well since. I thrashed him through high school and took him into my office. I was going to teach him how to run the stove business, so that when I got ready to quit he could step into something nice and easy, with a big income and mighty little work. I wanted to jump him over the blue shirt and overall stage.

"It didn't work, though. After three weeks of me, Cheever said he couldn't stand it, and I knew I couldn't, either. So I sent him off to college. I thought he'd learn enough there, anyway, to spend my money like a gentleman. Maybe I had a sneaking idea, too, that they'd work a miracle on Cheever, and drill some sense into his head, just by accident."

Mr. Barlow indulged in a sigh and a shake of his great head as he gazed at his son.

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"I guessed wrong again," he continued. "Cheever's college career hasn't been a howling success, although I tried to buy the best there was in the market. But he didn't improve. Still, I was hoping he'd done about all the fool things he could think of, when you haven't got any of my money along with him, and the prospects are not good that you will. That being the case, I guess this little reunion is about over. Cheever'll show you out; he's going that way himself."

Thomas Henry Barlow finished the longest

"'You've got him, but you haven't got any of my money along with him'"

came along and took him in tow. I don't blame you so much, either. It was a shrewd move on your part, only you made a mistake in your calculations. When I was getting this curve in my back and these stiff knuckles, I didn't have you in mind, or any one like you. So, when you step in, Cheever and I part company. You've got *him*, but you speech of his life with a snap of the jaws. Thrusting his hands deep into his pockets he stared grimly at his audience. There was nothing filial in Cheever's answering stare.

Young Mrs. Barlow had succeeded in removing both her gloves. Now she smoothed them carefully over her knee. She seemed

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to be meditating. Suddenly she looked up and said quietly:

"I think I understand. You want me to get out. I'm not surprised, you see. You don't suppose I expected any open arms or light in the window, do you, after I had found how things stood between you and Cheever?"

"So you went in with your eyes open, did you?"

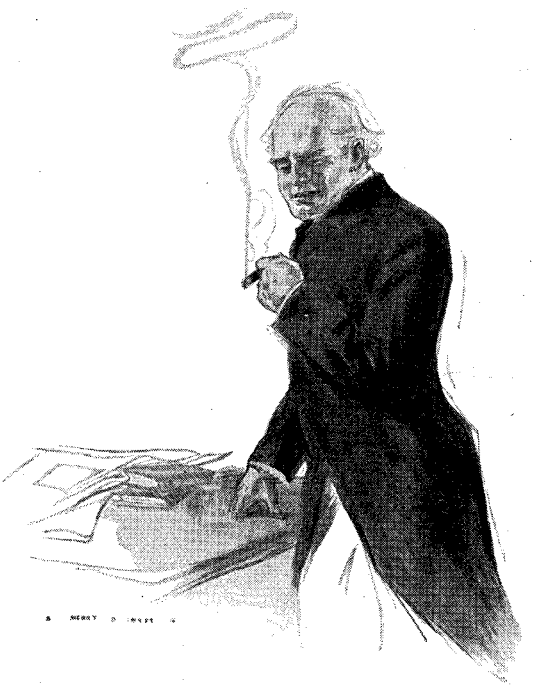
"No. Cheever and I had our heart to heart talk afterwards, about the time the funds gave out."

"Ah!" Mr. Barlow smacked his lips over that exclamation. "It was about then that Cheever thought of coming home, wasn't it?"

"Beg pardon, but that was my idea."

"Oh, ho! I might have known."

Mrs. Chivvy ignored this remark.



"'I guess you can tell me about that plan of yours'"

"I didn't exactly relish the trip," she went on, "but I thought we might as well start right. In the first place I wanted you to know that I hadn't kidnapped Cheever. I haven't found men so scarce that it was necessary to steal an only son from a loving father. So, when I found that he had always been dependent on you I brought him back. It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do, either. He didn't want to come. He'd found a job as motorman on a street car, and he wanted to pitch right in. But I just made him come along. I had a plan of my own."

"You had a little scheme, eh?"

"Yes, you may call it that if you like. You see, Cheever's got to go to work somewhere. It doesn't make much difference where he begins, for he hasn't any trade or any profession."

"You're right there, young woman. He never earned a dollar in his life. He's been too busy playing fool to learn how."

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. Suppose you'd been wheeled around in a chair all your life, Mr. Barlow; would you know how to walk? And if some one had always kept your pockets full of money, would you know how to earn any? You sent Cheever to college and gave him five thousand a year to spend. Well, he spent it, but he didn't have time for anything else. Yet you talk about fool sons! It seems to me there are a few fool fathers, too, and I think you're one of them."

Now, if there was one quality for which Thomas Henry Barlow had a wholesome appreciation it was the one whose light he saw blazing in the steady brown eyes of the former Miss Lacey.

"By ginger, madam!" he exclaimed heartily, "I believe there is some truth in that proposition. The boy *has* had too much money for his own good. I've been a fool, I'll admit that, but — " he added with grim humor, "I've turned over a new leaf."

"Then you ought to help Cheever to turn his," came the quick retort.

"Eh! What's that? What do you mean?" Once more the stove magnate was keenly suspicious.

"I told you that I had a plan, Mr. Barlow. I made Cheever drive that jumpy auto of his five hundred miles just to tell you about it. We didn't have enough money left to come by train, you see."

"Down to the last ten, eh?"

"No, the last five. Did you ever live for two days on bologna and crackers?"

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Mr. Barlow grinned. "I guess you can tell me about that plan of yours," he said. "What is it?'

"It's about getting Cheever to work. You tried to start him in at the top of the stove business once, didn't you? Now do you want to give him a chance to begin at the bottom?"

"In dead earnest, are you?"

"Yes. Aren't we, Cheever?" Young Mr. Barlow nodded.

The stove magnate hesitated, eyeing them narrowly.

"That sounds first rate," he said, "and you act as though you meant it all. But I've come to be rather a shy old bird since I have cut my wisdom teeth. As a matter of fact now, young woman, when you hooked onto Cheever you **didn't** reckon on marrying a foundry hand, did you?"

Straight into the shrewd old eyes looked the clear brown ones of the former Miss Lacey.

"No, sir, I didn't," she declared promptly. "I didn't marry his father's bank account, either. I've had one or two chances to marry a bank-book at first hand, and didn't accept. I married Cheever Barlow. I don't care what he is to you, a fool son or a factory hand; to me he's a man, and the right one."

The senior Mr. Barlow smoothed his clean-shaven jaws with a broad palm, and gazed meditatively at the oak-paneled ceiling.

"Good!" he said after a moment of this. "I rather like that, too. I shall like it better though, when I see Chivvy earning his salt. Yes, I'll give him a place, but it will be a blue-shirt and overall job, ten hours a a day, and nine per."

"That doesn't frighten us, does it, Cheever?"

For the first time during the interview the gloom lifted from young Mr. Barlow's face.

"Suits me," responded the ex-'varsity guard.

"Then it's a bargain," exclaimed Mrs. Chivvy.

Mr. Barlow, Senior had been pacing up and down the rug as he talked. Now he stopped at a corner of the library table, half rested his weight on it, and regarded thoughtfully the couple before him, looking at first one, then the other. Finally, he fixed his gaze on the late soubrette of "The Naughty Princess" Company. Leisurely and critically he inspected her, from the dainty, French-heeled oxfords on her feet to the much veiled, smart little hat on her shapely head.

"It's none of my business," he said at length, "but I should like to know just what you expect to be doing while Chivvy's working for one fifty a day?"

"Me? Oh, I shall be getting the meals and darning his socks and washing his other shirt and things like that, you know." She made a vague but rather fetching gesture with her silken-clad arms.

"Um-m-mph!" grunted the parental Barlow. "Going to keep house on nine per, are you? Got any notion of what that means, young woman?"

Mrs. Chivvy smiled reminiscently. "Just a little," she said. "It means a two-room tenement, doesn't it? You see, when I first started out to astonish the critics, as all my friends told me I would, my brother, who bosses a paper mill up in Massachusetts, didn't take to the idea at all. He wanted me to go to normal school and learn to be a teacher. I wouldn't do that, so we compromised. He allowed me eight dollars a week for one year, and I was to do as I pleased. So I wrote to Mr. Frohman and a few others that I was coming on to star for them, and then I started for New York. They didn't meet me at the station with a band. They were not even in when I called to see them, and they hadn't left any word.

"While I was waiting I took a course at a dramatic school, and some singing lessons, and some more lessons in elocution. All this stretched that eight dollars rather thin. I shared a five by nine hall-room with an Irish girl, who was learning how to do high-art dressmaking. She showed me a few stunts in domestic economy, Katy did. We cooked our meals on a one-burner oil-stove and used a trunk top for a table. My, but the things I learned to make out of a beef bone and an onion and a few potatoes! As for corned beef, I can warm it up in seven different styles, and I can turn a dress-skirt inside out, and upside down so that my best friend wouldn't recognize it. Yes, I guess that Cheever and I can manage on nine dollars a week. We'll try, won't we?" and she pulled one of Cheever's big hands down on her shoulder to pat it playfully.

As the stove magnate listened, there had come into his mouth corners a droll pucker, into his eyes a whimsical sparkle.

"Maybe you can, young woman, maybe you can," he admitted. "But I'm blest if I can figure out just why you want to do it."

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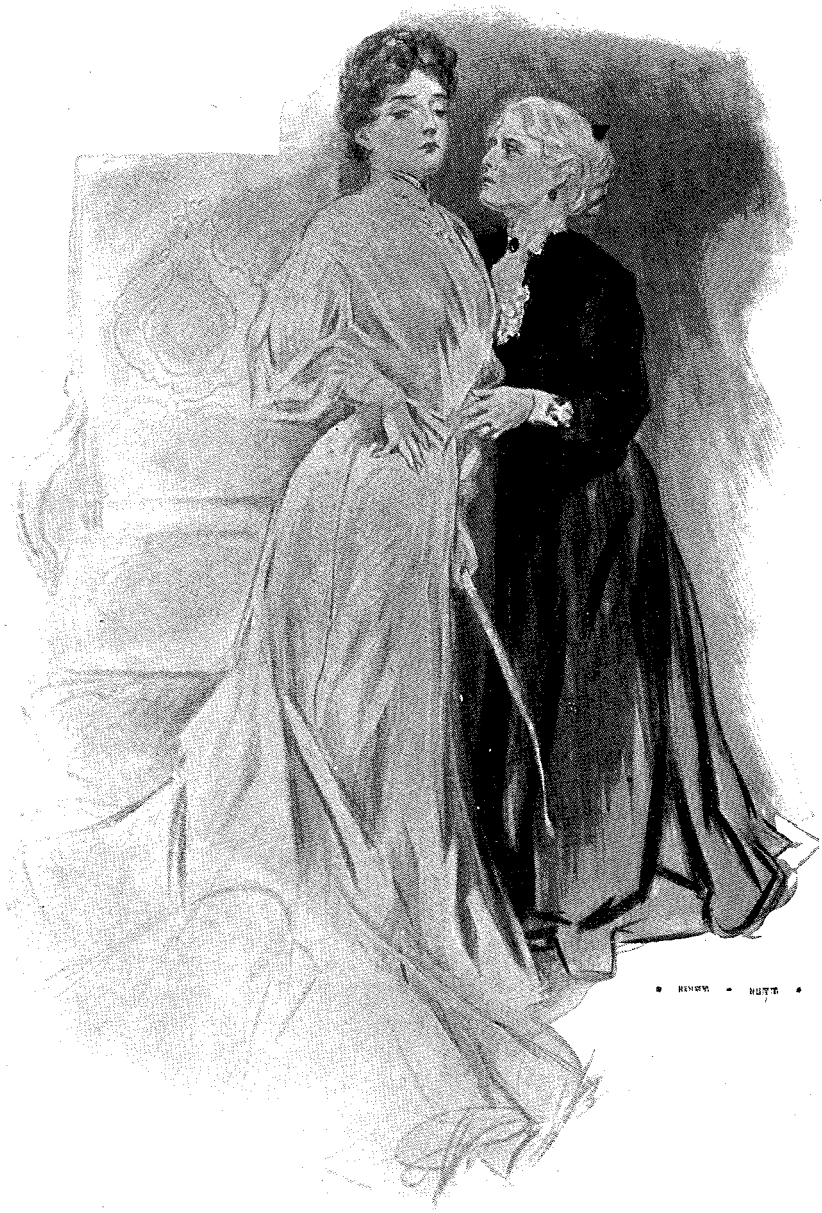

"'I shall be very lonely after you are gone, Rhoda'"

"I expect it's because of Cheever." Very sweetly and tenderly young Mrs. Barlow made this admission, her brown eyes looking fondly up into the big blue ones that beamed down upon her. The spectacle proved too much for the senior Mr. Barlow.

"You're a pair of fools!" he snorted. "Two of a kind. Going to live in a two-room tenement, are you? Well, how soon do you begin?"

Cheever Barlow ceased to gaze into his wife's eyes. He straightened himself stiffly.

"To-night, sir," he retorted. "I'll report for work in the morning." Then, picking up his leather cap, he helped his wife to her

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feet. "Good-night, sir," he added, as he turned to go.

Mr. Barlow watched them in silence until they reached the door.

"Come back here, both of you," he commanded. "We've settled the business part, all right, but there's a little domestic formality that we've overlooked. Cheever, just you push the button there for Maggie."

Young Mr. Barlow seemed somewhat bewildered, but he pushed the button and waited.

"Maggie," said the master of the Barlow mansion when the maid appeared, "find Mrs. Barlow and Rhoda — they're somewhere up-stairs, I guess — and say I want them right away."

The two-minute interval which ensued seemed more trying to T. Cheever Barlow than the entrie interview that had preceded. It was a period of silent waiting. His father employed it in twirling a piece of paper between thumb and finger. His bride rested complacently on a chair-arm, a look of amused expectancy in her brown eyes.

At last they came, Rhoda with swinging stride, Mrs. Barlow trailing timidly in her wake.

"It's all right, mother," said the senior Mr. Barlow briskly. "The battle's over and no blood shed. There's your darling son, and there's his new wife. You can bless 'em and kiss 'em and do whatever you see fit. To-night Cheever's the returned prodigal; to-morrow morning he's going to put on overalls and go to making stoves for me."

"Oh, Cheever!" sobbed Mrs. Barlow, clasping as much of him as her motherly arms could encompass. Quite as graciously as any grown son submits to maternal caresses, Cheever submitted.

Then for one doubtful instant Mrs. Barlow regarded her son's wife. Young Mrs. Barlow smiled. It was not a stage smile. It was thoroughly human. There was tenderness and respect in it. Also Mrs. Chivvy held out her hands in frank invitation. It was a graceful thing to do, and gracefully done.

"Do — do you really love him?" asked the senior Mrs. Barlow, and the distrust of all the mothers since time began quavered in her voice.

"Yes," said the smiling lips. The brown eyes said it, too. Whereupon the senior Mrs. Barlow shot a furtive glance at her husband.

"Thomas," she said faintly. "Thomas," she repeated, this time more boldly. "I — I believe she does." Then she crossed her Rubicon. She kissed Cheever's new wife squarely on her smiling mouth.

Unmoved and without comment Thomas Henry Barlow watched these proceedings. Suddenly he turned to the stately Rhoda, whose dark eyes had coldly witnessed the scene. Her pose suggested aloofness and disdain, and other things of that sort.

"Rhoda, we're having a little family reunion over here," he suggested. "If you're going to get acquainted with Cheever's wife, now's your chance."

A slight but eloquent shrug of Rhoda's statuesque shoulders was the only response. Each of the four other persons in the room noted it, for the eyes of them all were upon her. The imperative moment had arrived.

"I've got only this to say about the young woman," he continued, "and that is that she's got more clear grit and hard sense than I ever expected to find in any girl Cheever would pick out for a wife. And one thing more, Rhoda. I'm not exactly in love with Mr. Dickie Van Anstead, as I believe I have mentioned. He's a sweet little Charlie-boy, well parlor-broken and all that, but if I had drawn him in a lottery I should have wished I'd grabbed another ticket. It's all right, though, if you're satisfied. I'll be in church next Wednesday when the whistle blows, to hand you over to him as smiling, as though I thought he was the capital prize.

"Now, you may not fancy Cheever's wife any more than I cotton to your Dickie, but I may as well say right here that if she'll hang up her hat this house is going to be her home from now on. Five minutes ago she was getting ready to live on nine dollars a week in a two-room tenement; but, by ginger! any girl who thinks enough of my son for that, and who's started in to make a man of him the way she has started, is a blamed sight too good for a tenement. How is it, young woman," and he turned to Mrs. Chivvy, "are you going to do as I say and stay here?"

There was an oddly youthful, whimsical ring in his tone. A quaint softness seemed to have smoothed his rugged face. Somehow these things reminded Cheever Barlow of the father he had known years before. To the questioning look in his wife's eyes, Cheever replied a bit sheepishly:

"Yes, you'd better; he's the governor, you know."

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But she shook her head resolutely. "No," she said, "I couldn't come here, Mr. Barlow.

"Couldn't, eh? What's to hinder?" and the stove magnate searched her brown eyes for the answer. He found it. She was looking at Rhoda. That young lady was biting her lip nervously. One of her shoe-toes tapped the rug. Mr. Barlow had seen such symptoms before.

"Oh, well," he said wearily, "I suppose that settles it."

At which crisis the senior Mrs. Barlow emerged from behind her handkerchief, walked to her daughter, and put a motherly arm about her waist.

"I shall be very lonely after you are gone, Rhoda," she said gently and pleadingly. "If you would only be nice to Cheever's wife, they would both come and live with me. Besides — " here she stood on tiptoe to whisper something eagerly into Rhoda's ear.

The scorn faded from the haughty face. Rhoda laughed. Then she looked with friendly curiosity at Mrs. Chivvy who, for the sake of Cheever and Cheever's mother, responded smilingly and went to meet her. Frankly Rhoda held out her hands.

"My mother wishes you to stay," she said, "and so do I. You can't guess what else mother wants. She says I must find out who makes your dresses."

"It's a great secret," responded Mrs. Chivvy, but I'll tell *you* — I make them myself."

After which, of course, they kissed each other on the cheek. The tempest in the Barlow family had blown itself out.

"Cheever," observed Mr. Barlow out of the profound depths of his sagacity, "let's go have a smoke."

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE

HIS AMATEUR CODE*: ITS EVASION AND ADMINISTRATION

BY

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

PART II—"SUMMER BALL," THE GATE-MONEY EVIL, AND "UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS" IN FOOTBALL

NO question relating to the amateur standing of athletes engaged in intercollegiate sport has produced more rabid discussion, with opinion greatly divided, than the propriety of "summer ball." By summer ball is meant baseball played by amateurs, so-called, mainly collegians, on the "summer nines" — teams semi-professional in character, not members of any recognized league, which are organized to furnish entertainment for the visitors at summer resorts. It was fifteen years or more ago that baseball reached its first popularity in the White Mountains — the birthplace and home of the summer nine. The game indulged in by collegians of that day, and for some time thereafter, was regarded as an innocent pastime, not incompatible with proper amateur standards.

* The Code is the result of the Providence Conference, which convened in 1898. At the last meeting of this body held May 6th, Brown, Cornell, and Harvard alone were represented. Columbia, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, and Princeton did not so much as send "regrets." As a result of this indifference, the death knell of the Conference is sounded. While each college will still have its eligibility rules, there will be no organization to promote the *enforcement* of the rules. The only consolation derivable from this unhappy outcome is the possibility of a close union of *all* the leading Eastern colleges — including Yale — with a council which will have *legislative powers.*

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"In those earlier days," says *The White Mountain Echo* of August 20, 1904, "college ball players did not think it at all beneath their dignity to spend the summer at a swell hotel, in exchange for which pleasure they gladly gave their services on the diamond and cared not who knew it. And if, at the season's end, a purse was made up for the players by popular subscription, so much the better; there was no one to say they should not take it, or that, by so doing, they forfeited their eligibility to the college team.

"But those good old days are gone; and now, if a collegian wants to play baseball for money in the mountains, it is not as a short stop or pitcher that he receives his weekly stipend, but as a tray boy, bell hop, or the guardian of a casino or hotel bowling alley."

If collegians could play summer ball "in those earlier days," and not forfeit their eligibility as amateurs, it was because professionalism was not clearly understood. Furthermore, it was not realized that summer ball was to be productive of other and more serious evils. When the Conference on Intercollegiate Athletics met at Providence in 1898, the edict went forth that "playing during the summer on professional nines, or on so-called summer nines, should be wholly discouraged." Not content with adopting the general rule debarring athletes "who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary gain or emolument whatever, direct or indirect," the Conference added a special provision proscribing summer ball.* For the last seven summers, therefore, playing on the "so-called summer nines" has been in direct violation of the athletic code of the leading colleges of the East, including Yale whose eligibility rules (now being superseded by the Harvard-Yale agreement) disqualify students who have received "board for playing summer ball." It is in the light of such iron-clad restrictions, that this objectionable feature of intercollegiate athletics is to be judged.

Deliberate Evasion of the Code

Certainly summer ball is officially recognized now, and Charles W. Towne, the writer of the article in *The Echo* from which quotation is made, explains how, "if a collegian wants to play ball *for money*," he goes about it and covers up his tracks. Mr. Towne knows whereof he speaks, for he arranged last summer a series of games played by the New Hampshire summer nines of Maplewood, Waumbek, Bethlehem, and Fabyan. These teams were composed largely of college and preparatory school players, a number of whom are representing colleges on the diamond this season. Maplewood, for example, had for pitchers, Cook and Heim, Exeter graduates who are now at Princeton. The pitcher of the Waumbek team was Keady, captain of this year's Dartmouth nine and left-tackle of the Dartmouth eleven of 1904. With Fabyan was O'Brien of the Dartmouth 'varsity ball team. There were other college players, but some of them were masquerading under names other than their own.

The practice of playing under an assumed name is growing. The act in itself makes a man a professional under the rules governing the Princeton-Yale track contests. But it is part of the game of subterfuge and evasion. Here is a letter written to a preparatory school-boy. It was misdirected, and fell into the hands of a lad other than the one for whom it was obviously intended.

St. Albans, Vt., April 26, 1904.

DEAR SIR: — I write thinking I might induce you to come to St. Albans to play summer ball on the league team here. I know both your school and league record and they are certainly very good ones. A gentleman who saw you work in the New York State League strongly advised me to get you, if possible. I think you will like this league far better than the one you played in last year, and will find the quality of ball played even better. If you come here, you will have two Harvard, two U. of P., two Dartmouth, a Georgetown, and, possibly, a Brown (not this year's team) or Princeton man on the team with you. The circuit is composed of five towns, all within a radius of fifty miles and peopled with as hot baseball "fans" as there are under the sun. The players, being for the most part good, clean college men are taken into the social life of the town.

The salaries paid in this league compare very favorably with those paid in any minor or independent organization and I think it will be well worth your while to write me your terms per week for playing here. You may play *under an assumed name* as you did last year, and *nobody will be the wiser*.

Awaiting the anticipated courtesy of an early reply, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) J. J. THOMPSON, Manager.

William M. Higgins, the best football player at Brown University and a clever catcher, caught for the St. Albans nine last summer. Despite the disclosures of the foregoing letter, the Brown athletic committee has refused to disqualify this "star" athlete. In justice to

* The disqualification worked by this rule shall be held to include those students who receive or have received any emolument, direct or indirect, by reason of their connection with the so-called "Summer Nines," or with such athletic clubs as are not deemed to be purely amateur associations.

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the committee, which tried to prove the fellow's ineligibility, it should be said, however, that there are in Brown to-day five former 'varsity players who have been debarred on account of summer ball. And Princeton hungered after Higgins. At the opening of the football season of 1904 he was bombarded with letters written by certain alumni. Davis and Cosgrave (then graduates) played with the Plattsburg team of this professional league; they knew that the players of the league were paid, but they considered Higgins fit to wear a Princeton uniform. Such an opinion is to be expected of "good old Ralph Davis" — as Charles E. Patterson referred to the football captain-elect, in writing to an Andover athlete. After he left Andover, Davis played *under an assumed name* for the Atlantic City nine. Subsequently he, a professional, was a member of the Princeton nine and captain of the foot-ball eleven. This is Patterson's explanation of Davis's connection with a semi-professional team:

"Yes, Davis did play at Atlantic City, and he did play under his middle name. He was *visiting friends* there, and he was not paid. Why, no manager would pay him, for he was too poor a ball player."

Davis was one of the best batters and fielders of the Princeton nine, and "fast" enough to play in the league of which St. Albans was a member.

With a code so strict and specific in its prohibition of summer ball, why are apparent violators of the rule permitted to represent their colleges? Because "sufficient evidence" — legal proof — is very difficult to obtain. Circumstantial evidence is seldom accepted by the judicial athletic committees: as witness Brown's refusal to act in the Higgins case, also Harvard's continued playing of Captains Clarkson and Carr, and her playing of Mahar, hereinafter mentioned. Players will not furnish proof against themselves — to them the rule is a hardship, and they glory in evading it — and the managers of the teams lie manfully when asked for evidence. Thus, in summer ball, there is more lying and subterfuge than in any other evil connected with intercollegiate athletics. The manner of evasion is clearly illustrated by the following letter written by the manager of a summer nine to Walter C. Clarkson, the Harvard captain, who did not accept the offer:

I write to ask if you know of a first-class pitcher that can be obtained for the summer to pitch on the Camden team, of the Knox County League, a team that will be made up entirely of fast college players. Such a pitcher would be used most liberally here — in fact, he could have almost anything he wanted, and he would be protected in the matter of privacy concerning any arrangement made. This is the best summer town on the coast, and clean baseball players will be taken into the best society here. Our players will come from Yale, Princeton, and other colleges. It is possible that you may know of one or two good men on the Harvard team who would like such an outing; which will cost them nothing from the time they leave home until they return there. If so, I shall consider it a great favor if you will write me about them.

We must have a corking team this year, and stand willing to plunge on a pitcher. The right man will find seventy-five per in his jeans, and he can wonder as long as he likes how it got there. Couldn't you be induced to visit some friends who will be provided for you here?

Observe the cunning phraseology of the composition: First, protection — the player's "amateur standing" to be inviolably preserved; second, social equality — imperative with the sociable collegian; third, manner of payment — not unlike the "sugar" stock left at the United States Senator's door; and lastly, friends "in need" — the "friends" Patterson intimates were "provided" for Davis. This entertaining letter, therefore, helps one to understand the difficulty of obtaining legal proof of eligibility violations.

Mahar, who headed Harvard's batting list in the game with Pennsylvania this season, played with Vinalhaven of the Knox County League. He also played under the name of Kelly at Brockton, Massachusetts. Notwithstanding these facts, he was permitted to represent Harvard.

After the college baseball season of 1903, Brown was awarded first place by many experts. This success was due in large measure to the pitching of Mike Lynch, now of the Pittsburg league team, who shut out Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania — a remarkable record. Although warned by the athletic committee, Lynch went to Newport, New Hampshire, and pitched that summer. It was a defiant proceeding, for Rollins, Dartmouth's captain and pitcher, had been disqualified for playing with this team the previous season. When accused by the *Boston Herald* of professionalism, Lynch wrote a letter to the sporting editor, asserting that he had not gone to Newport to play ball at all, but that he was engaged as a clerk in the hotel at nine dollars a week, and his ball playing was

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accidental and incidental. Lynch told his friends that he received $75 per week and board for pitching on the Newport nine.

Influenced by Lynch, the captain-elect, most of the Brown nine played summer ball in this season of 1903. Some action had to be taken, because of newspaper notoriety. Therefore a majority of the athletic committee voted to sanction summer ball — and make the champions eligible. Dean Meiklejohn, chairman of the Providence Conference, opposed the action taken by the majority of the athletic committee. Fortunately for athletics at the university, the Brown corporation looked beyond a "successful season"; the action was rescinded, a majority of the committee resigned, and the "stars" did not play in 1904.

Prevalence of "Summer Ball"

Brown's proposal to authorize collegians to play on summer nines met with deserved censure. But in the wide discussion which followed, the sins of other college baseball players did not receive merited attention. Look over the field and note a very few of the prominent college athletes who have played summer ball. Clarkson, captain of Harvard pitched for North Attleboro, Massachusetts. He is now with the New York American League team, having signed a contract with this professional aggregation while a Harvard undergraduate, for which he was debarred. Carr, who succeeded Clarkson as captain of Harvard, played with New London, New Hampshire. Cosgrave, Princeton, centerfielder of the "All America" team (Caspar Whitney's paper nine representing the strength of the college diamond), was a member of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club and the Orange Athletic Club semi-professional teams. Cooney, catcher of the Princeton nine and captain-elect of the eleven, caught for Maplewood, New Hampshire (season of 1903) and for Lancaster, New Hampshire. Glaze, Dartmouth's pitcher and end-rush of the eleven, played under an assumed name for the Colorado Fuel and Iron team of Pueblo, Colorado. Rice, Cornell's second-baseman and half-back of the eleven, was a member of a semi-professional team at Elmira, New York. Cariss, captain and catcher of Pennsylvania, also Caldwell, the university pitcher of last season, both played with Cape May, New Jersey. O'Brien, the Yale second-baseman and a selection for the "All America" nine, was a member of the teams at Malone and Plattsburg, New York (the character of the latter is disclosed in the letter written by the St. Albans, Vermont, manager). Coté of Yale, an "All America" out-fielder, played at Block Island, Rhode Island — "not for his chewing gum," a fellow player expressed it.

Up to two seasons ago, Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks was a haven for Yale baseball men, including the "hard-hitting" Barnwell, who had a reputation as a summer-ball player. Concerning this Yale retreat, Mike Murphy made an interesting disclosure:

"Yale hasn't won a baseball championship," said the Yale trainer, "since the summer-ball rule took effect."

"And yet, Mr. Murphy, Yale men play summer ball."

"I know it," said Murphy. "Those fellows who played at Paul Smith's might have better played with fellows who'd helped their game more. I believe in it. *I think it's all right.* A man has a right to get his board, and to take twenty-five dollars a week to help him through college."

Murphy's opinion is the opinion of the majority of college baseball men. They argue for their right to do as they please in vacation time. And they *do* as they please, eligibility rules notwithstanding. They appreciate the difficulty of obtaining proof. Few players could be convicted in a court of law on the charge of receiving money, or its equivalent, *for playing ball.* It is easier to convict a legislator of bribe taking — yes, the attorney for the big corporation of bribe giving — than to convict a college gentleman of evading the rules he is pledged to live up to, and of taking money.

The Middle West, Leaders in Reform

This can be safely said, however: if the rule* adopted a year ago by the universities of the Intercollegiate Conference, comprising the principal institutions of the Middle

*A student shall be ineligible to represent his college in athletic contests, who engages in such contests as a representative of any athletic organization not connected with his college, whether in term time or vacation, except by special written permission previously obtained of the proper athletic authorities.

Occasional games during vacation on teams which have no permanent organization are not prohibited provided written permission has been first secured, and further provided that such permission be granted for one team only during any single vacation; and it is expressly understood that no permission will be given to play on a professional or semi-professional team.

In the administration of the Rule it is expressly understood that a semi-professional team is one any member of which receives remuneration for his services; and proof of this fact shall not devolve on the person giving the permission, but he may accept common report as a basis for action.

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West — Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, North Western, Purdue, and Wisconsin, or the "Big Nine," as they are popularly known — if this rule were enforced in the East, a majority of the Eastern college baseball players would be debarred from further participation in athletics. Under the Western rule, the burden of proof does not rest with the athletic committee as it does in the East. "Common report" — instead of legal proof — may be accepted as a "basis for action." The provision as to proof is the essential part of the remedy to abolish summer ball. An arbitrary provision, it is true, but summer ball has got so beyond control that to stamp it out arbitrary action is demanded.

There was at Brown University a student by the name of Roy E. Clark, 1901. A fine baseball player, he was captain of the nine; a good student, clean and regarded as a model fellow, he was secretary of the college Young Men's Christian Association, and held up before the student body as one whose example was worthy of emulation. Now Clark played summer ball — played in the "high grass league" of Northern New York. Notwithstanding, he subscribed to this certificate:

"I hereby certify that I have not violated the following Eligibility Code . . . and am eligible to represent Brown University." Then followed an excerpt from the Providence Rules, including the prohibition as to playing on summer nines. After subscribing to this declaration, Clark said to the players of his team:

"Fellows, it is all right, *under the rules*, for you to do as I have done: play summer ball and *let your fathers receive the money.*"

Clark was permitted to play ball, but his father was required to pay back the money to the proprietors of the summer nines with which the collegian had played. When asked for an explanation of the committee's strange action, one of the members said: "There was no dishonesty on Clark's part. He simply started out to beat the rule, *as it was worded.*" Which raises the question, What is dishonesty?

Clark is no worse than many other college baseball players. Practically all of the colleges which have adopted the Providence Rules require athletes to sign an eligibility certificate. The collegians step up and sign without hesitation, but with a mental reservation, for many of them, including men of all colleges, are ineligible, especially those athletes possessed of exceptional baseball ability.

Equal "Opportunities" for Football "Stars"

Grant for the sake of argument, that college men, in defiance of the underlying principles of amateur sport, should be permitted to play summer ball; that, though engaging in athletic competition *for money*, undergraduates should be allowed to represent their universities — to crowd off the 'varsity teams those who play only for the love of sport, and who, because of prudery about amateurism, will not improve their skill by playing in "fast company." This concession, it is said, will cure most of the evils. Professionalism will go no further. Is that true? Perhaps the baseball player would be satisfied. He certainly ought to be. But how about the football athlete who has no baseball ability with which to "earn an honest penny?" Where is *his* compensation? And, considering the work he does, the football player is by far the most deserving of all college athletes.

The football player is certain to demand his privileges as well as the baseball man. If the college does not give them to him in the shape of "opportunities," he will exercise his right to earn money outside. Basketball is growing in popularity. In New England there is a professional league comprising several towns. Players received $25 per week, and expenses, for three evenings' work. A nice employment for the college "star" after the football season is over. And why shouldn't he take advantage of it, if his fellow student helps himself by summer ball? Or, the football player will insist on participating in "co-operative" games after the college season is over. Dartmouth has had to wrestle with this development of the situation. Dartmouth has come to the front in athletics. In 1903 her eleven defeated Harvard; in 1904 the game with Harvard was a tie. A Thanksgiving Day junket of football men has been under investigation by the Dartmouth athletic council. A barnstorming aggregation, composed of Dartmouth football and basketball men, including Main, the football captain-elect, and Glaze, the end-rush, played football games at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, also a basketball game in the evening — all on Thanksgiving Day.

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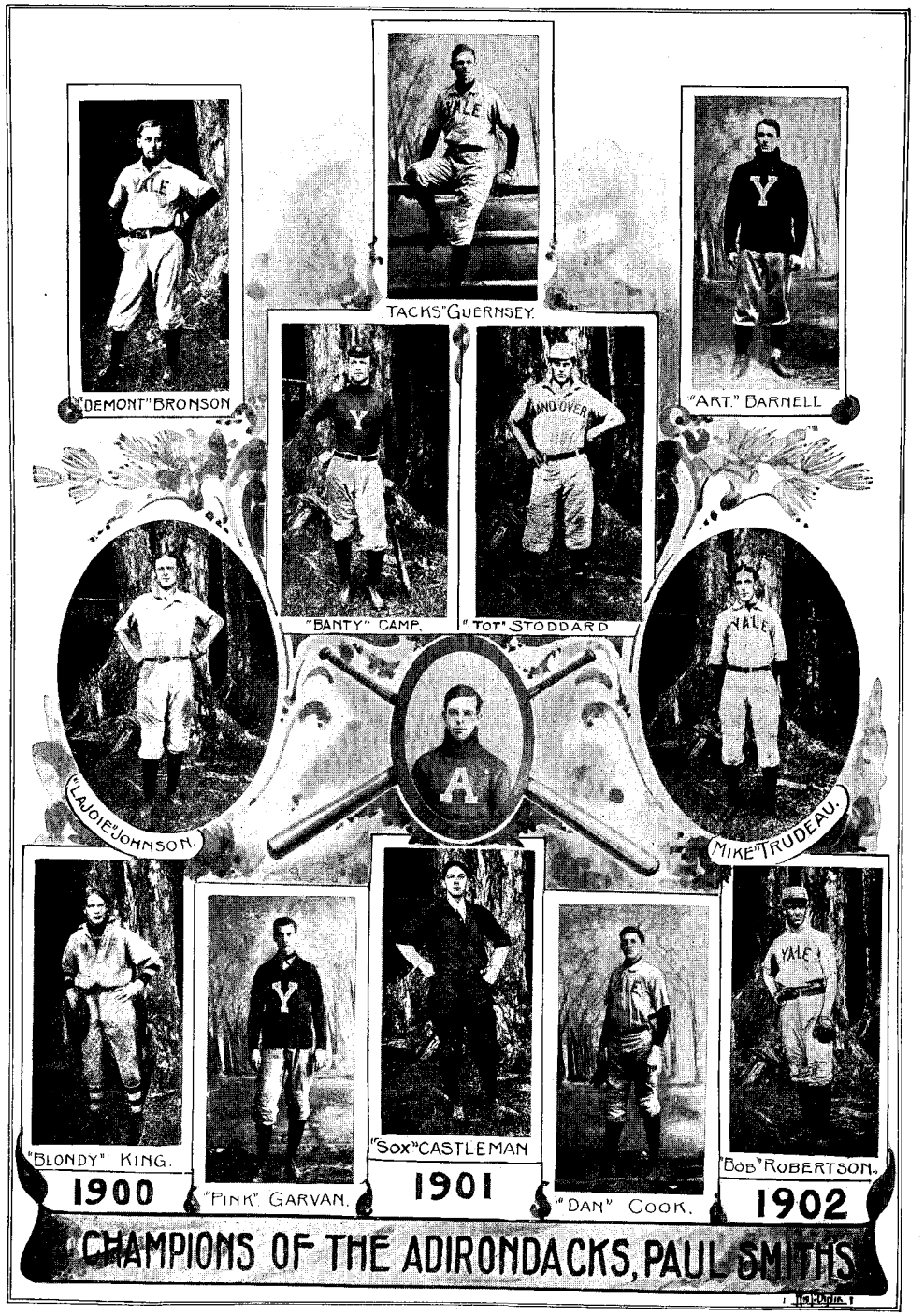

"No man who has ever received . . . . board for playing summer baseball . . . . shall represent any University athletic association of Yale." — Yale Eligibility Rules, Adopted Feb. 18, 1901

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According to the *ex-parte* testimony of Dartmouth players, not a man received a cent of money over and above his expenses. It is a fact, however, that a seventeen-year-old boy, who arranged the Newburyport game, had to leave Exeter and work as a waiter to pay the hotel bill left unpaid by the Dartmouth men. This, too, after giving the Dartmouth manager transportation for his eleven and ninety dollars in cash. The affair is very discreditable to Dartmouth athletics, and the decision handed down by the Dartmouth athletic council is in the nature of a whitewash for the "star" athletes.

Faculty Responsibility

In this council the faculty representatives have the greatest voice. And it is the faculty that is *responsible* — at Dartmouth, as well as at most institutions — for the evils of athletics. The college faculties are responsible, because they have usurped responsibility to themselves. Several years ago college athletics were entirely in the hands of the undergraduates. Professionalism crept in, and conditions, in some respects, were worse than they are to-day. Instead of delivering this ultimatum to the student body: Purify your athletics or intercollegiate contests will be abolished, the faculties of the colleges, one after another, proceeded to take control into their own hands.

The University of Pennsylvania committee on athletics is a good illustration. Half of the members of the committee are professors, and the student body has but two representatives. For some time there were no undergraduates on the committee. "Undergraduates seemed reluctant to serve on the committee," said Professor Smith, the chairman. "They do not care to be informers against their fellow students." At the head of the purist faction is Vice-provost Smith, an honorable and upright gentleman. Honest and sincere, he treats all men with frankness and impartiality. Naturally, he expects the same honorable treatment from his colleagues of the committee, as well as from college students. Instead of that he has been imposed upon, not only by undergraduates and alumni, but by brother professors; they are the utilitarians.

The question naturally arises, Why do faculty members permit the athletics of their college to become corrupted? In the first place, the average college professor does not take the trouble to inform himself on athletic matters. One professor, when first put at the head of the committee regulating sports, rushed to the graduate manager and exclaimed:

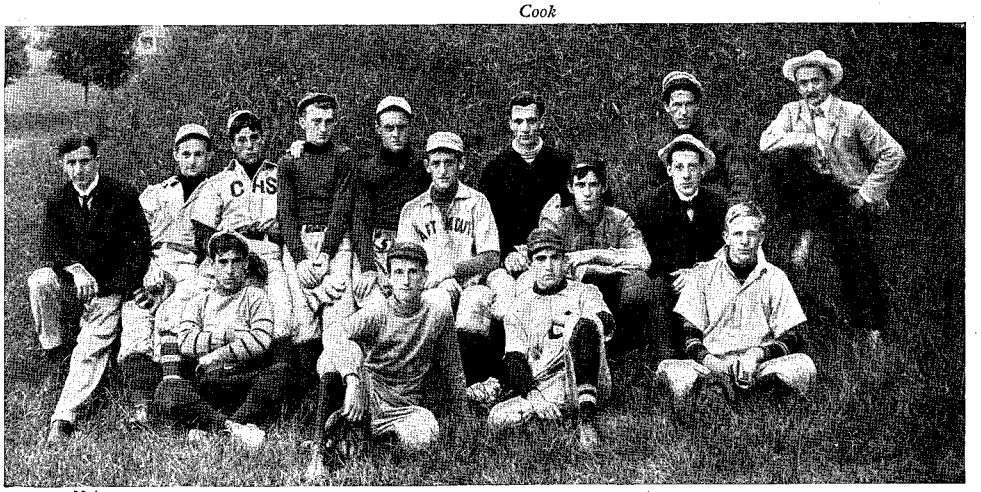
"I will not stand for this. It is not proper for the association to purchase clothing for the street wear of athletes."

"What do you mean?" asked the manager.

"I have discovered an item in your report of five hundred dollars for *rubbers*."

The graduate manager had to explain that "rubbers" are helpers who rub the athletes down after their exercise.

Cook



Heim

THE MAPLEWOOD, NEW HAMPSHIRE, SUMMER NINE

Heim and Cook, playing this year on the Princeton baseball team, are shown. Cooney, Princeton's catcher, caught for this team in 1903

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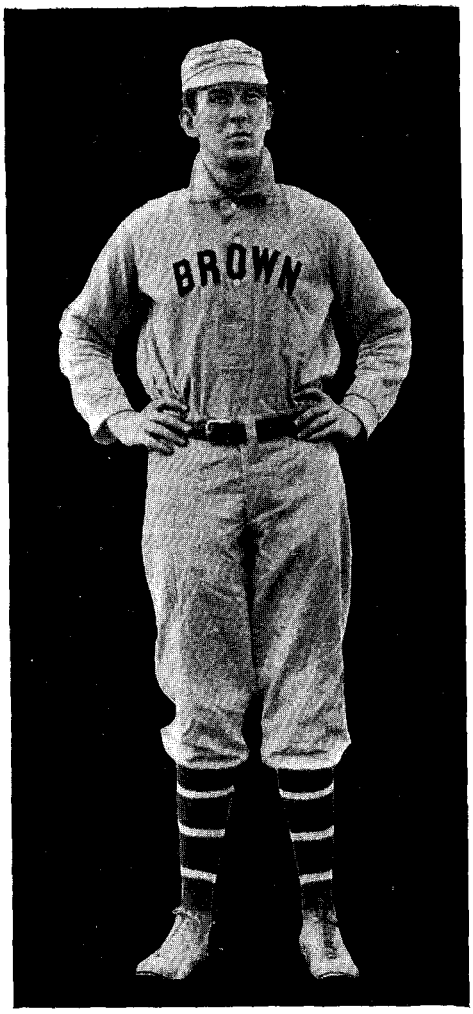

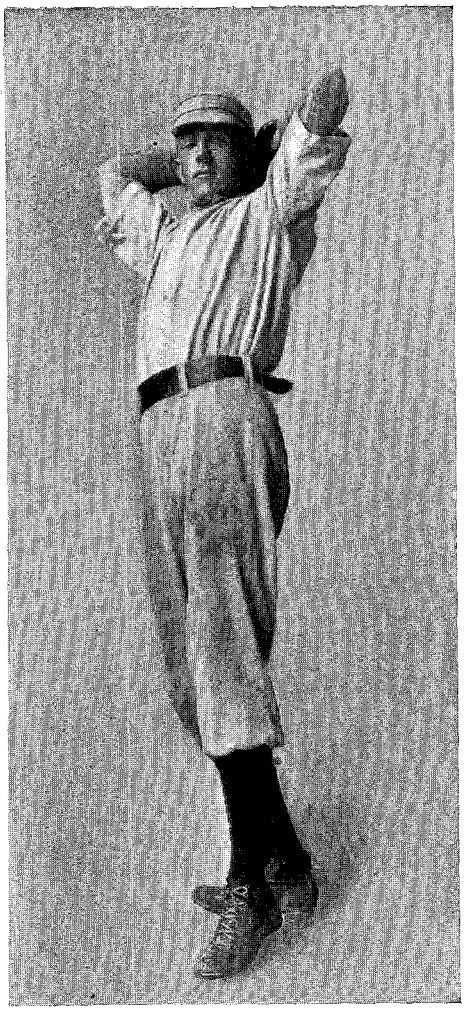

TWO FORMER COLLEGE "AMATEURS" WHO NOW OPENLY PLAY PROFESSIONAL BALL

Mike Lynch, Brown's great pitcher, now with the Pittsburg National League team

Walter Clarkson, ex-captain of Harvard, now pitching for the New York American League team

President Harris, of Amherst, soon after his installation, in a speech to the Boston alumni, told them that they must do something "practical" for the college; and he asked them to raise a fund to be used in assisting "good athletes" through Amherst.

But for delightful ignorance, few could equal a certain Dartmouth professor. Talking to a friend, a faculty member of a rival college, this man out of the world said:

"Dartmouth, I tell you, is the most democratic institution in this country. It is wonderful. Why, not long ago, a colored man came to Dartmouth. When he got there he had not a cent, and he had not a friend. The boys took him in. They furnished his room. They paid his tuition; paid his board — paid his way through college. It was one of the finest examples of pure democratic spirit I have ever seen."

"Humph!" grunted his friend who was "wise" about athletics. "What is the fellow's name?"

"His name is Bullock," the professor innocently replied.

Bullock was the "star" end-rush, and a fine track athlete.

In addition to ignorance, many a college professor is lacking in backbone when it comes to dealing with athletic matters. That

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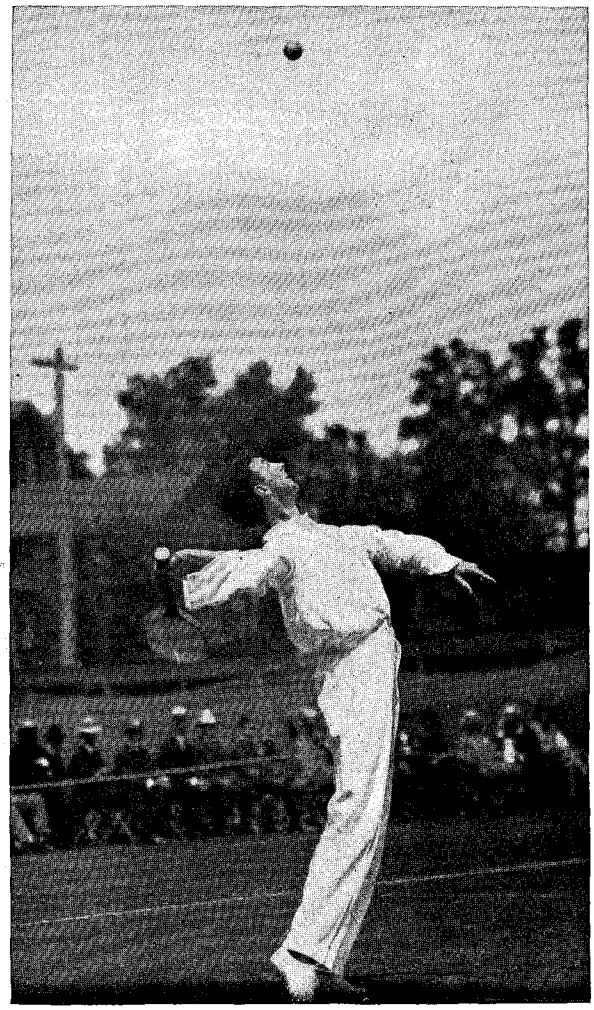
is why athletes rejoice in so many special privileges which are denied the ordinary student. That is why, no doubt, Pennsylvania's eleven was given two weeks' vacation at the time of the Harvard game in 1904: one week to prepare, in secret, for the contest, and another week to rest and recuperate after the exhausting struggle.

It takes an uncompromising fighter like Professor Hollis of Harvard to stand up before an athletic mass-meeting and enunciate this wholesome doctrine: "The athlete who, when indispensable to his team, suffers himself to fall behind in his studies and is put on probation — that man is in the same class with the man who breaks training." There is a growing undergraduate sentiment in favor of this principle, and it is one of the hopeful signs of approaching regeneration in athletics.

The Significance of the Harvard Stadium

Professor Hollis served seven years as chairman of the Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports. His influence was always for the betterment of athletics at Harvard. And yet Professor Hollis, in considerable part, is responsible for the Harvard stadium. This architectural and engineering triumph is a masonry structure, built of steel and concrete. "In its external form (it is) a combination of Greek stadium and Roman circus. . . . *Being intended for football primarily,* it is relatively wide and short." (*Harvard Engineering Journal,* June, 1904.) The stadium



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THE ELDER DOHERTY SERVING

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seats about 24,000 people. It has cost over a quarter of a million dollars! And it remains unfinished. The class of 1879 made a generous gift of $100,000 toward its erection; but the athletic association has sacrificed every penny of its savings, and there still remains a debt of $70,000.

Harvard can ill afford this improvement. "One of our most pressing needs," said Professor Coolidge, acting chairman of the athletic committee, "is the necessity of enlarging the portion of Soldiers Field which can be utilized by the various class, scrub, and minor teams, and something is being done each year, but it would be highly desirable if the work could be hastened, for the overcrowding of the present available space is a *crying evil.*" This shows the wanton waste of athletic funds. The class and scrub teams, which furnish the large body of undergraduates with outdoor exercise and sport, are denied proper facilities. The physical development of the student body is neglected, that eleven men of the university may perform for the benefit of the public.

"As at present played," said Professor Hollis, "it is doubtful if football ought to have a place on college grounds." In his last annual report, President Eliot, condemning football in the most positive language, said: "If a college or university is primarily a place for training men for honorable, generous, and efficient service to the community at large, there ought not to be more than one opinion on the question whether a game, played under the actual conditions of football, and with the barbarous ethics of warfare, can be a useful element in the training of young men for such high service."

And the stadium is "intended for football primarily." Although honest motives prompted its construction, the Harvard stadium stands before the college world today as a glorification of the gate money, the evil side of athletics — of *football* in particular — and its effect is harmful in the extreme.

"A good argument can be made for the stadium," said Professor Hollis. "But I am not thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of building it, and if I had it to do over again, realizing its cost, I should not consent to its construction."

Athletic Association Earnings and University Deficits

The stadium was made possible by the enormous receipts of the Harvard Athletic Association. Harvard University reported a deficit for 1903-1904, in the combined account of the department under the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, amounting to $30,743.06. For the same year the athletic association reported a surplus of $33,057. 51. Here is the balance sheet for 1903-1904, with the figures of the preceding year compared, as presented in the annual report of the graduate athletic manager:

		1904 Receipts	1904 Expenses	1903 Receipts	1903 Expenses
1	Care of buildings and grounds	.....	$7,142 19	.....	$5,898 06
2	General account	$1,417 26	4,318 07	$3,186 16	3,718 25
3	Permanent improvements	.....	6,406 07	.....	6,778 30
4	'Varsity baseball	16,674 08	12,638 89	14,954 68	10,634 45
5	University boat club	3,375 75	9,857 27	3,763 85	6,812 12
6	University football	72,569 81	15,346 51	57,790 86	15,231 74
7	Track team	5,968 63	6,522 25	5,278 74	7,790 41
8	Basketball	600 70	818 53	601 00	749 24
9	College nine	273 04	347 41	216 08	320 95
10	Cricket club	155 25	479 28	31 50	198 19
11	Fencing team	143 48	644 11	102 05	362 37
12	Gymnastic team	127 00	183 08	.....	.....
13	Hockey team	1,088 90	1,310 99	287 40	744 11
14	Lacrosse team	562 47	1,109 97	401 65	875 65
15	Lawn tennis association	154 50	274 76	123 50	281 22
16	Lawn tennis courts	2,618 60	1,485 81	2,438 60	1,499 57
17	Newell boat club	1,096 30	2,502 89	1,062 30	2,726 84
18	Weld boat club	850 50	2,739 92	1,174 03	3,423 74
19	Freshman baseball	892 40	851 84	1,142 05	909 25
20	Freshman basketball	174 90	150 95	.....	.....
21	Freshman crew	2,224 10	3,092 46	2,218 50	2,256 79
22	Freshman football	1,143 67	830 58	1,317 25	1,277 26
23	Freshman hockey	151 05	151 05	.....	.....
24	Freshman lacrosse	.....	.....	.....	.....
		$112,262 39	$79,204 88	$96,090 20	$72,488 51
	Credit balance	.....	33,057 51	.....	23,601 69
		$112,262 39	$112,262 39	$96,090 20	$96,090 20

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The revenues from athletics at Yale, for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1904, aggregated $106,396.66. The total expenses were $75,174.43. While the athletic association was earning $31,222.23, Yale University was piling up a deficit of $41,926. There is no sane excuse for the luxurious expenditures in athletic management at the large universities. Nothing is too good for the men who fight and bleed for their university. The money pours in, and it is the natural thing, perhaps, to squander it. What is being done to carry out the recommendation of the Providence Conference, "that gate money should be reduced to a minimum by agreement of all the universities?" As the Conference reported, "the large sums . . . form a constant temptation to extravagance and to the illicit use of money." No such revenues are necessary to carry on athletics in a proper and wholesome way. As proof of this the more economical expense of maintaining athletic teams at the Military and Naval Academies is convincing.

Sport for Sport's Sake

At West Point, in 1904, football cost only $5,721.88, as against $15,346.51 at Harvard, and $26,996.06 at Yale. West Point defeated Yale at football, therefore a comparison between the two, of expenses in this branch of athletics, is reasonable. Yale expended for "merchandise and sporting goods, shoes and repairs," $4,924.52 — double the amount, $2,074.16, which West Point expended for "material" (includes medicines as well as athletic goods and shoes). At Yale, it is insisted that "a man can't play the football of to-day on ordinary grub"; that the food provided at the university commons, costing about five dollars per week, will not "sustain" a football warrior. His board costs about *fifteen* dollars per week, of which he himself contributes a third — or less; hence, the net charge to the Yale association for the football training table of $1,811. As against this sum West Point expended just $60. Captain W. R. Smith, treasurer of the Army athletic association, explains:

"As to the training table the men making up the football teams sit together in the Mess Hall and have the *same food* as the other cadets, with a *few* substitutions. *The cadets pay for their own training table*, and the athletic association pays for an extra cook, about $60 for the season, whose chief duty it is to prepare toast and whatever may be substituted for the original bill of fare for the main body of cadets. The Cadet Mess is deserving of all praise. The food of the training table differs but little from that received by other cadets, and the cost is *approximately the same*. The cost per man is about eighteen dollars per *month*."

Thus Yale squanders about $9,000 a year on extravagant living for her athletes in all branches of sport, and Harvard and Princeton are not far behind in this extravagance.

In the Yale financial statement there is a charge of $1,549 for "trophies." Trophies include gold and silver footballs and large photographic groups of teams and individuals, handsomely framed; these are the spoils of the "star" athlete. There is no corresponding item in the report of the Army athletic association. They are very old-fashioned at West Point. The cadets are content with the laurel.

At the Military and Naval Academies no entrance fee is charged to the games. Money for the support of athletics is raised entirely by subscription from cadets and officers. There is no gate-money evil, therefore. Neither is there recruiting in preparatory schools by cadets or academy graduates. No eligibility scandals come from the United States academies. At West Point and Annapolis, where fighting as a business is taught, there is that rarity — sport for sport's sake.

They play a winning game, these cadets, and yet they do not waste the time in practice, nor the vitality in training that are sacrificed by collegians. The cadets are always in training. In the four years' course, the body receives as much daily attention as the mind. Perhaps some day college faculties will become wise enough in this respect to permit physical training, particularly wholesome exercise out of doors, to count toward a college degree. Something in the way of cultural subjects could properly be sacrificed from a college course, that the graduate might be turned out physically fit to do a man's work in the world. Some incentive is certainly needed. Intercollegiate athletics are hardly a stimulus to outdoor exercise. These contests have no proper relation to the physical upbuilding of the undergraduates in general. Intercollegiate athletics are a business — and rather a noisome business at that.

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And in the intercollegiate athletic relations — unmistakably, at Harvard and Yale, manifestly at Princeton and Pennsylvania, and more or less strongly emphasized at all colleges — there is an underlying attitude of suspicion; between keen rivals a mutual distrust and hostility. This (need any one be told?) is entirely out of harmony with the honest, good-natured rivalry which amateur sport ought to foster. It finds its counterpart in the suspicious bearing of the prize-fighter, who, though shaking hands with his opponent before a bout, fears lest he be caught unawares.

"Unnecessary Roughness" in Football

In the analysis of such a development as college sport has undergone, it is difficult to ascribe certain apparent evils to the sources whence they have sprung. Take the charge of brutality brought against football as played to-day. Is it, as some experts insist, a "natural development of the game?" This is a "technical" matter for experts to determine — and, let us hope, to remedy. It is the facts — the objectionable features as they exist — with which we have to deal. To the discussion of modern football, the most notable contribution during the last year has been the utterance of President Eliot of Harvard. Here is a paragraph from his annual report:

> As developed in this country under fierce intercollegiate competition, it has become a game in which the actions of the individual players can often be entirely concealed, not only from the mass of spectators on the benches, but from the nearer observers on the side-lines, and even from the umpire who gets as near as possible to the combatants. The game is played under established and recognized rules; but the uniform enforcement of these rules is impossible, and violations of the rules are in many respects highly profitable toward victory. Thus, coaching from the side-lines, offside play, holding, and disabling opponents by kneeing and kicking, and by heavy blows on the head, and particularly about eyes, nose, and jaw, are unquestionably profitable toward victory; and no means have been found of preventing these violations of rules by both coaches and players. Some players, to be sure, are never guilty of them, and some are only guilty of them when they lose their tempers; but others are habitually guilty of them.
>
> The rules forbid unnecessary roughness in play, but there is wide latitude in the construction of unnecessary roughness. To strike a player with the clenched fist is unnecessary roughness; to give him a blow equally severe with the base of the open hand is not unnecessary roughness. Even in perfectly visible cases of violation of the rules, the game officials often fail to punish the offenders; particularly if an offender on one side can be offset by an offender on the other, and both allowed to remain in the game.

Although President Eliot's analysis of football, with the merited criticism it contains, will be respectfully read by college men in general, it is doubtful if it will have much practical influence. The cry for changes in the game of football is not so much a demand for a cleaner game, but for a more open game — one the spectators can enjoy. There is, unfortunately, no healthy sentiment among college men against "unnecessary roughness."

With the Dartmouth football team of 1903, which at the season's close defeated Harvard, was an end-rush, a colored man, by the name of Bullock. He was a player of known and tried ability, and had he been able to play the season out, would have left college with a great reputation as an athlete; as it is his rank is high. Dartmouth lined up against Princeton, and in the very first scrimmage Bullock's collar-bone was broken. The consensus of unprejudiced opinion is that he was intentionally injured. Now, Bullock is an Andover man, and Matthews, Harvard's colored athlete, took Bullock's injury much to heart. He believed that Princeton deliberately injured Bullock because of his color. (There is a strong Southern sentiment at Princeton.) Matthews has a friend on the Princeton eleven. Burke, the quarter-back, although a white boy, was very intimate with Matthews at Andover. To Burke, Matthews confided his grievance.

"You've changed, Tommy, since you were at Andover."

"What do you mean, Matt?" asked Burke.

"At Andover you used to say that race or color does not count; it is the stuff in the man."

"I stand by that now," Burke replied.

"No, you don't. Princeton doesn't believe it, and I'm afraid you have absorbed Princeton ideas." Matthews then referred to the intentional injury done Bullock and added:

"You put him out because he is a black man."

"We *didn't* put him out because he is a black man," Burke replied with indignation. "We're *coached* to pick out the most dangerous man on the opposing

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team and put him out in the first five minutes of play."

The Coaching Problem

This admission of brutality, together with the Sanford scandal, referred to last month, demonstrates that much of the evil in college athletics is rightly attributable to the coaches. Harvard has fought for amateur coaching, although she has practically made professionals of some of her amateurs by reimbursing them for loss of time from their business. Reid, coach of Campbell's eleven — the last Harvard football team to defeat Yale — has been recalled to Cambridge from his father's preparatory school in California to coach the Crimson eleven of next fall. He is to receive no salary, but a substitute has been engaged for him in the school, and his extra expenses are to be paid. This coaching will cost Harvard over $7,000 — double the salary of many a professor. And yet, is Reid a professional coach?

The question of amateur versus professional coaching is a debatable one. A professional coach, if the right sort, will do young men no harm. With Courtney, the martinet coach of the Cornell crews, candidates are made to submit to the most rigid discipline; favoritism is unknown, and the country lad, without a friend when he enters college, can win a place on the eight if he is an oarsman born. But Courtney's control of Cornell rowing affairs is illustrative of the unfortunate tendency of professional coaching. Courtney is not only a dictator, he is the proprietor of the Cornell crews. At Poughkeepsie, reference is made to "Courtney's eight." In the event of victory, it is "Courtney Sweeps the River." If there is to be no sentimental side, no ideals in sport, then only is it right for a college to sacrifice its identity for the sake of turning out a winning crew or eleven. It is part of the attempt to reduce athletics to a business; this can be done, but sport will be injured in the process.

On the other hand, the influence of the graduate coach is oftentimes far from good. College graduates, alas, have taught "dirty" football in this country. It is no secret that graduate coaches at the big universities have been recklessly extravagant with the money of the football association. They have ordered supplies with a lavish hand, and have contracted carriage, wine, and cigar bills, luxurious in amount, in order to make the sacrifice for the dear old college not such a bore as it would otherwise have been. There was the Harvard coach, for example, who, without authority from the association, ordered twenty custom-made leather suits for the eleven, at $75 each — a total expense of $1,500.

If the professionals, other than the scientific trainers who watch over the physical condition of the athletes, were let go; if the amateur coaches — the college graduates — were sent about the serious business for which their collegiate education supposedly fits them, and if the development of the university crews, elevens and nines were left to the undergraduates, primarily to the various team captains, a large part of the evils in college athletics would disappear. This could be accomplished by unanimous agreement of the colleges, which the presidents and faculty members could bring about.

The Spirit of Fair Play

It is true beyond question that conditions in intercollegiate athletics have been far worse than they are to-day. There has undoubtedly been much improvement — "and yet there is room."

What is the remedy, is the constantly recurring question, more and stricter rules? Certainly no more rules except that freshmen should not be eligible for 'varsity teams; this restriction would diminish the recruiting evil (freshmen are to be debarred from the 'varsity football teams by the "Big Nine" of the Middle West). But a more honest and efficient *enforcement* of the rules. If the summer-ball rule cannot be enforced, let the East follow the lead of the West in this respect as well. As enforcement comes more natural and voluntary, lop off some of the rules, or at least simplify them. "It is the *spirit* that counts," as Caspar Whitney says: "If it exists, no rules are needed; if it is lacking, all the rules ever made will not suffice." The hope of college amateurism is in the awakening of the spirit of true sport — fair play, and sport for sport's sake.

Those who had the pleasure of seeing the tennis marvels, the Doherty brothers, Cambridge men and champions of England, play in this country will never forget the remarkable resourcefulness of their game, their sustained excellence of play, and the

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brilliancy with which many seemingly impossible balls were returned. But even more admirable than their playing was the high order of sportsmanship they displayed at all times. One incident in the match for the championship in singles at Newport in 1902, when the elder Doherty challenged Larned, the American champion, will linger in memory long after the merits of play in the hard-fought contest are forgotten.

Doherty had won the first set by careful playing. Larned had taken the second by greater brilliancy. The third set was a tie, each having three games to his credit. Doherty was serving, and the score was at thirty-all. It was a vital stage of the match. Doherty must win on his service in order to hold his proper advantage — each was winning his own serve. If Larned could "break through" and win on his opponent's service, he would have a decided advantage. There was a sharp rally, with Doherty at the net. Larned made a low, pretty lob over Doherty's head, which the Englishman could not return. The linesman, an American, called the ball out. But to many seated at the end of the court, the ball was clearly in, and a half-suppressed O-oh! escaped from a few of the intensely interested spectators. Doherty understood the situation in a moment; his head was turned in the direction of the sound, and he smiled in appreciation. Then he deliberately made a double fault in serving. So apparent was it, from his clean service record, that the people broke into instant applause. The score went from forty-thirty in Doherty's favor to deuce. Larned finally took the game, also the set, and in the end the match. But Doherty had won the respect and admiration of those who love good sportsmanship.

HIS SECOND LOVE-AFFAIR

BY

FREDERICK R. BURTON

WHEN a man has endured a hundred commotions he can get all but one in perspective, and measure their values relative to each other, as well as their real influence upon his life. The exception, of course, is the one that lies nearest in point of time, still insisting, like all great commotions, that it will never fade into insignificance. How those others do fade — most of them! How aggressive, dominant they were, each in its time; how like gravestones they are now: But a right-minded man does not laugh at them, or at himself, as he listens to the last faint splash of the receding waves of those bygone storms. He may smile a little pityingly, but no more, for there is sacredness about a sincere past.

John Starr's thoughts dwelt for a moment on his first love-affair. He was now deep in his second, and, according to his mental habit, he occupied himself in viewing each one in the light of the other. It had been a really great event in his life, that first love-affair; unimpeachable perspective told him as much. It had swayed him, turned the current of his career, fired his ambition, dominated his every impulse; it had monopolized his soul, shutting out all save itself alone, for it was a serious, wholly sincere affair — perspective said so even now. Even now! It was not so long ago. There were no white hairs in Starr's head, which meant that no considerable span of years could stretch between then and now, and yet, here he was, a sane, average man, deeply enmeshed in another love-affair!

It seemed incredible, theoretically. Actually, he had only to think of that fair, sweet face that so recently had won a place in his heart to realize that theories are poor, weak stuff when a man's ardor is aroused. With Starr, as with other men, the presence of recognized love swept aside all other considerations. Love justifies itself always —

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to the lover. It did so on the first misty dawn that illumined chaos; it will do so on the day when the sun sets for the last time. He was a philosopher, and therefore could look back calmly, aye, candidly, on that first affair; he could respect its sincerity, recognize its reality in his experience, and, so doing, could marvel that there proved to be room in his heart for this new passion. There was no mistaking it, this new one. It was just as real as the first tumultuous throbbing of a school-boy's heart at sight of the girl in the third row, second seat from the end; it was just as incredible in its potentiality of blessedness as is the conviction of the strong young man that his sweetheart returns his love; but there was this difference — that Starr was comparatively along in years, and while he felt the delirium it did not disconcert him. On the contrary, he was steadied by it, and, with the calmness of a general who plans to destroy the enemy, he had committed himself seriously, patiently, determinedly to the task of winning the affection of his second love.

He analyzed that difference while he smiled pensively at a neglected desk. A young man, overwhelmed by his first real love-affair, is self-distrustful; he abases himself before the shrine where he has placed his ideal; he suffers agonies of timidity, writhes in incipient jealousy, and almost as often as he resolves to make frank suit does he resolve that she is beyond him, too good for him, and that he might as well jump into the river at once, or join the army, or hire out as a mule-driver. Not so now with Starr. Here was a case of love at sight on his part. With the very first glimpse of her sweet face came deep consciousness of the new love; and straight on the heels of it came a serenely quiet determination to *make her love him*. No question of his own unworthiness intruded upon him, no doubt as to his ultimate success. He had begun at once unblushingly to make love to her — begun to pursue his new passion while yet he stood in the very shadow of his first affair, that one exception in the perspective, that might not yet be relegated to its proportionate place among the influences of his life.

"Strange!" said John Starr, the analyst. "Blessed!" cried John Starr, the lover.

It was not a smooth course the fates prepared for that second affair. Already had many weeks passed since the man frankly began his court, and not yet had he received encouragement. It seemed not to matter with him. No rebuff dismayed him, no palpable indifference cooled his ardor. Therein also was manifested the difference between the eager, impatient desire of the young man, and the calculating method of mature years. Impetuous youth counts every day of waiting as irreparable loss; the man who is old enough to know that life is short, regards mere time with indifference. Youth measures in miles; man in inches. Youth is miserable over the period that stretches between himself and the visible goal; man is content to strive for the victory of a single day somewhere in the distant future.

So, though Starr seemed to make no impression on the object of his affection, he struggled serenely on, hugging in his heart the joy that would be when success should come to him, happy even in the struggle, with a man's confidence in the outcome. He made no attempt to mask his passion. In this regard he was neither like nor unlike the typical youth, for admission of a heart-affair, or concealment of it, depends upon temperament, and that varies in all stages of life. But Starr was so utterly infatuated that he was beyond indifference as to what people might think of him. He seemed to glory in flaunting his new passion in the very faces of the community; and if the despots of the tea-table declared that he was making a fool of himself over her, no murmur of their disapproval gave him so much as momentary concern.

So much, in very brief, for Starr. It is properly to the point now to give some indication of Miss Barbara's attitude toward her suitor.

She received Starr's bold advances, as she did most else in the pale of her experience, quite as matters of course. In the beginning there is no question whatever that she did not understand him. Attention, deference to her slightest whims, admiration, abundance of affection, these had always been hers, and everything Starr did, with all his experience as a lover to guide him, to impress his devotion upon her was but humdrum commonplace from her point of view. If it had been merely his design to attract her attention, to cause her to differentiate him sharply from the rest of her acquaintance, he would much better have ignored her, or put some distinct slight upon her; for that would have occasioned surprise, and perhaps have fixed her thoughts upon him for a

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moment; but Starr was an honest lover, and would not stoop to meretricious artifice; he would win by sheer force of love, or not at all. So he fetched and carried for her, talked his blandest and best, brought her offerings in the shape of flowers and presents, gazed straight into her ingenuous eyes with undisguised admiration, yes, just as if it had been his first affair, he actually wrote verses to her! In all of which, with the possible exception of the verses, he was precisely like the rest, and Miss Barbara saw in him merely an individual in the growing circle of her idolaters. She did not appear to discriminate, certainly not in his favor. On the contrary, there were occasions when she went to the perilous verge of impoliteness in indicating her preference for the company of another.

Let there be no misunderstanding as to Miss Barbara's character. She was anything but a flirt. No single love-affair had yet disturbed the equanimity of her tender spirit. Life was rather an endless chain of love-affairs, as it always is for such as she, and if one man chose to put himself to no end of effort to please her, that phenomenon did not appeal to her as anything to call for special consideration. She had been born; therefore it was incumbent on everybody to make life happy for her. Such, undoubtedly, was her naïve philosophy, and it did not occur to her that Starr, more than the others, deserved the comfort of her smiles. That was what he first sought to gain; the faintest, most conventional token of special recognition would have thrilled his soul. With the traditional optimism of lovers he would have interpreted the most general smile, if he but chanced to catch it, as directed solely at himself. It was a long time, months, before he gained this doubtful reward. Meantime he pursued his court unflinchingly, and with certain circumstances much to his advantage. He lived near her and therefore could often place himself where she must see him. Faithfully he studied her predilections, and faithfully he sought to adapt himself to them. Having some degree of leisure, he could give himself with all but unreserved concentration to his campaign of conquest. Did he imagine that she would like a drive, he promptly brought a carriage. In every delicate, fondly absurd way he anticipated her wishes, and in all this he had the sanction, nay, the unblushing co-operation of her parents.

Miss Barbara was worth the winning if her long continued, placid indifference was any token. It was singular, even to Starr, how easily she resisted the unremitting influence of his suit. Love did not awaken in her full-blown, as it does in some, as it had in Starr, but it took root far beneath the surface, grew slowly, put forth its leaves tentatively, and for a long time seemed disinclined to venture a bud. Tranquil indifference was almost the sum of her relations with him. She was usually compliant with his designs for her pleasure, but she never thanked him — why should she? Catering to her enjoyment was but the admitted duty of one and all with whom she came in contact. Often she was more interested in the very animals they met than in the man who had brought his carriage that she might take the air in a style befitting his exalted view of her deserts. On one occasion she actually went to sleep while yet they were far from home, and placidly she slumbered till the carriage stopped again before her house; and when she awakened she had not the grace to apologize!

Outwardly Starr was not in the least disturbed by this manifestation of his insignificance in her eyes. He smiled indulgently and simply set himself to renewed efforts to gain her special favor, confident as ever in the ultimate success of his cause, more deeply infatuated with every passing day. Other men were astonished, and said so. His friends could not quite see why he should be so carried away with his new passion, and they were amused at first, and then bored, by the eagerness with which Starr seized upon every possible and impossible opportunity to exploit Miss Barbara. He carried her photograph ever in the pocket nearest his heart, and showed it to people oftener than a sane impulse would have allowed. Let the talk be what it might — politics, literature, music, the weather — Starr found extraordinary cues for the introduction of that photograph. If there were no cues, he made them, or dispensed with them, until it got so that his friends remembered overdue appointments when they saw a certain vacuous smile spreading over his features, and his hand taking a course straight for that familiar pocket. And Starr, who was not altogether a fool, would laugh good-humoredly, for he was so buoyed up by his second love-affair that nothing depressed him, and he would forthwith contrive to get in the way of some elderly

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woman friend to whom he could exhibit the photograph with confidence that she would be, if not truly sympathetic, successful in masking her amusement.

In love, even more than in all things else, persistence is the most efficient force. Nothing can withstand it if it be genuine; and at length, when Starr came before her presence, Miss Barbara smiled at him with engaging frankness and unmistakable pleasure. He was so overcome with delight that he grew dizzy. For a moment it was hard to command his tongue for conversation, but the difficulty quickly passed, and many a talk they had that was fraught with unalloyed joy for him. But it was the beginning merely, the first outlying redoubt captured by this patient strategist. The citadel was yet afar off, and many a contest he had to wage before he reached it and demanded its capitulation. Not yet did Miss Barbara discriminate in his favor; she recognized him, but so did she notice others, and as time passed she seemed slowly to come to some consciousness of amusement at the efforts of all in her circle to wrest from her the slight tokens of her regard. A trace of coquetry appeared in her demeanor toward Starr. Time and again she would listen with sweet gravity to his well-meant remarks and vouchsafe no answer whatever. More than once she turned abruptly from him to smile delightedly at somebody who chanced to be passing in the street.

Starr endured all such slights with tranquillity equal to her indifference. Wise in his maturity, he knew that he had entered upon a courtship that must endure the length of his days, and hers. Thus it was on a memorable occasion when he had been making patient, tactful efforts to induce her to reply to him, and coquetry seemed to possess Miss Barbara's soul. She listened, smiled roguishly, and pressed her rosebud lips together, shaking her curly head and turning her eyes away from her adoring suitor. Then, quite suddenly, she held out her hands in welcome to another person entering the room, and uttered the one word, "Mama."

It was the first orthodox word she had consciously spoken in the whole length of her life, and it was not the word the lover-papa had been pleading for; but he arose, crossed the room, and, infinitely content, gently patted the cheek of her who had been the storm-center of that first love-affair in the shadow of which he still stood, and, God willing, always would stand.

TOMMY CUTTS

BY

RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

AUTHOR OF "SPEEDAWAY"

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN Tommy Cutts came to me, although he claimed to be only fourteen years old, he was the toughest piece of animal creation I have ever run across from a Georgia wildcat to a Lake front stevedore. I was then the foreman of the cutting-room in a shoe factory in northern Maine. The boss, Mr. Bent, was a big-hearted, steady-eyed business man from Massachusetts who always took more upon his shoulders and brains than any other three-meal-a-day man could carry, and then always managed to make a success out of all of it. But when he tried to make a Christian soul out of the Cutts boy, he ran into as sure a failure as if he had tried to tie a pair of white wings onto a rattlesnake, and turn it into a love-bird.

I remember, it was some time in April, when the boss called me down into the office

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"the boy had Dave on the floor with his legs twined around him, and his fingers in the looseness of Dave's neck"

to tell me the trouble was coming, and fill my ear with a song and dance about how some city institution was going to send him a boy, whose parents were both serving long terms on account of their impulsive temperament, and how he wanted to make a man of him and teach him a trade, and how the first principle was to give him good clothes and clean collars to raise his self-respect, and get him a nice room at Mrs. Riordan's. Of course, I listened and nodded when he told me that the boy would work in my room; but I was born and raised among folks who have quick fists and drink no chasers, and somehow I never have acquired much faith in schemes to make a bad egg turn fresh and sweet again.

Besides, the spring thaw had set in, with the snow running down the hills to make the town a wallow of mud, and prove the miserable backwoods hole a worse place than we had thought it was; my disposition was sullen and soggy, like the weather, so, as I said, I just nodded and went back to work.

It certainly was a surprise to me when I saw the lad; he was thin and small, and white like a potato plant that has sprouted in the cellar, and had a soft, low voice, such as a woman has when she speaks of her children. His eyes looked straight into yours, but they made you think he was going to cry any minute, until something excited him or caught his attention, and then they always made me think of the eyes of a cat that sees a bird out in the back-yard.

"Tommy," said I, "the boss is going to give you a snap, and my job is to give you some work. If you do the work I give you, the boss will keep passing out the snap."

"Yes, sir," he answers respectfully. "I'll do it, mister."

"Do you like it here in the country?" says I.

He looked at me quickly. "Sure," he says. "They had me dead to the world where I was. A feller can't be a sport there. Say, are there any bears in them woods — what?"

For a week he worked hard, and the boss was more pleased than if we had been shipping two hundred cases a day; he took the lad aside and told him he would give him a shot-gun and a fishing-rod if he did well. It surprised the old man some when Tommy reached into his hip pocket, pulled out a revolver, and said he thought it was old and didn't shoot straight, and he'd rather have a shot-gun anyhow. The boss told him to leave the revolver in the office, and to keep

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off the streets at night. I presume he though the boy would learn vicious ways in the poolrooms and on the street corners. It almost makes me laugh when I think of it, for young Cutts knew more vice than any one of the toughs in that town had seen in dreams.

No one who was in the cutting-room the day that Thomas broke loose for the first time ever forgot it; as far as any of us are concerned, the boy became what you call immortal. Dave Pierson, who cut vamps, started for the stitching-room with his arms full of scrap pieces, and when he passed Tommy, who was working on a trimming machine, the boy stepped back with one foot and Dave sprawled his length on the floor. Some of the men thought it was done intentionally, but I never thought so, because it wasn't like the boy to pass out that kind of meanness. Anyhow, he looked down, kind of surprised and says: "Gee! I didn't mean to do that."

Dave cursed like a jail-warden and, before he got up any farther than his knees, you could see he meant to take it out of the boy. I yelled to him to stop, but he was so mad he couldn't see. Then all of a sudden I heard the piping voice of that little puny rascal ringing out and dying back into his throat.

"I didn't mean to trip you, you dummy!" he says, "and if you touch me it'll be your finish!"

Two or three of those who had crowded over the benches laughed, because it was funny to hear such a frail youngster getting such big talk out of his system; then Dave caught Cutts across the face with his open hand and Cutts went down. He crawled around a pile of skins quicker than a rat, and struck out for Dave's legs like a snake springs. The big man crumpled his body so the thin, reaching arms of the boy couldn't twine around him, and swung heavily with the wide pendulum of his right arm. The blow landed on the boy's neck, which lay open in a taut, white curve from his flannel shirt to the bristling short hair on the back of his neck, and then we were sure it was all done for Tommy Cutts. He lay over flat with his arms limp on the boards, and his face all in a twist of pain.

I never saw a little lad look so much like an old man. "You've done it now, Dave," says I, with my tongue growing dry. "Somebody get some water. You stand there like a pack of fools. Get water!" By that time the door of the stitching-room was full of girls, all pushing back and plucking at their lips with their fingers, now that everything had got so still and quiet. Some of the men looked pretty hard at big Pierson, so I grabbed a pattern-mallet and motioned them back. Then all of a sudden I heard a yell behind me like the cry of a beast.

"he talked to them like a section boss"

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Tommy Cutts had come up off the floor as if springs were under him and he had climbed up big Pierson, reaching for his throat with his little hands. I've never seen fighting that could touch it, and I've been in many a teamster's mill myself. It was like the fuss that is let loose when a high-gear belting flies into strips and out of it came rattling growls of pain. We found out, a minute later, when the boy had Dave on the floor with his legs twined around him, and his fingers in the looseness of Dave's neck, which one of them had got the punishment.

It took three of us to get the boy loose. For a while I thought we'd need a derrick, but I had sense enough to reach for a fire-pail and dump the water on the boy.

It was a bad affair for the boy for, although neither he nor Dave went to bed for it, yet it tightened up the lad's nerves to a wilder tune; he got to pay less and less attention to work, and to look out the window more and more. One night I saw him standing around the main streets with a crowd of the town boys, and after one noon hour he came back to the room with the smell of drink curling behind him. Finally he skipped a day and came back to town the next morning, wet and silent, like a dog that has spent a rainy night from home. He never said anything to a living soul, except the little gang of the toughest boys who were trying hard to be as tough as he, and he talked to them like a section boss. I used to hear bits of news of what he was doing from the men in my room; but I never told the boss, for I had heard him talk about the glory of making a man, and I knew he would know the blood of the boy all in good time. What is the use of talking? Everybody finds out what is doing in the end.

There was another person besides the boss who got notions about Tommy. That was the head teacher in grammar-school, who was a funny sort of package herself. She was a graduate of a college or something, and the homeliest woman for a young girl I ever saw; her eyes were curious, and so pale you couldn't tell where the center ended and the whites began, and her figure was so thin and floppy, it made you feel like an angleworm to see her.

I never knew just how she got under the lad's hide, for she was a sort of a cast-your-eyes-to-the-ceiling kind, but it might have been because she was always going in for physical culture, as my wife told me, and owned the only canoe the town had seen since the Indians. Still it would surprise you to see what kind of things the boy, who was naturally as tough as a man who eats wire-nails, would do for that teacher — he'd walk right down through the main street in the town to the school-house, with a bunch of some kind of flowers for her, and that was more than any boy I ever knew would do for less than a hundred dollars. Sometimes, on Sunday, I've seen the two of them paddling up along the banks in the canoe. I used to wonder, once in a while, how he ever got the courage to do it, until I remembered that no one in forty miles had the courage to make fun of him.

"Gleason, the sheriff, standing with his hands up, in front of the packing boxes"

I often bothered my head, when I was at work, and would look over at the stoop-shouldered rascal, to know how the washy-eyed school ma'am ever opened his ear to what she told him. Finally, one day, I asked him. I says to him, "Tommy, I've treated you pretty square, haven't I? I'd like to have you tell me what kind of a girl your friend, Miss Burns, is."

He looked at me kind of suspicious and wild, like a bird when you're getting near its nest.

"What's that to you?" says he. It was the first time he'd talked to me that way; but in a minute he turned aside from his work, leaned with his back against the bench, and then passed out more talk than I ever heard him do before, for he was the silent kind.

"She is the real thing," he says, "and there ain't no bats in her dome. She's on the level. No Sunday-school talk from her — see? Just straight goods — express paid. She listens to what spiels I give her, and

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hands back a line that's kind of different, or — Now there's old Bent, the boss, he talks to me as if I didn't know twice as much as him, and he makes me tired. He's like them people in the city — dreaming. Look at those men around this room. What do they do? Nothing. Seven o'clock to work. Six back again — sleep and eat, see? What's that? A hell of a time. I'd rather be a crook than that. See this collar I got on? Bent makes me wear that, and what use is it? Ain't no use. I'll never get my face in the papers for wearing it — what?"

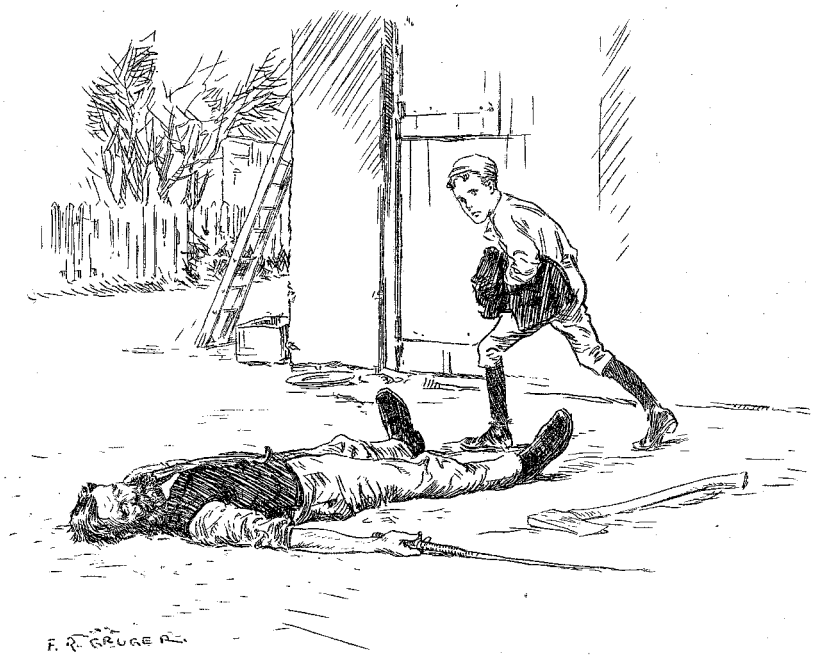
she wants daisies — I bring 'em to her. Now, you're next!"

Still I hadn't found out what I had asked about, so I gave him the question direct enough. "Thomas," says I, "I guess you like Miss Burns because she treats you like a full-grown man —— "

"Forget it!" says he. "That's the kind of fake old-man Bent puts up to me. Nothing doing."

"Does she treat you like a kid?" says I.

"Naw! That's what you fellers would like to do. She makes me feel like Thomas Q.



"he left Knox. . . . spread out like an empty meal-sack on the ground"

The lad crossed his thin white arms, and waited for an answer. I knew his mind well enough; it was the kind that grows like a weed grows when you haven't hoed the garden. What's the use of talking? I said nothing.

"Miss Burns don't pass out no lectures," he went on. "She tells me things — see?"

I happened to think of the flowers and I says: "I saw you Thursday going to the school —— "

"With a bunch of daisies," says he, "sure! What for? Suppose you wanted a package of cigarettes and I says to you, 'I'll bring you a package when I come in at one,' you says, 'thanks.' Maybe you wants cigarettes, so I bring 'em to you — see? Maybe

Cutts, fourteen years old — myself — me! Catch on?"

I did catch on, and I saw that the homely teacher had more sense than any of us. There are some women like that — they see things I don't.

It was only a few mornings after that when the fun began. I've often wondered whether, if they'd left young Cutts alone with Miss Burns, how he'd have come out. I rather think he was doing better already when the trouble came.

Monday morning he slinked in looking tired, like a hound that's been all day on a fox trail, and with a red welt across his white face. About eleven o'clock a horse and buggy came over the hill in a cloud of dust.

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It was the sheriff, covered with sweat and mud. He came up the stairs two at a time, and into the room with a rush.

"Where's the Cutts boy?" he yells.

"Here I am, you shrimp!" came the same old piping, rattling shriek. "Take your hands off that pocket or I'll blow you open." The lad was backed into a corner, with a big black revolver in his skinny little fist, and his eyes staring.

"They found out who did it," he says with a grunt. "Then stand still, you suckers, for I'm going to clean out." The little rascal waved his gun around, and I guess we all ducked. His eyes were mighty prompt — looking from one to the other of us and Gleason, the sheriff, standing with his hands up, in front of the packing boxes. The lad had nearly got to the door when Dave Pierson saw his chance, and reached out from behind a cutting-block and banged the boy's wrist with a pattern-mallet.

The gun went off as it flew out of his hands, and then there was smoke and yells and the screams of the women in the stitching-room. Tommy Cutts shot like a black shadow between the lines of machines, cursing at the top of his lungs; the sheriff headed him off at the door, and before we could see what he was going to do, he had swung himself out one of the windows above the river, let himself hang for a second, and drop.

It was three stories to the river, and the water was shallow in places, with brown, slimy rocks poking up. But the boy had the luck of a devil, and when we looked out he was swimming with strong overhand strokes, across the still place above the lower dam.

"Stop or I'll shoot," yelled Gleason out of the window. The boy's voice answered shrill and echoing from the trees.

"Gwan, you dope!" says he, dripping on the other bank.

Of course, then we were anxious enough to know what the lad had done, so Gleason sat down in a chair, mopping his fat old face, and told us they wanted the boy for an attempt to murder. It seems he had been partridge shooting on the Knox Farm out on the East Road. It was Sunday, and all the Knox people had driven in to church except Knox himself, who was a hot-tempered old fool, and had caught the lad, cursed him for breaking the game laws, and had taken him to the barn and horsewhipped him. I didn't blame young Cutts, for I'd have done it myself, but the boy had seen his chance, grabbed an ax and buried it clear through Knox's collar-bone. Then he left Knox the way he somehow managed to leave all others who tried the weight of their hand upon him — spread out like an empty meal-sack on the ground. Cutts had thought Knox was done for for good and all, and I believe he came to work confident that no one would ever find it out. But the farmer wasn't so badly hurt, and he came too and whined the whole story into the doctor's ears before the stitches were taken.

Heaven knows the law was slow enough in that fly-bitten backwoods settlement, but it was downright funny to see Gleason go out to chase after the little lad — it was no more use than setting a mouse-trap to catch mosquitoes. I watched him go over the hill again, and then went back to work. But I didn't feel good. I knew the reform jig was all up for the Cutts boy and, although he was a bad product — well, there's no accounting for likes and dislikes, and Tommy had had a poor show from the first inning.

Mr. Bent, the boss, came up when the sheriff was gone; he was excited and hot. "Jim," says he to me, dodging my eyes, "we don't want to be responsible for this ungrateful cur. It might embarrass us a lot. Act as if we had never had any oversight of Cutts at all. I know now all about the trouble, and the boy was fooling me all along. I feel exceedingly bitter — exceedingly bitter!"

That's what he said, and he had hardly gone when the office telephone rang, and they told me Miss Burns, the homely teacher, was waiting for me down-stairs. I'd rather have seen my own corpse, for I had no fancy for talking to the girl.

"Mr. Hands," says she, like that, "what has become of Tommy?" Her washy eyes were big and earnest.

"The last I saw of him, he'd just landed on the other side of the river," I says.

"It's a shame," she says. "If I could only see him! I heard about the affair and came down here during recess. He acted in self-defense — that's the law, I'm sure. And if I could speak to him he would give himself up — he would do what I tell him."

"Miss Burns," says I, "it isn't the boy, it's the blood of his mother and his grandmother that's ailing him. Can you make a hen-hawk talk, even when you got him in a cage?"

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"'Was it her finish?'"

"Oh, that's the talk of a coward," she says, with her head thrown back. "You men expect to treat the boy as if he were cut out of different material from yourselves. And then, when you fail, you give him up the way you'd give away a dog because he's snapped at a neighbor who has kicked him!"

She had me in a second, but it took me several minutes after she'd gone to admit to myself the woman was right.

And then, during the next few days, came the big rainstorm. There were lots of thawing and water, and the river swelled fatter and fatter, and Friday morning the dam above the Crocker Mill went out. It was wild weather, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for the little lad who must have been hiding somewhere in the woods, like a beast without a home.

About the time we were shutting up for the night, on Saturday, Mrs. Barker's little boy came running up along the river bank, shouting for help.

"Somebody's drowning," he yells. Most of the men pulled their hats over their ears and followed me into the teeth of the storm, along the river bank.

The rain was cutting down and stinging like a wasp, and filled your eyes so that everything looked like it does when you got a crack on the head. The river was writhing like a snake on a stove; way out in the middle we could see a white-and-black patch wedged in between two boulders. It was a human being all right, but I'll be blest if you could tell whether it was a man, woman, or Baptist, in that storm.

"Who is it?" says I to the Barker boy who was standing scared and still at my heels.

"It's Miss Burns," says he. "I seen her fall in when she was trying to catch her canoe."

"Get a rope!" I yells, trying to think what I would do with it when it came, for no man would dare risk his life on a journey out to the middle of that boiling current. The poor woman out there turned her head once, and gave a scream that you could hear for all the rush of water and wind. "It's all over with you," thinks I. And then I heard a voice behind me in a high, rattling scream. "Give me that rope, you lobster!" It was Tommy Cutts.

Before we caught onto the trick, the boy had taken a half hitch beneath his armpits, and was wading out in the broth, a hundred feet up the stream. We held the other end of the rope, more because he had told us to than because of any sense we had. In a couple of seconds the rascal was in the current, with his legs and arms reaching around and clawing the water.

"He'll miss her," hollers one man. "Sure death!" whispers another. But the luck of

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a devil was on the boy — he landed against the outside boulder with a crunch you couldn't hear, and was reaching for the woman with his little hands. There was no use — the nerves of a man had to let loose, and we gave a yell when we saw he had made the loose end of the rope fast around the girl's body. We pulled them in, each one of them knowing as much as another — nothing!

There was a soft, red place on the boy's forehead. The doctor said he might pull through all right, and they carried him, neck and heels, and all sagging between, up to the Thornton's house, and they stretched him out on a sheet no whiter than he.

"Doctor," says I, "he'll be up in a few days. That kind of lad is hard to put away." But the boy went a long way past my brag. He came to toward night for a while, and took a look around the room.

"Was it her finish?" he says, and they told him "no," and then he turned over and went to sleep. When Mrs. Thornton went in to look at him at six o'clock in the morning, he had gone, and so had ten dollars in the sitting-room desk and a revolver, too.

The news was around town before breakfast on Sunday, and fifty men and boys went out to look for the lad; not so much because of the ten dollars as because the doctor said he would die in the woods.

It was funny that I should have been the one to have found him. He was sneaking along the stone-wall in Parker Dun's pasture, on Maple Hill. When he saw me he started for the woods like a trailed fox, and I nearly did myself out of my lungs chasing him. When he had got near the edge of the woods he turned on me.

"Come back, you fool," I yelled.

"You want to put me in the cooler," he screamed. "If you come any nearer I'll blow your head off." He had the gun well enough, and I still had a good many years to live by staying where I was.

He turned slowly, looking over his shoulder, and limped into the woods. He was the toughest human creature I ever saw. I remember how blue his eyes looked, and how his thin shoulders slanted down.

They told me that there were fifty miles of timber land before you get to so much as another lumber camp. They said that no boy or man could get out of the place alive, and yet I'd bet my salary — and I get a good one now — that Tommy Cutts did it. He had more lives than a litter of kittens.

"'If you come any nearer I'll blow your head off'"

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THE PRESIDENT'S FAMILY

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. S CURTIS

NOW PUBLISHED

FOR THE FIRST TIME

I THE PRESIDENT

II MRS. ROOSEVELT

III MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT

IV THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Jr.

V KERMIT ROOSEVELT

VI ETHEL ROOSEVELT

VII ARCHIE ROOSEVELT

VIII QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

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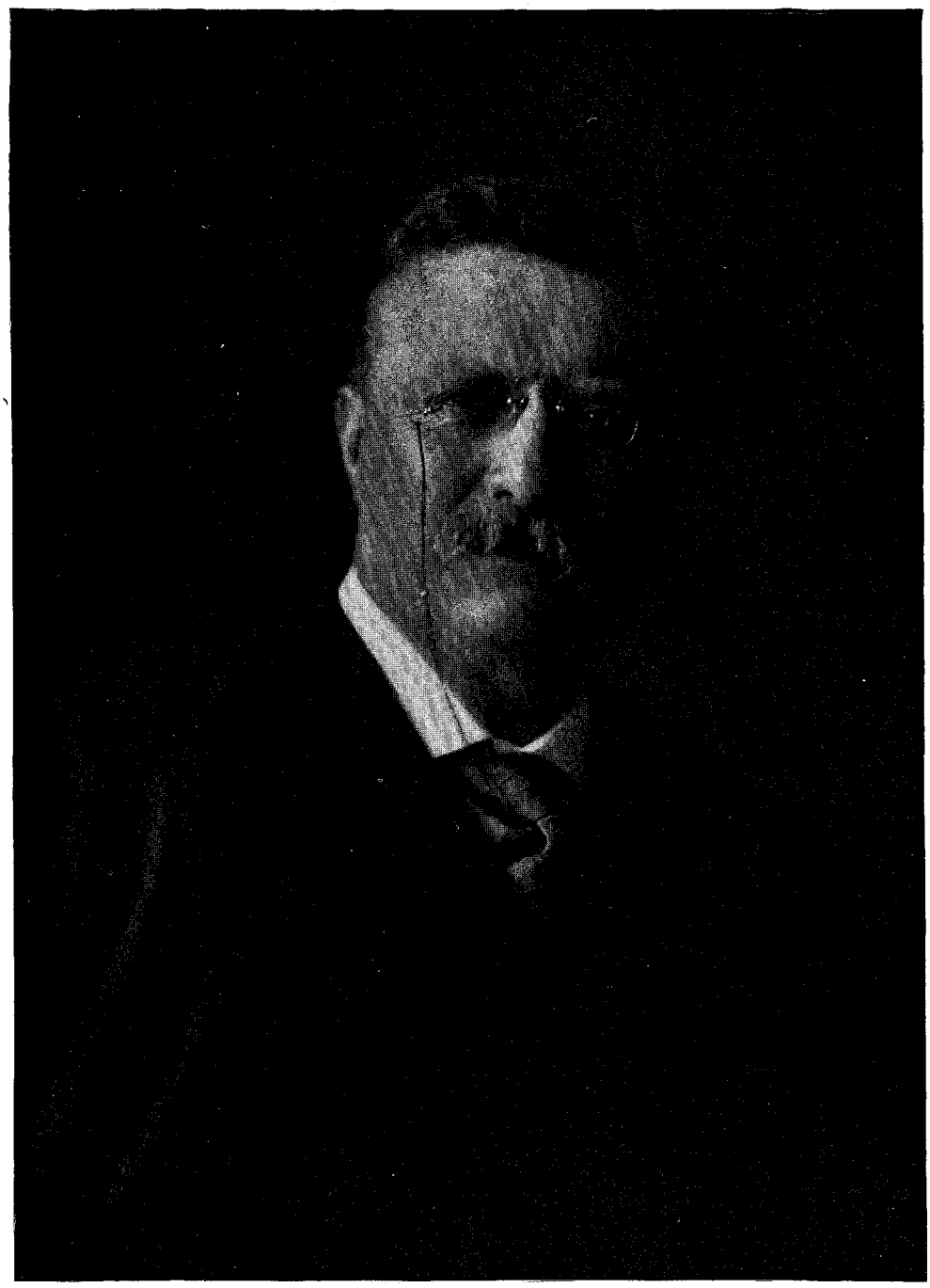

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

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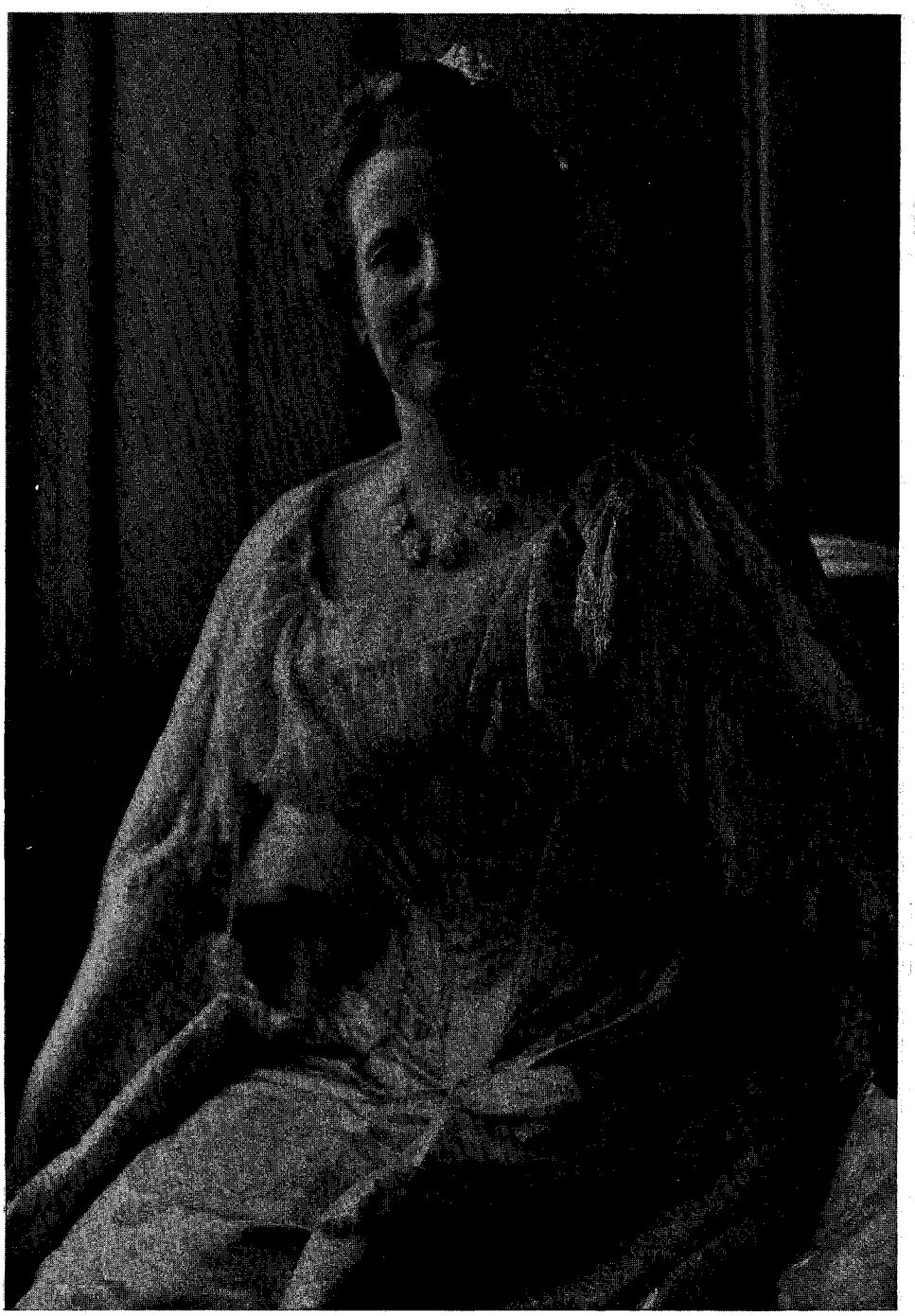

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MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN HER INAUGURAL GOWN

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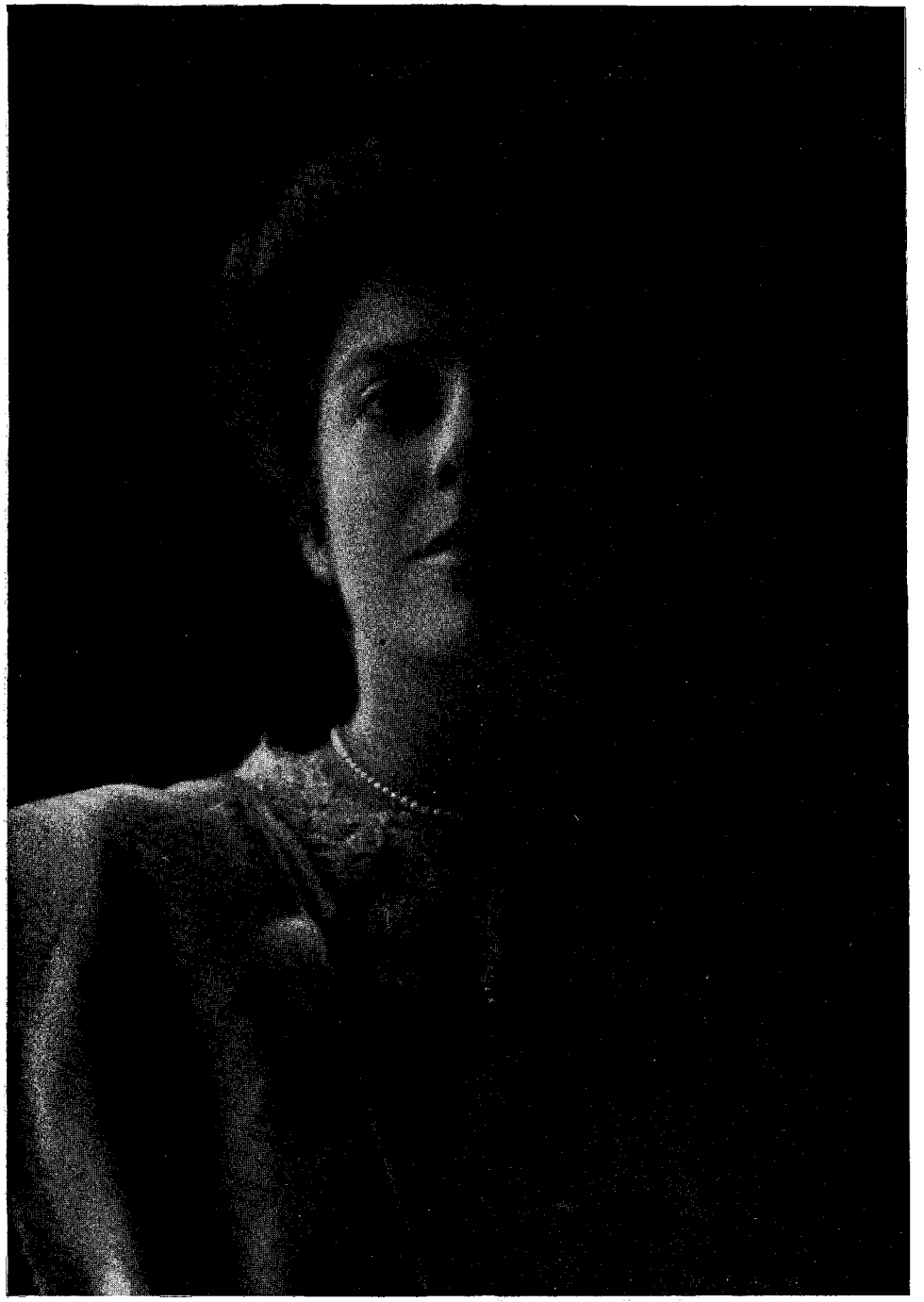

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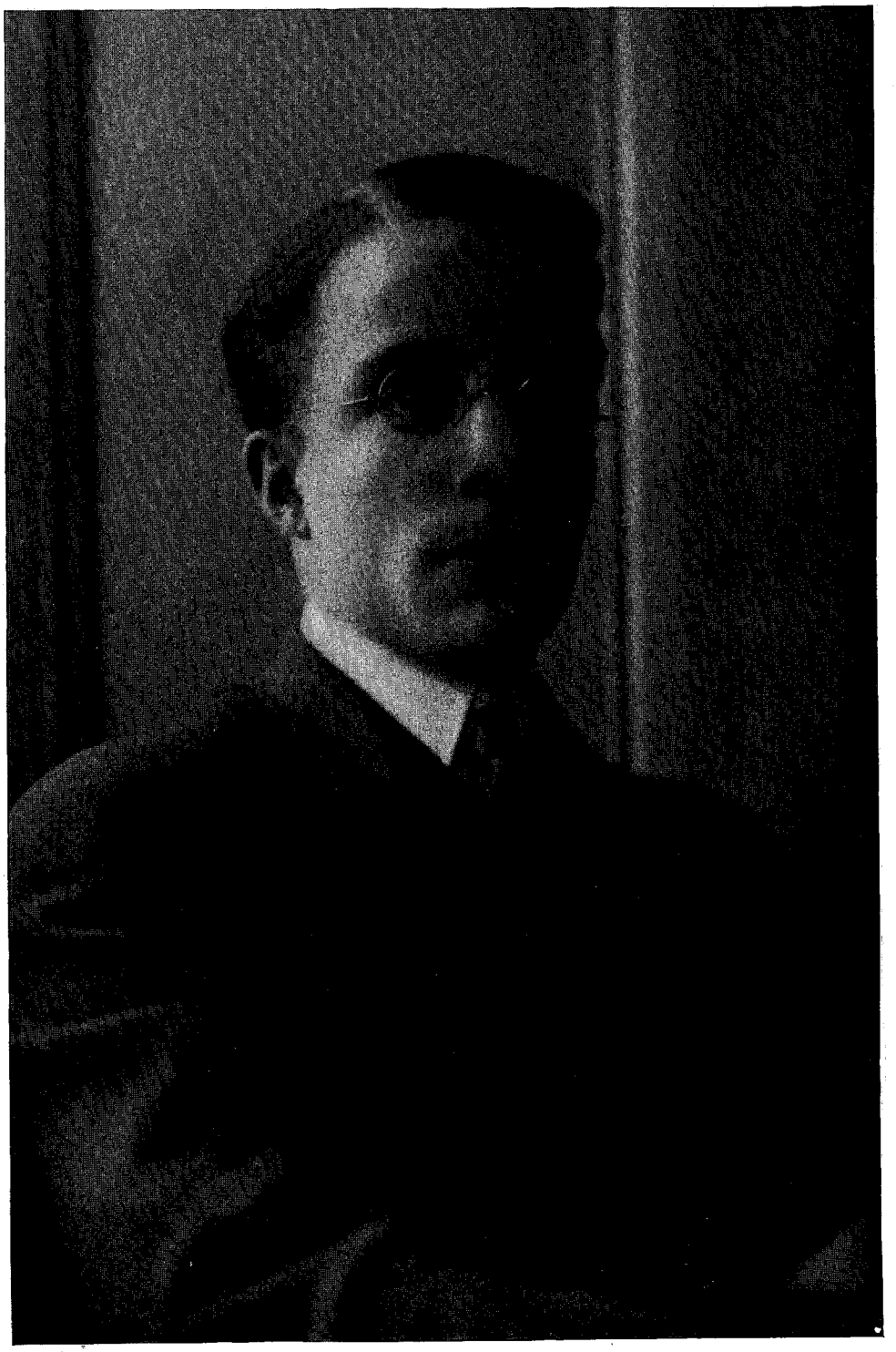

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JUNIOR

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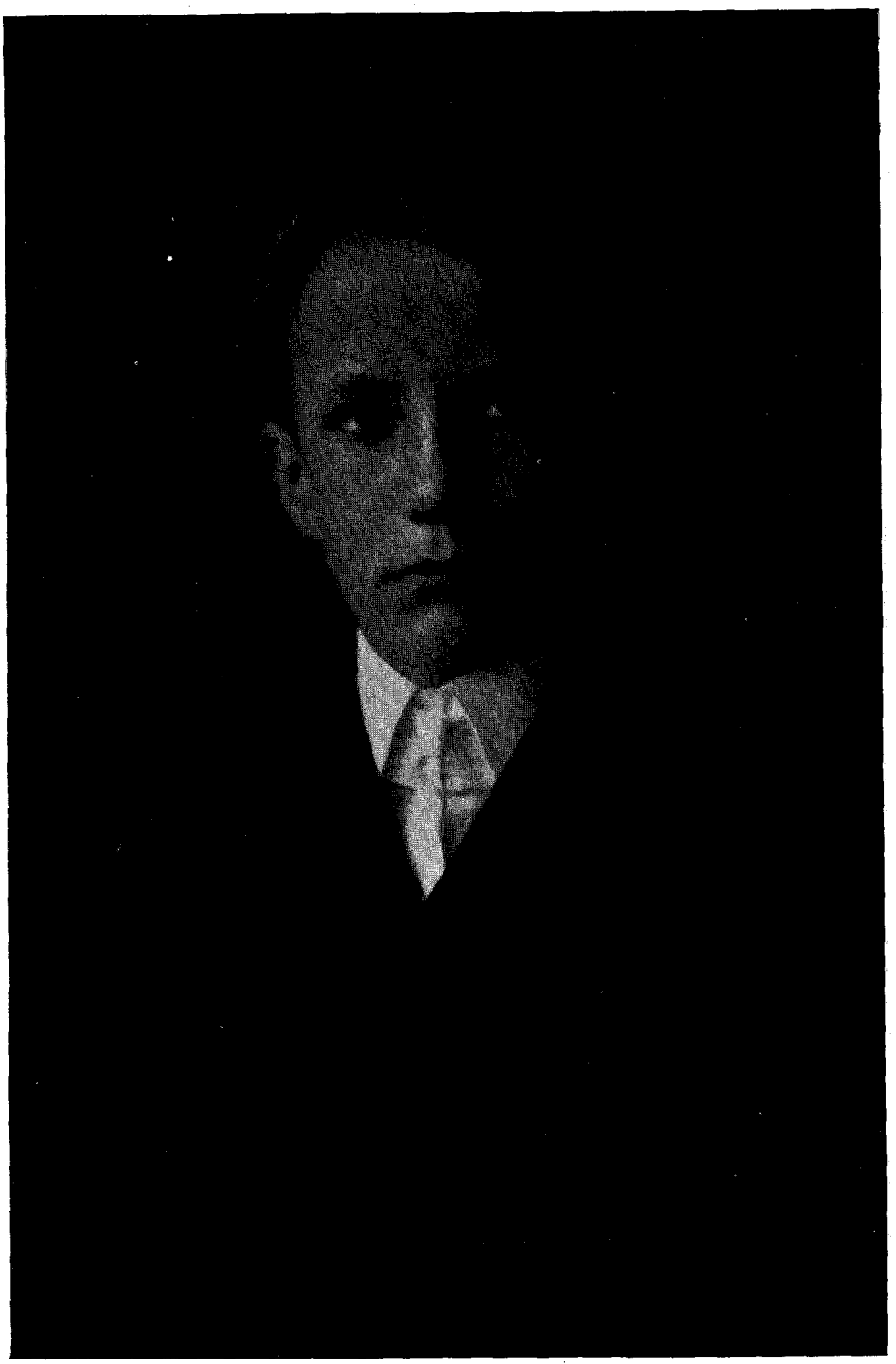

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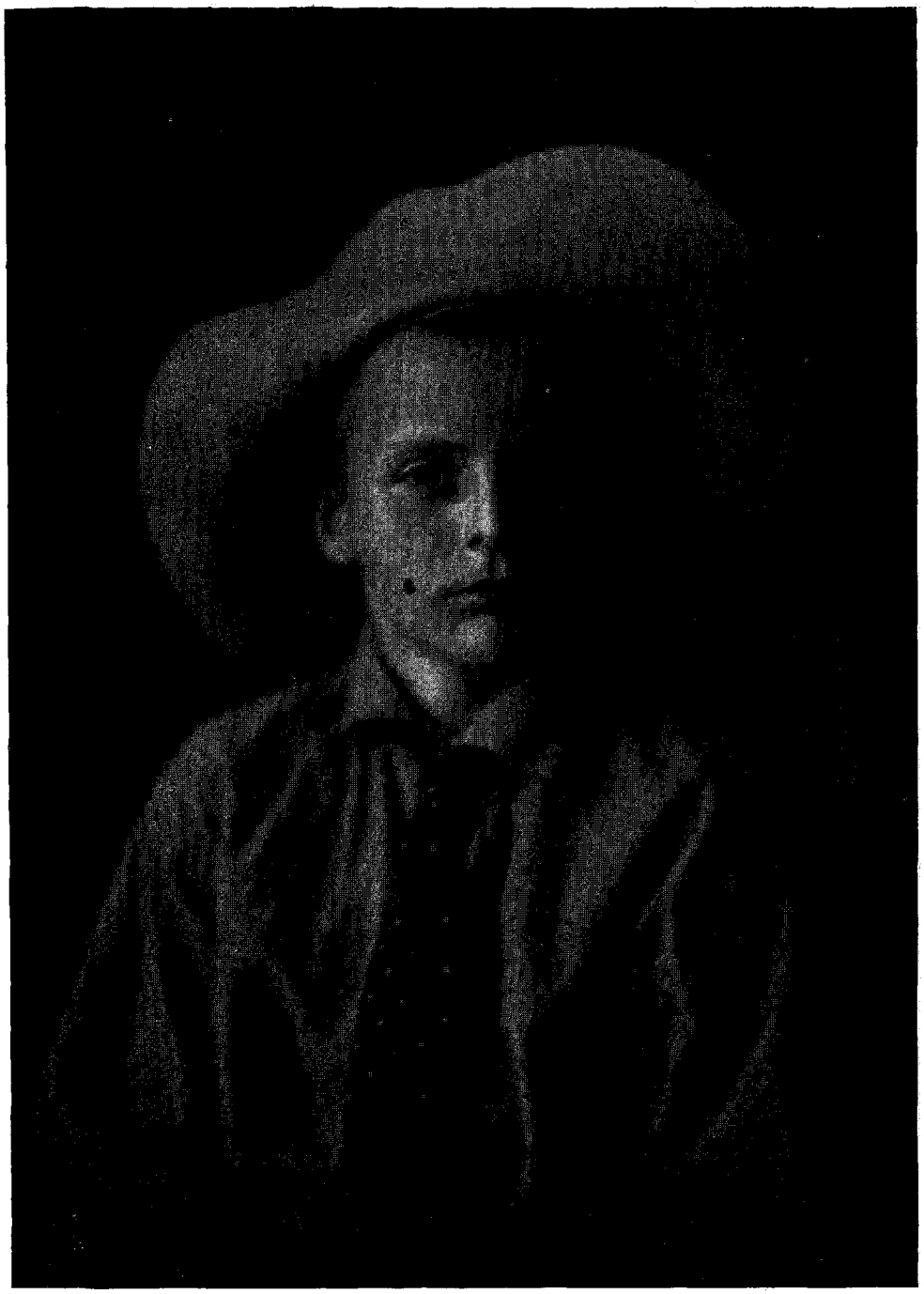

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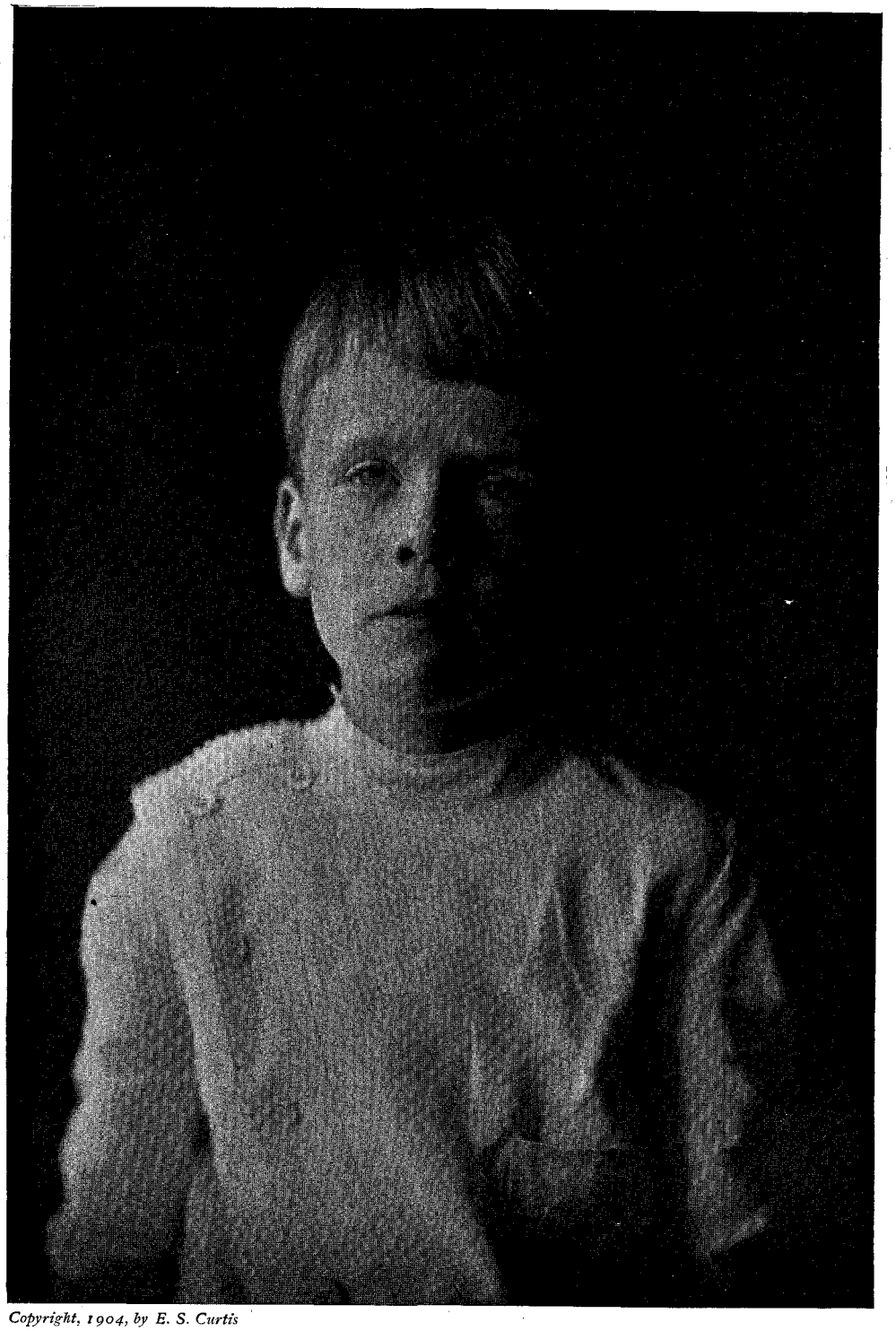

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OHIO: A TALE OF TWO CITIES

BY

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAME OF THE CITIES"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

THE story of the latter-day politics of Ohio, as I understand the state, can best be told as a tale of two of her cities: Cleveland and Cincinnati; Cleveland, the metropolis of her North-east, Cincinnati, the metropolis of her South-west; Cleveland, the best-governed city in the United States, Cincinnati, the worst.

Cleveland is, and except during one short period, always has been a business man's government. The New York *Sun* wondered once how it happened so often that in Ohio men who had spent the better part of their lives in business could step into politics up near the top and prove themselves first-rate politicians from the start. The explanation is simple. Those Ohio men came from Cleveland. If I remember aright, the *Sun* had in mind the sudden appearance of the late Mr. Hanna in national politics with the nomination of Mr. McKinley for president. Mr. Hanna had been in politics for years. Mr. Hanna is one type of the business men who have ruled the City of Cleveland. There are other types, as we shall see, but we must begin with Marcus A. Hanna. He is dead. I don't believe in "nothing but good of the dead;" I believe that true obituaries of our great men would do the living good. But I hoped to be able to tell about Ohio without saying much about Mr. Hanna. That is impossible. You can't understand Cleveland, and you can't understand Ohio, without understanding Mark Hanna. And you can't understand the American people and the United States without seeing Hanna, as he was — good and bad, a delight and a danger, a business man in politics, a business man who dominated a city, became U. S. Senator and the boss of a state, became national head of the dominant national party and was the choice of big business and bad machine politics for President of the United States.

The Kind of Man Mark Hanna Was

What sort of man was this? He was "our sort." Hanna was American. There are traits American which he lacked, but taken as he stood there was not a fibre of make-up, not a fault, not a virtue, that is not of us. Of Quaker stock from the Virginias, he was born in Ohio's Western reserve and the West made him ripe and rich. Hanna described himself once when in the campaign against Mayor Jones, who was running for governor, he got into a hall full of Welshmen. Jones was Welsh, and the crowd jeered at Hanna so that he could not go on with his speech. "There's a lot of American in me," he shouted. "There's some Scotch. Somewheres way back, there is Irish blood. But by —, there's no Welsh. If there was, I'd go down there and lick the whole lot of you." That won the Welshmen. They cheered and they listened while Hanna gave Jones and the Welsh fits.

That was Hanna, mixed, but well mixed and, as the politicians say, a "good mixer." He was the fighter who can laugh in his wrath, but won't compromise. "Well, what is your bill?" he was heard to demand of two lobbyists in the Marble Room of the U. S. Senate one day. They murmured some reply. "Well, he don't deserve it, and he don't get it," said Hanna, aloud, and he stumped off to leave them. Then he stopped. "Say, have you two — cusses had your lunch? No? Well, I'll give ye a good lunch, but that's all you do get."

Intimate, even familiar, Hanna was always Hanna, in all places, to all men. It is related that at the first inauguration of President

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McKinley, when he and Hanna rode together from the Capitol to the White House, Mr. McKinley pointed out of the carriage to the Post Office Building and admired it. "Well, that shows how little you know about architecture," said Hanna. And when President Roosevelt spoke to the Senator on the funeral train of Mr. McKinley, and said: "Come, old man, be my friend as you were his," Hanna answered out of his grief, "I will, yes, I will, if you will carry out that man's policy, and if, — it, you won't call me 'old man.'"

Such a friendship could not have lasted, however, for the dominant trait of Hanna's character was domination. He was our aggressive type of the egotist. He may not have meant to be selfish. Hanna was our man of brains, not of mind. When he was a boy, he showed some inclination to read books, but his father, Dr. Leonard Hanna, a sturdy man, noticed it. "Mark," he would call up the stairs, "what are you doing up there? Reading, eh? Well, you come down here, and saw wood." So the boy was cured of this taste; the man hardly read at all. When he wasn't sawing wood, he was playing cards. He played in the daytime, and in the evening, it was his favorite form of amusement to play a game with as many of his friends as he could get around him, and if no friends came, Mr. Hanna played solitaire.

Our Men Spoiled Like Our Children

We admire self-sufficiency, we Americans, and no matter if they do trample upon us, we want to see the strong men win. We are like the American parent, who, because the baby is lusty and big, lets it pull off the table-cloth and break the dishes. Well, our young male was strong, and he began early to grab. When the family moved to Cleveland (in 1852) the father founded the wholesale grocery firm of Hanna, Garretson & Co. Mark went to school for a while, then he worked in the store, then he served as clerk in a Lake Superior carrying vessel. The Superior iron regions were opening and the Hannas saw things. They went into iron and steel and ships, as well as groceries and supplies. Mark married (in 1862) a daughter of D. P. Rhodes, fondly known as "Old Dan Rhodes," a pioneer grown rich in the iron and coal trade. Mark joined the firm of D. P. Rhodes & Co. There were other sons and partners in the business, but by 1885 they all were out or reduced to M. A. Hanna & Co., mines, ships, coal, oil, iron-ore and pig-iron. Then M. A. Hanna got into a stove company, other mining companies, banks and ship building, a newspaper, a theater. It's a long story; it's the good old story, oft told and never explained. I heard, from men with feelings sore after all these years, of quick turns, hard fights and brutal force. But that was Mark having his way, and, I guess, that is the way of success. Certainly Hanna was the true type of our successful men of big business. They are men in whom a want is, not like yours, perhaps, or mine, humble, hopeful and capable of dismissal unsatisfied; a want with the Hannas is a lust; no matter how big or how little, no matter how vicious or how innocent, it is Hanna's want; it must be sated and it must be sated now.

One of Hanna's young wants was a street railway. He had largely of the earth, and of the waters under the earth; he had reached out far beyond Cleveland and Ohio for possessions, into Minnesota and New York, Michigan and Pennsylvania; and his hands were full. But he had no street railway. Of course, he got one. He was let into the West Side Company of Cleveland, Elias Sims, president, and two years later (in 1882) Sims resigned and M. A. Hanna became president. And that's how Hanna happened to go into politics.

Mr. Hanna did not want to go into politics. He had to. It was necessary to his business that he should, and it was for the sake of his business that he did; not for the party, not for the city, not to better things, not even for the sport of it. As a young fellow, he had "batted around" some in his ward, for fun; but there was nothing in that for him, so he wasn't regular about it. I inquired closely into this, for I wanted to be sure that I wasn't again on a "low down politician's" trail. Mr. Hanna went into politics as a business man, and he always called himself a business-man in politics.

And, as a business-man in politics, he corrupted politics. Mr. Hanna boodled. He degraded the Municipal Legislature of Cleveland. I don't say he did it alone; I don't say he started it; I don't say he wanted to do that. All Mr. Hanna wanted was that horse-car line, and then some extensions, and then some more franchises. But these he did want, these and other valuable privileges. Since he wanted them, he must have them, and since the business

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way to get a thing is to go and pay for it and get it, Mr. Hanna went and got his privileges. He bought and paid for them. I don't say he paid all this in bribes, nor do I say that he paid bribes with his own hands. That isn't the way a Big Business man does big business. That isn't the System.

Hanna in Cleveland Politics

The System in Cleveland at that time was simple and imperfect. Business men supported it. There was no boss, and such leading politicians as the city boasted were nothing but business men's political agents. They depended largely upon the campaign funds contributed by the business men. In return the business men could get what they wanted out of the city, and they let the politicians do about as they pleased with the rest. The street railways and the other public utility companies which had the most to ask, attended to this political business. Not all of them. Cleveland is in many respects an exceptional community. There are, and there seem always to have been, men of business there who disapprove of boodling and corruption, and one of the street-railway presidents, Mr. Horace E. Andrews, has refused always to aid corruption in any disguise. But Hanna and two others have had no such scruples. They kept men to do "dirty business" for them, and these men were the "bosses" for many years. Hanna's man was George Mulhern, an employe of the West Side Company. Hanna sometimes served as treasurer of the campaign fund, and, in hot fights, often directed the politics of the West Side and, indeed, of the whole city.

All he wanted, however, was the right kind of a mayor, and his share of the councilmen. These he secured, he or Mulhern or both, by supervising nominations and paying individual campaign expenses. Other street railways did much the same. Usually they had amongst them enough councilmen to form a combine which controlled legislation. If they lacked some, if they hadn't bought sufficiently in advance, or if an unexpected emergency arose, they bought more. They didn't always use cash bribery. Mulhern, who picked the president and organized councils, came to control more and more departments, and he had the patronage of these to dispense to the friends and followers of pliable councilmen. But this was making the city pay for its own corruption, and it not only saved Hanna and the company some costs, it strengthened the machine.

Cleveland in Hanna's Day

This was a government by the public utility companies. These councilmen, elected as representatives of the whole community, represented in fact Mr. Hanna and the other holders of public franchises. Of course there was other "business" to be done. Mulhern with the other railway politicians handled it. They let privileges, legitimate and illegitimate, to their friends and Hanna's friends, and after these, to all comers. Citizens have told me how they were referred from the City Hall to the West Side Company offices, when they called on business. There was the head of the government, and it was not a very bad government, not in the Tammany sense. There was not much Police blackmail, for example; it was financial, respectable corruption that prevailed, and "good citizens" do not resent that so much. It is quiet, it is convenient; it is theirs; it is the System. Hanna's government of Cleveland was a government of the people by politicians hired to represent the privileged class.

Hanna in National Politics

This is the most dangerous form of our corruption; the most dangerous for this class as well. And yet the political greatness of Mr. Hanna was rooted in such corruption, and his political hopes were the hopes of this class. Hanna may not have thought so. Hanna wasn't a thinker, he was a man of instinct and action, and his unconscious selfishness hurt his effectiveness. The fate of his primitive machine shows that. He did not keep it up regularly. When he wanted something, he worked hard at the organization; when he wanted nothing in particular, he was slack about it. A business man in politics, he ran politics for his business, not for political ends. Some political honors came to him. He went to conventions. He saw how governors were made, and presidents. A delegate to the National Republican Convention of 1888, he was for John Sherman, and he missed a hand in the making of President Harrison. Whether that humble failure suggested it or not, I do not know, but all the world knows that Hanna came to have a great ambition that was political. He wanted to have a president. He chose William McKinley,

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and he planned for years his nomination in 1896. That he succeeded, everybody knows. Hanna often laughed, in his merry way, at the "spontaneous demand" for McKinley, which swept over the country at just the right time. Hanna organized that demand. He dotted the country with men primed to shout at a signal and when he gave the word, the wave rose and rolled in upon the convention where Hanna was dickering for its enthusiastic reception.

And Hanna won with McKinley and money, Hanna and the System — in the United States. What of Ohio? What of Cleveland? When the organizer of the National Republican machine came home, he had no organization. Having wanted very little from the state, he had neglected the state machine, and it was in the control of the Cox-Foraker wing of the party. And he had lost also his own city. A group of common politicians, weary of the selfishness of his street-railway government, had set out the year before (1895) to organize the party along political, not business lines. They made Hanna and the street railways the issue and, nominating an obscure young lawyer, Robert E. McKisson, for mayor, they beat easily Hanna's lopsided old occasional machine. McKisson, dismissing his creators, built for himself; but he built on politics and political graft, and the McKisson organization was the best machine the Republicans have ever had in Cleveland. But it was an anti-Hanna machine.

Hanna in State Politics

And thus began the making of the Ohio of Hanna, which is the Ohio of to-day. Whenever the forces of corruption are beaten in a city, they retreat to the state. Hanna had two wants which Cleveland could not or would not satisfy. He wanted to be a United States Senator and he wanted an extension of certain of his street-railway franchises, All the traction interests of Cleveland had been combined into two consolidations, the "Big Con," Horace Andrews, president; and the "Little Con," Mark Hanna, president. Both had franchises expiring in the near future, and the state legislature had just enacted the Rogers law which permitted cities to grant extensions for fifty years. This law was passed by the Cox-Foraker crowd for the Cincinnati Traction interest, but it was good in Cleveland while it lasted. There was the rub, however. The people were indignant at this piece of legislation; it might be repealed. Hanna and his associates had to hurry; and that politician, "Bob" McKisson, would not hurry. He would negotiate, however, and there was some dickering. Just what the dealing was I do not know, of course. The McKissonites say a big offer was made to the Mayor and that he refused it. The Hanna people say the Mayor asked for money and that they refused it. This much is certain: Mr. Andrews was asked to meet Mayor McKisson at the Hollenden Hotel; telling some of his associates about it, he went there; when he returned he reported that he had entered the appointed room, and that there, in the dark, Mr. McKisson began talking about land to be had out near Andrews's country place. Mr. Andrews may have been mistaken, but he understood this to have been an approach, and he left the Mayor abruptly. Soon thereafter a definite proposition of corruption was made, not, however, by the Mayor, but the railway people certainly believed it was authoritative. The associates of Mr. Andrews wanted to accept it, and the Hanna people were eager for the deal. And when Mr. Andrews refused to countenance it, there was trouble in his board and he resigned. Why the subsequent negotiation fell through, I do not fully understand. James Parmelee, the president, now, of the lighting company, who was to take Mr. Andrews's place, considered making the deal; but, upon the advice of friends that it would be suicidal to put such business through with the whole city looking on and suspecting the purpose of his succession to Mr. Andrews, Mr. Parmelee decided against the job, and Mr. Andrews resumed his office. As for the other company, I was told that the McKissonites would not do business with the "Little Con" alone. However that may be, from that time on the Hanna Republicans cursed for a "Corruptionist" "Bob" McKisson who prevented Hanna from getting his franchise extensions from his own city.

Meanwhile Mr. Hanna had been making mad rushes for his senatorship. There was no vacancy in the Senate from Ohio, but that did not matter. One was created. The President took John Sherman, the senior Ohio senator into the cabinet. Poor old John Sherman! He didn't want to be secretary of state; his mind was failing and he wanted only to be let alone. But there was Hanna with a Hanna want; it must be

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satisfied, so Sherman was moved and the next thing was to get Hanna appointed. It was rather late to set about arranging this detail, but Hanna crossed bridges when he came to them. Governor Bushnell hated Hanna. Bushnell was a friend of the junior Ohio senator, Joseph B. Foraker, who hated Hanna who hated him. If Hanna had had control in Cleveland he might have forced terms, but he was powerful only at Washington. He had to go to Cincinnati, and Hanna went to Cincinnati. He appealed from Bushnell and Foraker to the strong man behind both of them; with Federal patronage in his hand, he went to George B. Cox, the laconic boss of Cincinnati, who, tradition has it, passed to the Governor two words: "Name Hanna." And Hanna was named.

And thus it happened that Hanna first went to Cincinnati; thus was begun, in an emergency, the alliance of Hanna, the Cleveland business man, with Cox, the Cincinnati politician — an alliance full of portent for the state of Ohio. Hanna was building his system. Not that he knew it. Reputed great as an organizer, Hanna worked like a bird; all he knew was that he needed a straw; his genius lay in the sure instinct with which he found his straw. The nest happened. Cincinnati was a branch to build on, Cox a straw. So far as I can make out, when Hanna had his senatorship, he gave Cox some of the President's patronage and flitted off to Washington satisfied. But he had descended to Cincinnati and to Cox, and he was to go there again. Let us go there and see what it means to go to Cox and Cincinnati.

Going to Cincinnati

I shall never forget my first visit. Cities and city bosses were my subject then, and I thought I knew something about such things. I didn't know the worst. The train ran through the early morning sunshine up to a bank of mist and smoke, paused, as every train since has done, then slowly tunneled its way into the *cul de sac*, where the Queen City broods in gloom. I wanted to see Cox. The etiquette of my work seems to me to require that I shall call first everywhere on the ruler of the people; if he is the mayor, I call first on him; if the mayor is a figurehead, I call first on the boss. Some times one is in doubt. In Cincinnati, immediately after breakfast, I sought out the sign of the "Mecca" saloon, went up one flight to a mean, little, front hall-room. A great hulk of a man sat there alone, poring over a newspaper, with his back to the door. He did not look up.

"Mr. Cox?" I said.

There was a grunt; that was all.

"Mr. Cox," I said, "I understand that you are the boss of Cincinnati."

His feet slowly moved his chair about, and a stolid face turned to mine. Two dark, sharp eyes studied me, and while they measured, I explained that I was a student of "politics, corrupt politics, and bosses." I repeated that I had heard he was the boss of Cincinnati. "Are you?" I concluded.

"I am," he grumbled in his hoarse, throaty voice.

"Of course, you have a mayor, and a council, and judges?"

"Yes," he admitted; "but — " he pointed with his thumb back over his shoulder to the desk — "I have a telephone, too."

"And you have citizens, too? American men and women?"

He stared a moment, silent, then turned heavily around back to his paper. Well, I feel the same way now about the citizenship of this city; Cox, their ruler, and I have had several talks since; he doesn't say much, but I am sure he and I agree perfectly about them. But this, also, I never forgot, and let no one else forget it: Cincinnati is an American city, and her citizens are American citizens. Therefore, what has happened in Cincinnati can happen in American cities. What had happened there?

Tweed Days in Cincinnati

We need not go into details. We know Philadelphia, and that is to know most of the truth about Cincinnati. An aristocracy once, the best people were decent about the graft, but selfish, and the criminal classes took over the government. Tom Campbell, a criminal lawyer, led the Republicans, and John R. McLean, the son of "Wash" McLean, also a sort of boss, led the Democrats; but there was no politics. The good people knew parties, not the party politicians. John R. McLean and Tom Campbell were great friends, and they ruled by buying votes and indulging vice and crime. Campbell controlled the criminal bench. He defended criminals, out of the ring and in it; there was brawling, robbery, murder; and, in open court, over evidence which the public was

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reading in McLean's newspaper, *The Enquirer* — over evidence which convinced all but the corrupt judges and the "fixed" juries, this politician-lawyer got his clients off, till, in 1884, upon the acquittal of two murderers who killed a man for a very small sum of money, the town revolted. A mob burned the criminal court-house. The McLean-Campbell regime of Cincinnati, which corresponded to the Tweed days of New York and the McManes-Gas-Ring rule of Philadelphia, closed with the famous Cincinnati riots of 1881.

Tom Campbell moved to New York, and McLean soon took up a residence in Washington, D. C., but "better citizens" did not step into their places. The "best citizens" who led the "better citizens," were in gas and other public utilities; they were "apathetic," so other Republican grafters held down the Republican Party while McLean, the Democrat, with his "independent" *Enquirer* and his contributions, kept a paralyzing hand on the Democratic machine. Since McLean was "active" only when he wanted something himself or when he wanted to keep anybody else from getting anything, this dog-in-the-manger weakened the Democracy, even as a graft organization; and gradually the "grand old party" established itself. Among the Republican leaders of this period the only one we need to know is Joseph B. Foraker. He is the senior U. S. Senator from Ohio now, and we are asking what "our" senators represent at home. Mr. Foraker represented the Young Republicans of his day. Enthusiastic over his party, passionate in the defense of the Union soldier, eloquent upon the rights of the people, this young orator was dubbed the "Fire Alarm," because of the courage with which he fought corporate greed and corruption. The people of this country need, and they are forever looking for a leader who is not a boss, and Foraker is no boss. He is a politician; he must have been almost a demagogue once; certainly he raised the hopes and won the hearts of a majority of Ohioans, for they elected him governor of their state, twice. What did he do for these, his own people?

Another U. S. Senator Accounted For

Governor Foraker "discovered" Cox. A saloon-keeper and councilman, at the time, Cox ruled his own ward and was distinguished in his corrupt city as an honest politician; if there was boodle to divide Cox divided it "on the square," and if he gave his word, he kept it. Wherefore the world of graft trusted Cox. Governor Foraker, needing a boss for Cincinnati, made Cox an oil inspector and the dispensor of patronage in Hamilton County (Cincinnati). An oil inspectorship in Ohio is "good money" and, better still, brings a man into confidential relations with one of the deep sources of corruption in the state, Standard Oil. Foraker and Cox soon got in touch with other such interests. There are several instances to cite; one will do.

A while ago, we spoke of the Rogers Law. Cox and Foraker managed that. The Cincinnati Traction interests wanted a fifty-year five-cent-fare franchise in Cincinnati. Foraker wanted to go to the U. S. Senate. Public opinion out west is against long franchises, but the "Fire Alarm" expressed public opinion. It was charged in the public prints of Chicago and Ohio that Foraker was paid an enormous "fee" (ranging from $100,000 to $250,000) for his services — as a lawyer. He did not sue for libel, but he denied the charge; he said all he got was a present of $5,000 from an officer of the company. I say it doesn't matter whether Foraker took a bribe, or a fee, or a present, or nothing at all. His firm has been ever since counsel for the Traction Company and his son became an officer thereof, but that doesn't matter. And it doesn't matter whether the legislature that made Foraker a senator belonged to the Company, or whether the legislature that passed the Rogers Traction bill belonged to Foraker. The plain, undeniable, open facts are that that legislature of 1896 which elected Foraker to the U. S. Senate was led by the Senator, a popular leader, to pass in the interest of the Traction Company, a bill which granted privileges so unpopular that public opinion required a repeal in the next legislature of 1898. In other words this man who by his eloquence won the faith of his people, betrayed them for some reason, to those interests which were corrupting the government in order to get privileges from it. That's all any electors need to know about Joseph B. Foraker, that and the report that he hopes some day to be President of the United States.

Let's turn to an honest grafter. Cox made the councils of Cincinnati act for the Traction Company under the Rogers Law, but he doesn't pretend to represent the people. That isn't his business. Cox's

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business is to rule the people, and he does it. Cincinnati was enraged, and Cincinnati rose against Cox for this act. Cox was for licking them into obedience, but Hanna was back in Cincinnati again. Hanna had to be elected, in 1898, to the seat he had been appointed to. He wanted "harmony" in Cincinnati. He wanted Cox to hide and let some business men, such as used to rule Cleveland, run the 1897 campaign which was to elect his (Hanna's) legislature. It was selfish of Hanna, but Cox was willing. He told me about it.

"Wanted good men nominated," he said. "Wanted business men. Wanted business men to name the tickets and run the machine. Come to me, a committee of them, bankers and all like that. Said they'd name twelve men, and I was to name twelve. I was to pick six off their list, and they were to pick six off mine. Showed me their twelve and I took 'em all, all twelve, all business men, good people. Called 'em the dozen raw. Let 'em name the ticket and lent 'em the machine to run." He paused. "Who do you think they nominated?" he asked, and he answered: "They nominated fellers they met at lunch."

Cox's scorn of "good business men" reminds me of Croker. Croker has never been able to understand just how "bad" he was; he really was puzzled as to himself. "But" he said one day with assurance, "I know I'm better than them;" and he pointed off downtown toward Wall Street where his business backers and clients were. And it is so with Cox. He doesn't understand the standards of his critics, but he knows he is better than "them."

"Them," in Cincinnati, were beaten. The "dozen raw" who, largely for Hanna's sake, tried to give "front" to the Republican party, and save it with a respectable business man's ticket, failed. McLean wanted to go to the U. S. Senate, so he lent the Democratic machine to the Democrats, who combined with the independents and together they elected an anti-machine ticket. It looked so bad for Cox that he announced his retirement from politics, but the amiable old gentleman who was mayor, proved so weak and the "Democrats" and "independents" such poor stuff, that Cox recovered his courage. He bought some members of the administration, fooled others, and, with the help of these, set the rest to fighting among themselves. Cox so disgusted the town with "reform" that it came back to him, laid itself at his feet and he proceeded at his leisure to, what a judge called, the "Russianization" of Cincinnati.

How Hanna was Elected U. S. Senator

What that means we shall see when it is done. Hanna waits, his present want, the senatorship, unsatisfied. He thought he had it fixed; though the McKisson anti-Hanna Republicans had elected to the legislature part of the delegation from Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), and the anti-Cox movement had sent up independent Republicans from Hamilton County (Cincinnati), Hanna and his state manager, Major Charles F. Dick, assumed that all "Republicans" would be loyal to "the party." Loyalty to party means, to a boss, loyalty to the boss. Now Hanna wasn't yet the boss of Ohio, but he wanted to be, so he assumed that no one would oppose him. The capital was full of his enemies, Governor Bushnell, Senator Foraker, Mayor McKisson, Charles Kurtz, etc., but Hanna flitted off to Washington, and Major Dick "sat with his feet upon a table cracking jokes."

Major Dick, one of "Our" U. S. Senators

Secretly, those Republican enemies of Hanna formed a combination with Democrats to beat Hanna. They could do it. They had the votes. This they proved by smashing Hanna's legislative slate, and Ohio and Washington were thrown into a state of excited dismay. Hanna flew to Columbus, and took personal charge of his own fight. With him came money, lots of money, and with this money came the influence of the President, of the railroads, the banks, Federal office-holders. Mass-meetings were organized at the homes of lost or doubtful legislators, speeches were made, addresses drawn, and committees with petitions were hurled by special trains to the capitol. Columbus

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was a wonderful scene. The hotels were packed, crowds surged up and down the halls and lobbies. Wine flowed and there were loud rows and fist fights. Legislators were kidnapped, made drunk and held prisoners. The wife of one member, sent for because of her influence over her husband, was held by one side while the other kept him hidden away in a room. Men carried revolvers and showed them, and witnesses tell me there was really a fear of sudden death. But under all this money was whispering; both sides used it. Hanna always denied that he spent any. The Anti-Hanna combine settled finally on McKisson as their candidate, and McKisson says he hadn't any money. But these are technical denials. I don't know who handled the little money the McKissonites had, but after Hanna won (for, of course Hanna won) by one vote, specific charges of bribery were made. A committee took evidence on one case and reported (1) that "on or about Jan. 9, 1898, an attempt was made to bribe John C. Otis, a member of the House . . . to vote for Marcus A. Hanna;" (2) "that Major E. G. Rathbone and Major Charles F. Dick were agents of Marcus A. Hanna, and procured, aided and abetted the crime."

The report, sent to the U. S. Senate, was not credited there, but that means nothing; it means no more than the report of a board of aldermen would mean of an investigation of graft charges against some fellow member. "Senatorial courtesy" seated Mr. Hanna. But if bribery ever was proved, it was on that investigation. The bribe agent, now dead, was followed step by step; he reported by telephone to "Dick," "Major Dick" and to others at Hanna's headquarters everything that he did; and these frequent telephonic communications were overheard by witnesses, with stenographers to take them down. Hanna's declaration of personal innocence was borne out; the witnesses said the agent said he represented Eastern men and eastern money; but "Dick" was certainly Hanna's state manager and Hanna wasn't the sort of man such a lieutenant would be afraid to report to on the use of money. But waive all that.

Hanna rewarded with offices in the state and the United States service the legislators and agents who "stood by him." Hanna said on the stump afterwards that he did this. That is enough. As we have noted before, people are often incensed over cash bribery, but bribery with offices is worse; to pay men who betray us by giving them salaries at our cost in our public service, is the worst form of bribery; that is systematic corruption; that is the System. For instance, Major E. G. Rathbone, afterwards involved in irregularities in the Cuban postal service, was sent down there by Hanna *because he had proven his character* by helping Hanna in this senatorial fight. And there are others: When Mark Hanna died, the System decreed that Ohio should send his faithful lieutenant, Major Dick, to the Senate, and thus, by the way, another of "our" U. S. Senators is accounted for.

But never mind; Hanna had his senatorship. There remained unsatisfied but one great want of this spoiled child of the American business-political system. That legislature of 1898, which gave Hanna "so much trouble," as he expressed it, repealed the Rogers Law, and he had to begin all over again to get the extensions he wanted for his street-railway franchises. But he began right this time, at home. He went to Cleveland.

McKisson, beaten for the senatorship, was weakened, but he controlled the Republican Party, so Hanna did what good people are so reluctant, what the politicians and bosses are so ready to do when "the" party fails to represent them — Hanna backed the other party. Yes, this same Republican leader who had pleaded so hard for "harmony" in Cincinnati where harmony was in his interest, now supported in Cleveland the Democratic Party. The Democratic Party in Ohio (and in many other states) is cursed by "Democrats," of the John R. McLean type, who believe in "protection," privileges, and big business graft generally just as much as Republicans of the Aldrich stamp do. John Farley is such a "Democrat." I had a talk with him once, and it was like talking to Aldrich; he is candid, able and a cynic about America and its democratic Republic. Farley was nominated by the Democratic Party; he was called a Hanna Democrat — and the Hanna Republicans helped the Democrats elect him. And he was elected to help the street railways get their franchises; Horace Andrews was out of the "Big Con" presidency and Henry Everett of the Everett-Moore Syndicate was in; and the two "Cons" came pretty near getting what they wanted. Farley, the Democrat, stood ready to do his part, the traction people to do

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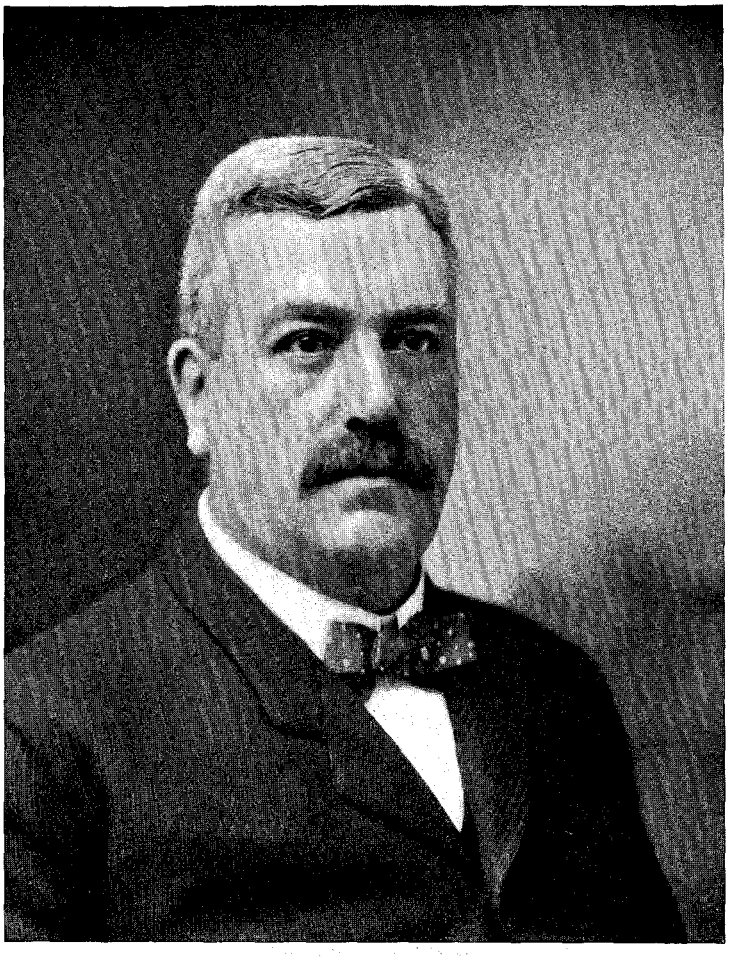

GEORGE B. COX

Boss of the worst-governed city in the United States

theirs; but the business fell through, beaten by — Cleveland, by the citizens of Cleveland.

Finding "Good" in Cleveland

Cheerful idiots who think themselves optimists often ask me why I don't find something good now and then, somebody to praise. I do. I found good in Chicago; I praised Folk and La Follette, A. R. Hall and Governor Garvin and Oliver McClintock; everywhere I have been I have found something good and somebody to praise. I notice, however, that while my evil reports seldom cause resentment, the moment I begin to speak well either of men or of conditions, my mail roars with rage and burns with sarcasm or sorrow. Then I am a fool or a liar. Naturally, therefore, it is with fear and trembling that I approach Cleveland now. There is something good there. The citizens of Cleveland know how to vote; they have a public opinion, and they make it count; they have two truly independent newspapers, and this free press speaks for them, with effect. Nominally Republican, when this city had by sheer force of public opinion stopped the trolley grabs, it turned around and elected to succeed Farley, "Democrat," not a "Republican," but Tom Johnson, a democrat. Now this was the most terrible disappointment in the whole business-political career of Mr. Hanna. And Johnson's administration has hurt "business" generally; it is a sore trial to-day to a certain kind of business men in Cleveland; and the results of the fight against this — this "socialist-anarchist-nihilist" (as Hanna called Johnson) has upset the charters of all the

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cities in Ohio and reversed the judicial policy of the state courts. Next to the "wants" of Mr. Hanna, nothing has had such an influence on the politics, government and "business" interests of Ohio as the policy of the Mayor of Cleveland. Yet Cleveland re-elected Mayor Johnson. There is something good in Cleveland and Tom L. Johnson.

Good? It seems to me that Tom Johnson is the best mayor of the best-governed city in the United States. This is no snap judgment. The first time I went to Cleveland, on the same trip that took me to Cox and Cincinnati, I knew all about Tom Johnson. He was a dangerous theorist with a dangerous ambition; that was the impression the System had spread of him in New York; and all I had to do was to prove it. Since, though mayor, he was the head of the actual government of the city, I called on him. His office was full, and it was a shock to my prejudice to watch this big jolly man do business — attention, reflection, and a question; a decision, a laugh; next. And so it went. But I wasn't to be fooled. When my turn came, I asked him what his ambition was? He laughed.

"My ambition," he said, "is to make Cleveland the first American city to get good government." That was amusing, and he saw my skepticism, and it amused him. "And not only that," he added, with a sober impulse of his tremendous energy. "I'd like to make it not only the first to get good government; I'd like to make it prove things, prove good government possible, prove municipal ownership possible, prove anything is possible that any community of American citizens cares to try to do."

There was something interesting and intelligent about that. I often had wondered why all our leading citizens sought the same thing, money-power; why didn't some of them pursue some other end; why didn't some one seek the everlasting fame that would come to the man who first should achieve good municipal government? But I knew Johnson too well to be taken in by *his* "ambition." I pried around a little. If a city is corrupt, there are signs of graft about it. The pavements show it and the police on patrol; reporters and certain kinds of business men will give you the rumors of it. Cleveland showed none of these signs, so I went away baffled to give Tom Johnson time to show what he was after. And, sure enough, the next time I visited Cleveland the Mayor whose ambition it was to give his city good government was running for governor of Ohio! Unfortunately for my prejudice, however, my experience with Folk in St. Louis, with the reformers in Chicago, with reform in all cities, had taught me that no man can finish a municipal reform job without going to the state. Moreover, I had come to regard office-seeking as no worse a crime in a reformer than in a grafter; on the contrary it had occurred to me that one way to beat the grafting system was to promote honest men for giving good government, as the System (Hanna's, for instance) promotes corrupt men for corrupting government. The question still was as to the goodness of Tom Johnson's government. A year ago last winter, after a month of search, I was convinced that there was no graft worth speaking of in Cleveland; certainly if I had tried to make out a case of bad government against Tom Johnson, I should have made myself ridiculous. But how, in a brief space, is one to prove good government?

The best department in this best government is that of the law. Newton D. Baker, the head of it, is clear, able, and, best of all, fair. He has directed all the many obnoxious litigations for the city against "business," and yet "business-men" who sneer at Johnson and all his men, except Baker because, while he fights for the city, he fights fair. But how is this to be shown? All I can say is: Ask any Clevelander about Newton D. Baker.

Mayor Johnson wanted to make his waterworks prove that municipal operation was good. It was a political dive when he was elected, and the contractors for a water tunnel to reach far out into the lake, had wrecked the job at both ends and given it up as hopeless. The Mayor appointed Professor Edward W. Bemis superintendent. There was a howl from the party, for Bemis hailed from another state and had no politics, but Johnson stood his ground while the "foreigner" threw out Republicans and Democrats alike, Protestants and Catholics; put in men without regard to politics; reorganized the department on a business basis; installed meters against another outcry; saved waste; reduced expenses, to city and consumer alike, and altogether established a system that did prove things. Furthermore, the city completed that water tunnel. My colleague, Mr. Adams, says Cleveland water

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HORACE E. ANDREWS

A street-railway president who will not countenance corruption, direct or indirect

is not pure, but that means either that the tunnel should reach farther out in the Lake or that a filtration plant is needed. The Waterworks Department certainly proves that a man like Bemis, backed by a man like Johnson, backed by a citizenship like Cleveland's, can run its waterworks better than a private company. But this is only my assertion; ask any Clevelander if it isn't true.

The Police Department caused trouble at first. Tom Johnson is not interested in the police as a New York reformer would be, but there is but one man in this country who has solved the police problem more satisfactorily. The Mayor, after some patient experiments, found on the force a junior officer, who struck him as honest, able and full of news. He made him chief of police. That caused more bitter feeling, for Chief Kohler is a Republican. Kohler cared, Johnson didn't. Kohler declared he wasn't looking for trouble and didn't want the place. "I wouldn't have given it to you, if you did," said the Mayor, and he gave commands. Chief Kohler obeyed the Mayor's orders. There is absolutely no graft among the Cleveland police that I could find, and, without any alliance with criminals, this young man handles his criminal problem. Mayor Johnson is a good judge of men, and Cleveland has the best chief of police that I have met so far.

One day a builder stopped me in the street to complain about the Building Department. Certain plans had been held up for three days, he said. That sounded like New York. "What for — graft?" I asked. "Oh, no," he said; "They excused the delay by saying that the head of the department had

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TOM L. JOHNSON

The best mayor of the best-governed city in the United States

bought a pair of shoes that hurt his feet. But the man isn't up to his work, and Johnson won't do anything about it." Think of a complaint like that in your city. This builder was perfectly right; but before I left the town he said he and a committee had gone to the Mayor, and I happened to hear several cabinet discussions of a rather thorough-going reorganization.

Mr. Adams says the Health Department is weak, and a remark of the Mayor to me confirmed this criticism, and, perhaps, explained the condition. Mr. Johnson said he never had been able to understand the workings of the Health Department; he was an ex-officio member of the board, but couldn't get interested in its doings. He has to be interested to do good work, and his interests are pretty wide; but sanitary science marks one of his limitations. Stealing is within his limits. A paving-brick combine that interested him when he came into office was broken up in a clever way, and the Public Works Department was turned over to a Republican, W. J. Springborn, who had proved his honesty and capacity in the city council. The efficiency and correctness of Mr. Springborn, I never heard disputed. And the kindness and humanity of Harris R. Cooley, the director of charities and correction will not be denied. The really remarkable results achieved under this gentle clergyman at the City prison and at Cleveland's Boyville, a farm in the county where "bad

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boys" are proved to be the best boys in the slums — these certainly are of good government. So with the parks. The rich men of the city had provided a beautiful, though broken, circle of parks, but they were only decorative till Johnson threw them open to the public. He ordered away the "Keep off the grass" signs, and the Park Department, by games and competitions for prizes, by winter sports and summer music, has taught the people of Cleveland to go out and use their parks. There has been some protest at this policy, but a sight of those parks in use makes the opposition seem mean. Moreover, the city has established playgrounds, and skating-rinks in public ground and in vacant private lots, and the police say these sports lighten police work in their neighborhood.

But this is not a third of the "proof" I gathered of good government in Cleveland, and it isn't the best proof either. The best evidence of the "goodness" of this government is the spirit of the men in it. They like their work; they like to talk about their work; theirs is a sense of pride and preoccupation such as I never felt in any other American municipal government. The members of the administration are of all classes, but they get together, they and their wives, and they talk shop, shop, shop. The Mayor's levees are the most popular. Everybody goes there, evenings and Sundays, and it is Cleveland, Cleveland, Cleveland, till an outsider is bored to death. Say what you will, pick flaws as you may and as I could, Tom Johnson has proved what I never heard him say he hoped to prove: He has proved that it can be made a joy to serve one's city.

Isn't this good? Isn't this what we mean by "good government"? There are men in Cleveland, and in Ohio, and in the United States who say it is not good. They hate and they fear Tom Johnson and all his works. Why? They say he is a politician. I don't think he is, not a good one, but I don't care. And neither do his critics care: Hanna was a politician, and so are Cox and Foraker, and Johnson's critics do not mind that in them. But they say he is not sincere, that he does the good he does to serve his own selfish ends. Hanna did the evil he did for selfish ends, and Tom Johnson's enemies were Mark Hanna's friends. Would they ask if Hanna was sincere, and Cox and Foraker? But Johnson was a business man, and his old business associates say that while he was in business he was a corrupter of politics. This is true. Mr. Johnson denies it, but let us examine the facts and the denial.

The Truth About Tom Johnson

Tom Johnson was a big business man; there is no denying that; he succeeded; he is rich. And his business was big business, street railways and steel. He was in street railways before he was twenty-one, and he operated in many parts of the country, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Detroit, Brooklyn. In Cleveland he measured himself with Hanna and beat him. I said earlier in this sketch that Hanna was our man of brains, not mind. Johnson has a mind; his brain is no mere muscle; it thinks. He discovered at Indianapolis a principle of street-railway operation. Most street-car lines ran from the business center of the city out to the residence districts. They followed the heavy traffic, downtown to work in the morning, uptown home in the evening. Mr. Johnson believed that if he could run a continuous line across town, he would catch not only the morning and evening crowds, but the all-day cross-town traffic. He did. This may seem a simple, obvious observation, but as we have noted so often, business men are not so great as they think they are, even at business. They are more often smart and knowing, than wise and intelligent, and — well, it was the application of this simple principle that enabled Tom Johnson to come into Cleveland on a little jerk-water horse-car line and go out on the "Big Con," while Mark Hanna was struggling behind with his "Little Con."

But, because Hanna was so simply instinctive, we can excuse many of his evil practices; he didn't know any better. And because Tom Johnson understands things, we can pin him to facts. What are the facts? He says he bought his franchises, not from councils, but from private and corporate owners of them. Yes, but he got extensions and other privileges from cities. How? He declares that he never bribed anybody, directly or indirectly. Very well, but Mr. Johnson says that he contributed to campaign funds, that he contributed to the funds of both parties when he had business to do, and he admits that he did this to influence votes on his business. And he adds, with a candor as honest as Hanna's ever was, "I understand now that that is just as corrupt and dangerous as cash

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bribery." It is worse. It is systematic. And Mr. Johnson understands what I mean by that. Mr. Johnson understands what perfect honesty is. He says Horace Andrews has it, and to prove it he told me once a story which illustrates perfectly the difference between himself and Hanna and Andrews. Both street-railway combinations wanted something. Hanna went ahead and bought it; the cost was $40,000. Then Hanna thought the "Big Con" ought to pay its share, and the "Big Con" directors, Johnson included, were willing. But Andrews refused absolutely, as his custom was. "Then," said Mr. Johnson, "I discovered that about $20,000 of that $40,000 was for legitimate expenses, so I said to Andrews: 'Here, Horace, is a way out of this. We can pay the honest half of that bill and let Hanna foot the other half.' But Andrews said that that was a flimsy subterfuge, and, of course, he was right." So I conclude that while Mr. Johnson had scruples unknown to the Hannas, he was willing to do things that Horace Andrews wouldn't do. In brief, Tom Johnson, in business, did what was necessary to the furtherance of his business.

But the men who wanted to make Hanna president, and who deal now with Cox and Foraker, Murphy and Platt and Aldrich — the clients and friends of such as these cannot tell me that they hate Johnson for the evil he may have done as a business man in politics. There is something back of all their charges. What is it? I think we are close now to a truth that we must see plainly if we are to understand why our governments, city, state and national, are corrupt, and, also, why our reforms fail so regularly.

Tom Johnson is the "business man for mayor" that business men have been prophesying so long must come along some day to give us a "good business administration of a city government," and, now that he has come, Business hates him because he has given Cleveland not only good government, but representative government; not only clean streets, but clean tax lists; he has stopped not only blackmail, but bribery; he tackled not only low-down petty police and political graft, but high-toned, big, respectable, business graft, both legitimate and illegitimate. Tom Johnson is a reformed business man. His reform began at home; he reformed himself first, then he undertook political reform; and his political reform began with the reform of his own class. And that is Tom Johnson's sin.

Tom Johnson's Story

One day, at the height of his money-making career, the newsboy on a train offered him a copy of Henry George's "Social Problems." He was pushing it away, when the conductor happening to pass, said: "That's a book you ought to read, Mr. Johnson." So he took it, read it; it threw a flood of light, especially upon his business; and he read more of Henry George, met the man, became a disciple, and managed one of the great Single-Taxer's political campaigns. Convinced of the injustice of privileges, Mr. Johnson did not quit turning privileges into money; he was twitted on the point while he was a member of Congress in 1891; and his answer shows how he excused himself. Mr. Johnson moved that the duty on steel rails be removed. Mr. Dalzell, the Republican leader interrupted Johnson to ask him if he, a manufacturer of steel rails, was not a beneficiary of the duty on them. Johnson said he was; that he got a higher price for his rails because of that duty; but that, as a member of Congress, he represented not himself, nor his mill, nor his stockholders, but his constituents; and that as a free trader he wished to commence his reforms along the line in which he was interested. So he continued his motion to put steel rails on the free list. In other words, his position was that while as a business man he would take advantage of the favoritism of his government, as a citizen and as a politician, he would fight all privileges as economically unjust. Another amusing incident occurred at Detroit. As the manager of the street-car system, Johnson was seeking from the city a double-track privilege. Mayor Pingree was against the grant, "but" said Mr. Johnson, "Pingree didn't know why; he came to me and said he knew there was something the matter with the ordinance, and wouldn't I tell him what it was that was wrong? I laughed. I said I wouldn't tell him what he wanted to know, but I would tell him this much: 'If', I said, 'I had the say for the city in this thing, I'd see Tom Johnson in hell before I'd let him have it.'" When the hearing was held, Pingree couldn't make his position very clear; he hesitated and then he said he didn't understand the ordinance but he pointed at Johnson, and he said: "But I can tell you this. Tom Johnson there told

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me that if he was in our places he'd see Tom Johnson in hell before he'd grant it." Everybody looked at Johnson who laughed heartily. "Yes, I did say that," he admitted, "but it is a dirty trick to tell it on me."

So he knew what he was about in business, but he kept at it till he had made his money. Then, when some men go in for yachting, or the Senate, and give money to charity and churches, colleges and libraries, Tom Johnson gave himself and his money to politics, to municipal reform as the mayor of Cleveland. And as a mayor he knew what he was about.

His platform as a candidate was equal taxation and "three-cent fares with universal transfers" on the street railways; "good" government was a side issue; he threw that in. His idea was to make that city government represent and serve all its people. That doesn't sound bad, but applied by an expert big business man who knew just where the System lay and who reached for it with ability and humor, Mayor Johnson's simple idea had mixed and terrible consequences.

His first move was at the inequalities and favoritism of the tax lists. He had Peter Witt organize a Tax School. Peter Witt loved the work. It consisted in finding out the assessments of real estate, block by block or ward by ward. Great maps were made, and on these each piece of property was plotted, and in each plot Peter Witt wrote the assessment on it. You can imagine the result. But when this was done, Peter Witt asked all the property owners to call together to see that result, and you can imagine the effect of this "first view." There were inequalities, and, with the property owner by to agree, they were straightened out against the next year. Now wasn't that a good thing to do? No. The System got out an injunction and stopped the unlawful expenditures on the Tax School.

The next reach, at about the same time, was for the undervaluation of steam railroads. Now the railroads in Ohio had long since got through corrupting the state. As we have seen everywhere, when the railroads have had all they want out of a state in the way of privileges, they keep up only enough steam to keep the government corrupt. They are there, though you can't always see them. Mayor Johnson could see them. He, Professor Bemis and, later, Carl Nau, an expert accountant, produced figures showing the gross and ridiculous undervaluation of railroad property as compared with other property in the state and with railroad property in other states. These figures, laid before the auditors by the Mayor and his assistants, produced no results. The railroads owned the boards. Detectives who shadowed the auditors found that all the auditors, but one (Robert C. Wright, whom Johnson nominated later for auditor on his ticket) traveled on passes and wined and dined with the railway counsel. Mr. Johnson appealed from the local to the State Board of Equalization, but that board also refused to act. Mayor Johnson appealed next to the Supreme Court to compel the state board to act; the court held that the legislature alone could remedy the evil. Mayor Johnson went to the Legislature of 1902, and the legislature adjourned without action. It was not till 1903 that the state tax on railroads was increased from one-half of one, to one per cent on the gross receipts, just about doubling the tax, and then only with railroad consent and in fear of "socialistic" agitation.

Another simultaneous move was for the local public utilities companies. The Mayor appoints the City Board of Equalization; and Johnson's board added $18,000,000 to the tax valuation of the street-railway and lighting companies. Now it was the System's turn to appeal. They went to the state auditor, and they did not go in vain. The State Board of Tax Remission remitted, without any given reason, the entire increase and the legislature empowered the Republican county auditor of Cuyahoga Co. (Cleveland) to destroy the City Board. Johnson appealed to the Common Pleas Court to restore his board's valuation; denied; to the Circuit Court; denied. Meanwhile, however, the citizens were interested, and they elected Robert C. Wright, (Dem.) county auditor over Craig (Rep.). Now the biggest item in this fight was a claim by Johnson for $2,000,000 back taxes from the public service corporations, and Wright was to collect it. When he entered his office he found that Craig had settled secretly with the companies for $113,000. And when Wright began to investigate the returns, the state auditor ordered him off. Wright proceeded, nevertheless; he added back values amounting to $1,858,000; the state board remitted them, and the case was taken into court where it still is pending. As in the case of the railroads, in spite of this succession of defeats, the public service people have consented to increased

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assessments from $3,520,245, in 1900, to $7,814,120, in 1904.

Judicial Anarchy of Big Business

All these, however, were mere skirmishes around the great central fight which raged over "three-cent fares and universal transfers." The street railways wouldn't hear of it. Horace Andrews said they couldn't live; Johnson said they could; Hanna, who had been calling Johnson a socialist, now added "anarchist-nihilist." I believe Horace Andrews has proved to Johnson since, that universal transfers are not practicable in so large a city, but he believes in three-cent fares and when the railways showed no disposition to budge, he and the city council established routes for competing three-cent lines and, advertising for bids, induced street-railway men from out of town to bid. Now, business men apply such methods to one another, and they are all right then; but when this ex-street-railway magnate used them in the interest of a city, Big Business went mad. The first move was made by Johnson on Dec. 9, 1901. Two days later, the state system, through Attorney General Sheets, brought an ouster suit against the City of Cleveland, a suit, that is, to oust the whole administration. This sounds "socialistic-anarchistic-nihilistic," but it wasn't; it was Systematic. There was a run on Hanna's "Savings Bank," as he called his street railway, and something had to be done to save it. And something was done. On June 26th the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio ousted the Board of Control of Cleveland. Why? It had been created by special legislation. But all the charters of all the cities in Ohio were creations of special legislation, and this same court had upheld such special legislation from time immemorial. No matter. Special Legislation was unconstitutional; the Supreme Court would have to reverse itself sometime, and what was a better time than now when a Big Business man was running a city on Big Business lines? But by this decision all the city charters of all the cities in the state would fall. No matter. That court, to check Tom Johnson and help the Hannas, did declare unconstitutional all the city charters in Ohio. Oh, it was arranged so that the cities could do business, all but one; but that exception points the whole moral of this supreme act of the corrupt, misrepresentative system that rules the United States to-day. The exception was Cleveland; Cleveland could not grant, or consider granting, any more franchises.

Going to Cincinnati Again

But "they" were not through, not yet. Having torn down, they — and by "they," I mean the Hannas, the public service corporations and their political machinery, their banks and their courts — they had to build up something in the place of the ruin. They had to pass a general act giving one and the same city charters to all the cities in Ohio. Where did they go for a model? They went to Cincinnati.

Let's run down there again to see what Cox has done since 1898 to make Cincinnati the model Ohio city. He has "Russianized" it. His voting subjects are all down on a card catalogue, they and their children and all their business, and he lets them know it. The Democratic Party is gone. Cox has all the patronage, city, county, state and Federal, so the Democratic grafters are in Cox's Republican Club. That club contains so many former Democrats that "Lewie" Bernard, John R. McLean's political agent, says happily, that he is waiting for a majority, to turn it into a Democratic club. And "Lewie" Bernard's machine remnant is in touch with Cox when "John," as Cox calls McLean, doesn't want anything, either office or revenge. Conventions are held, and Cox plans them in detail. If he has been hearing mutterings among his people about the boss, he is very ostentatious in dictation; otherwise he sits in his favorite beer hall, and sends in to those of his delegates whom he wishes to honor, slips containing the motions and nominations each is to make. But there must be no nominating speeches. "Takes time; all foolishness; obey orders and get done." He picks ward leaders, and they deliver the votes. The citizens have no choice of parties, but they must get out and vote. Cox is good to some of them. If they knuckle under, he puts respectable men up for the school board. He has little use for schools; not much graft in them; except to cut down their appropriations in favor of fatter departments, and as a place to try respectable men. If they take orders on the school board, Cox tries them higher up, and he has a-plenty. The press is not free. The *Post* and the *Citizens' Bulletin*, the last a weekly organ of the smallest but one of the most enduring groups of reformers in America — these are the only papers that

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ever speak out honestly for the public interest. Official advertising, offices for the editors, public service stock and political prospects for the owners, hold down the rest. It is terrible. The city is all one great graft; Cox's System is the most perfect thing of the kind in this country, and he is proud of it.

"What you think of it?" he asked, when I had finished and was taking leave.

"Pretty good," I said.

"Pretty — !" He was too disgusted to finish. "Best you ever saw," he retorted, firmly.

"Well, I can't tell," I said. "My criterion for a graft organization is, How few divide the graft. How many divide it here?"

"Ain't no graft," he grumbled.

"Then it's a mighty poor thing."

He pondered a moment. Then, "How many do you say divides up here?"

"Three at least," I said. "You and Garry Herman and Rud Hynicka."

"Ugh!" he grunted, scornfully, and wagging one finger slowly before my face, he said: "There's only one divides up here."

Of course, that isn't true. He must mean only political graft, the campaign fund, police blackmail, contracts, etc., etc., and even that goes partly to others. Cox admits owning two millions, but some of his followers are very rich also. Cox wouldn't lie about a point like that; but he is growing vain and hates to see other men stand up like men and to hear them admired. They tell how once, in a beer hall when Herman and Hynicka, his two chief lieutenants, and some others were talking to some outsiders quite like free independent men, Cox who had been poring over his beer, broke in hoarsely, "But when I whistle you dogs come out of your holes, don't you?" They were still. "Don't you, Garry?" the master repeated. "That's right," said Garry.

But there is lots of graft besides political graft in Cincinnati, bankers' and business men's graft. Cox is reaching for that, too. Some Cleveland and Cincinnati financiers organized a trust company in Cincinnati, and they took Cox in for his pull and the public moneys he could have deposited there. A quarrel arose and Cox, taking one side, told the others to buy or sell. They sold, of course, and Cox, becoming president, wrote a letter to office-holders inviting them to use his bank; the letter to school teachers was published. Certain financiers of Cleveland and Cincinnati got up a scheme to take over the Miami and Erie Canal. They gave Cox stock for Cox's pull on the legislature, and his letter to the legislators was published. The bill was beaten; business men all along the canal were grafting the water for power, and they fought for *their* graft. The company had floated its stock and bonds, and the failure of the legislature threw the "canal scandal" into a receivership. Some of the financiers are in trouble but Cox is safe, and the scheme is to go through next year. Cox was in the scheme to sell or "lease" the Cincinnati Southern, the only steam railroad under municipal ownership. Leading citizens of Cincinnati concocted this grab, but the Germans beat it; and, though it went through later, the city got much better terms.

So, when Cox says only one divides the graft in Cincinnati, he probably means that one man can dispose as he will of all of it, police, political, and financial, as the examples cited indicate, but he has to let all sorts of men in on it. And he does. And that is his best hold on the graft. They talk in Cincinnati, as they do in Philadelphia, of apathy. Apathy! Apathy is corruption. Cincinnati and Philadelphia are not alseep; they are awake, alive. The life is like that of a dead horse, but it is busy and it is contented. If the commanding men, of all the natural groupings of society, were not interested in graft, no city would put up with what satisfies Cincinnati. For Cincinnati is not unhappy. Men like Elliot H. Pendleton, Rufus B. Smith, and a dozen others are eating their hearts out with impotent rage, but as for the rest ——

The rest are in it for profit or — fear. The bums get free soup; the petty criminals "get off" in court; the plain people or their relatives get jobs or a picnic or a friendly greeting; the Germans get their beer whenever they want it; the neighborhood and ward leaders get offices and graft; "good" Democrats get their share of both; shopkeepers sell to the city or to politicians or they break petty ordinances; the lawyers get cases, and they tell me that the reputation of the bench is such that clients seek lawyers for their standing, not at the bar, but with the ring; the banks get public deposits and license to do business; the public utility companies get franchises and "no regulation;" financiers get canals, etc., they "get blackmailed," too, but they can do "business" by "dividing up"; property owners get low assessments,

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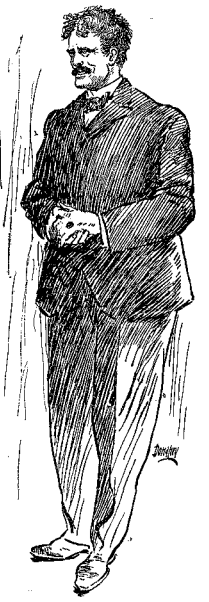
or high; anybody can get anything in reason, by standing in. And anybody who doesn't "stand in", or "stand by", gets "nothing but trouble." And there is the point that pricks deepest in Cincinnati. Cox can punish; he does punish, not with physical cruelty, as a Czar may, but by petty annoyances and "trouble", and political and business ostracism. The reign of Cox is a reign of fear. The experience that made my visits there a personal humiliation was the spectacle I saw of men who were being punished; who wanted to cry out; who sent for me to tell me facts that they knew and suffered and hated; and these men, after leading me into their back offices and closing the door, dared not speak. They had heard that I was shadowed, and they were afraid. Afraid of what? They were afraid of their government, of their Czar, of George Cox, who is not afraid of them, or of you or of me. Cox is a man, we are American citizens, and Cincinnati has proved to Cox that Americans can be reduced to craven cowards.

Russianization of Ohio

And Ohio proves that the kind of men that rule us would be willing to see us all Russianized like this. When, in the fall of 1902, the legislature of Ohio met in special session to adopt one municipal code for all the cities of the state, the men who dominated that state and its legislature — Hanna, Foraker, Cox, Dick and the rest — sent to Cincinnati for their bill. Now, I don't believe that charters make government good or bad; I believe the character of the people of Cincinnati makes Cincinnati what it is; and I believe the citizenship of Cleveland makes Cleveland what it is. But the Federal plan of concentrated power and responsibility, on which the charter of Cleveland was drawn, helped her citizens to rule themselves and the so-called board plan of scattered irresponsibility which has been built up in Cincinnati helped Cox to rule Cincinnati. At any rate, the citizens of each place think so, and so do the grafters, big and little. And, with the citizens of both these cities and of the other cities protesting, the big grafters who ruled Ohio took from Cox's men, who drew it, a code modeled on the Cincinnati board plan; and they made their legislature adopt it for Cleveland and Ohio!

For the Cleveland of Tom Johnson and the Ohio of Hanna. What does it all mean? It means what Hanna means. Hanna is dead, but the spirit of Hanna lives. What does Hanna mean? Unless I have failed to do that man full justice, I have shown that Hanna meant no evil. He was not a bad man. He was the kind of American we all like, the kind that wanting something, goes after it, fighting, destroying, hurting other men and, if necessary, corrupting and undermining the government and American institutions, but — winning. They do not mean to do harm. Hanna did not mean to injure the government. When he attended that special session, he was there not to make the men of Cleveland what the men of Cincinnati are, not to make the government of Cleveland as bad as the government of Cincinnati. He wanted a street-railway franchise; the Cleveland of Tom Johnson wouldn't give him one. He tried to get one from that special session; his control was so absolute that his friends say they had a hard time making the old man understand why a special legislature, called for another purpose, could not give him a perpetual grant to the streets in Cleveland! No, Hanna saw only that down in Cincinnati a business man who wanted a franchise could have one; he might have to pay Cox, but he could get what he wanted in his business. People called Cox a boss, but what of that? He wasn't a "socialist-anarchist-nihilist" like Tom Johnson. Mark Hanna was a good man spoiled by the privileges our government let him steal; he came to think that, not only his franchises were his very own private property, but our government also.



Alas! "Poor Herrick"

Now, is it clear why Mayor Johnson, came to run for governor of Ohio? He had to. The System, beaten in Cleveland, had retreated to the state and there, with its legislature, its courts and its other cities, it was preparing to crush him and conquer Cleveland. Hanna, Cox and the Cox-McLean Cincinnati "Democrats" beat Johnson that time. They elected a "good" banker,

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Myron T. Herrick. Poor Governor Herrick! I saw him soon after he entered office. He is affable, but weak; everybody spoke well of him then, and he would have done very well, but they gave him the veto and then his boss died. Banker fashion, he tried to please everybody, made incompatible promises, tried to escape, but was caught naked in his weakness, and now everybody is too hard on him — except the System. The System leaders make a wry face, but they found him "safe." He carried out a bargain Hanna had made with the brewers. Without knowing that there was a System, he signed a bill to transfer city elections from the spring to the fall; after telling me that he believed the Cleveland School System was the best in the country, he signed, against the protest of all the earnest educators in the state, a bill which put upon Cleveland and all the other cities, Cincinnati's big board plan. Herrick was to be renominated, therefore, and he may be re-elected. The System has a strong hold on Ohio. "We have the farmers always," said one of its leaders. But Ohio will escape.

Cleveland or Cincinnati?

The signs of promise? The boss is dead, the throne is empty and there is no heir in sight. The people are beginning to see things. Even in Cincinnati, (Cox scoffed when I told him so) there is some discontent, and the nucleus of veteran reformers are finding recruits willing to line up against Cox, "just Cox," for a fight, not to throw out the slot machines, not to ameliorate particular evils but to restore representative government and be free, wholly free. Dayton is bad and glad of it; "we hope to be as 'good' as Cincinnati some day," one of its rulers told me. Southern Ohio is pretty low. But the spirit of the late Mayor Jones lives in Toledo, and though its citizens have to present "petitions in boots" to get it, they do get representative government. And in Cleveland, we have, as I write, this spectacle: Two street-railway men, Mayor Johnson representing the city, President Andrews his stockholders, negotiating in public for the disposition of the street-railway system. There is no excitement, no bad feeling, no suspicion of boodle or corruption. Some franchises have expired, others are falling in; all must be renewed. Mayor Johnson opposes any renewal except upon terms which will bring to the city two things: First, the removal of the street railways out of politics; second, the benefit, in the form of reduced fares, improved service, or profits, of all that increase of earnings which will come with the natural growth of the city. Mr. Andrews says this is fair, so it is all a question of terms. Mr. Andrews wants par for his stock. Mr. Johnson points to the market price, 78, and offers more — to be fair. But he will not close a deal without a vote of the people.

"And they will be fair," Mayor Johnson told me, and Mr. Andrews said: "Oh, they will be fair."

So the cynics lie who say that capital has to corrupt a democratic government to get a "square deal" from the people. Such men as Horace Andrews, an honest conservative, and Tom Johnson, a patient liberal, could settle Cleveland's street-railway problem, they and the people they both trust. But will they? Their spirit would settle all our political problems. But will it? See now the other side of the picture: Back of Johnson lurk the red radicals, sneering, eager to throw a brick; and back of Andrews, sneaks his big stockholder who also sneers, and, like the anarchist that he is, stands ready to throw — a bribe. And this other spirit, the spirit of the Hannas, who cried "down with the nihilist-anarchist-socialist," and annihilating all city charters, waded through municipal anarchy to the class socialism of Cincinnati, this same spirit was corrupting councilmen in the interest of the lighting company while I was in Cleveland, and it was holding at the state capital a bill to take away from the cities and give to a state board the power to deal with all the franchise questions in Ohio, state and country, too.

The forces of evil, beaten in the city, hold the state. The forces of good, winning in Cleveland, fighting in Toledo, hopeful in Cincinnati, to hold their own, must carry Ohio. Ohio, — the whole state — has to make the choice, the choice we all have to make: Cleveland or Cincinnati. The Herricks and Dicks and false "Fire Alarms" won't do; we cannot "stand pat." It is the square deal, or bribes and brickbats; Horace Andrews or Mark Hanna; Tom Johnson or George Cox, all over the United States.

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THE SHEARS OF ATROPOS

BY

HENRY C. ROWLAND

AUTHOR OF "SEA SCAMPS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES RAYMOND MACAULEY

"WILL you please tell me why it is, Doctor," said Leyden, "that when you and I are foregathered in this part of the ship at this hour of the evening we must immediately proceed to rake the lockers of our recollection for the morbid and anomalous?"

He was silent for a moment, letting his steady gray eyes rest upon the streaks of phosphorescent spume churned up about us by the stiff following trade. Abeam lay the moonlit isle of Curaçoa, so near that one could see the towering yuccas standing sentinels upon the ridges of the broken hills; could almost see the yellow of their blossoms, for this moon gave color as well as perspective.

"This was in Borneo, Doctor," he began abruptly. "I had been sent there on a head-hunting expedition; odd, is it not, but appropriate! A countryman of mine, who was writing a book on anthropology, had sent me there to take photographs, and notes, and measurements, and to collect specimens of skulls as I saw fit — attached or unattached, that was my lookout. You know, Doctor, that although the coast of Borneo is occupied by Malays, Bajaus, or Sea Gypsies, Bugis, Chinese, and immigrants from Polynesia, very little is known of the interior which is the exclusive domain of the great family of Dyaks, which is itself divided into several tribes. It was of the Punan and Olo-ot, who are fairly pure, that my employer wanted specious information.

"I had taken with me one white man; oddly enough a tourist, a New York lawyer named Lynch, whom I had met in Singapore.

"I will not attempt to describe our adventures, nor what we found inside the island, for all of that you can read in my patron's book. Eventually, we struck the head of a river which according to my reckoning would take us down to a little trading port called Bangan, and I had learned from a few friendly natives that there was a missionary station not far below us.

"We slipped down this rapid stream and late upon the third day, as we turned into a long reach of the river, saw a clearing at the other end. As we drew nearer we were surprised to find near the edge of the bank a new stockade; the gum was still oozing from the stakes. To the right were some long, low buildings of which I did not like the look. These also were very new; in fact, still in process of construction, and as I examined them through my glass I discovered some bungling contrivances hanging from a projecting rafter.

"'Neck-yokes,' said I to Lynch. 'We have stumbled on a slaver!'

"'Here comes a white man,' he replied. There were a few natives watching us from the top of the bank, and through these there came a man of huge stature with a rough red beard and dressed in a suit of embroidered silk pajamas. The people wilted away from him as he approached, then fell in behind, walking with the curious drop-kneed gait of bush-folk the world over when ill at ease. This giant strode to the edge of the bank, and stood glaring down without a word.

"'Good evening,' observed Lynch, and shoved the canoe to the bank.

"'Where are ye from?' said the fellow, with a rough Caledonian accent, and staring down with his red beard thrust out and his small pale eyes watching us suspiciously. His sleeves were rolled up to the elbow, and his huge forearms, covered with shaggy hair, were folded across his bulging chest.

"'From the other side of the island,' said Lynch. He stepped out on the bank as if he

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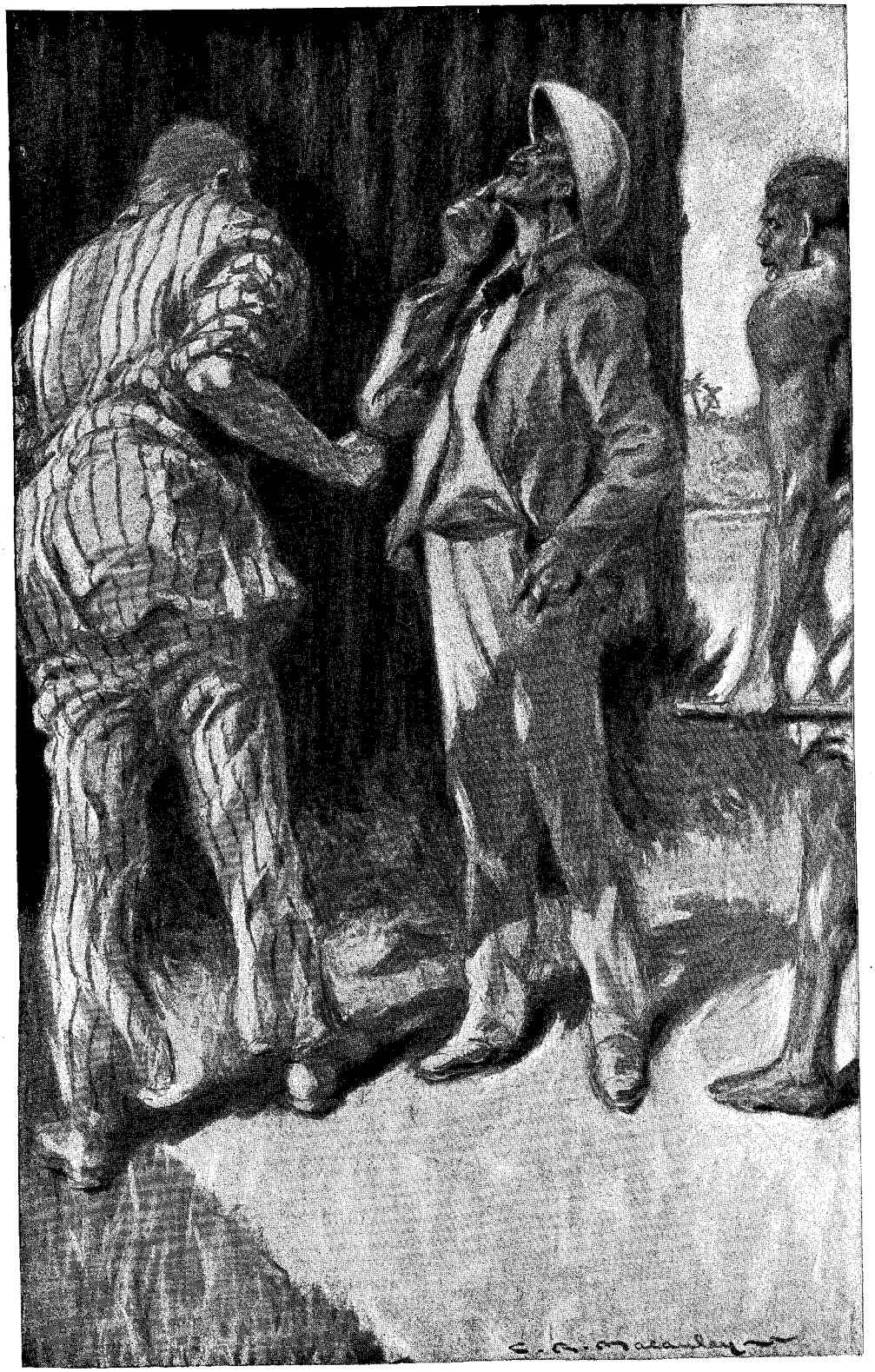

"'I see that you go in for heads a bit yourself, Mr. Cullen'"

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had been invited, and proceeded to moor the canoe.

"'What's this ye're doin'?' growled the red-bearded giant above him. His great arms had dropped to his side, and one could see how the thick muscles held them with bent elbows.

"'Hitching the boat' replied Lynch indifferently. He did so, and walked to the top of the bank.

"'Whose house is that?' he asked.

"'The hoos is mine,' growled the man, 'and 't is no tavern I'm keepin' — d'ye see?'

"'Oh, I quite understand that,' said Lynch pleasantly. 'Of course, you wish us to be your guests.' He turned to me. 'Doctor,' he said, 'this gentleman wishes us to stop the night with him.' He turned to the other. 'Very decent of you, I'm sure, especially as my friend has a touch of the fever, and ought to rest up a bit.' He proceeded to direct the unloading of the canoes, even calling some of the red man's retainers to assist.

"The face of the fellow was purple, but it seemed as if Lynch's assurance had robbed him of speech. He stood glowering like a great Guernsey bull, while Lynch went back and forth about him as if he had been an obstructing tree.

"'You see, we are naturalists,' Lynch began, talking as he worked. 'Some of these boxes contain trade-stuffs, but most of them are full of heads — skulls, you know; very interesting — I will show you some, if you like. I suppose your people are honest? I fancy this stuff will be safe right here where it is. Hi' — ' he relapsed into the dialect, and before I knew what was going on, two of the boys had me up the bank.

"'Permit me to introduce Doctor Leyden; I am Mr. Lynch — ' said this extraordinary lieutenant of mine, 'and now, sir, if you will lead the way — '

"'Ye're takin' a deal for granted — ' began the man in a surly voice.

"'I'm taking it for granted that you are the missionary,' said Lynch calmly. 'If you are not, it really makes no difference. No white man could help being glad to accommodate two other white men in a place like this, and although you do not keep a tavern, perhaps we can render you some service in return for your hospitality. We have more firearms than we will need — '

"'Ye're verra kind — ' growled the man, but I saw his pale, swinish eye lighten a bit, and guessed that Lynch, with his usual tact, had touched him. 'Of course, I'll gie ye a lodgin' for the night, though I've little to offer strangers.' He walked sullenly ahead, Lynch following him; and I noticed that, although my companion was a tall, well-built man, the other topped him by half a head, and the breadth of a hand across the shoulders. I do not think that I have ever seen a more powerful brute; all bone and muscle, and something in the shiftiness of his pale, cunning eye told me that he was not without a corresponding share of guile.

"As we drew near to the stockade I saw that it was quite new, and then Lynch reached behind him and pinched my foot as I lay on the stretcher. I looked up and, would you believe it, Doctor, on every sharpened stake that formed the front of that stockade there was a *human head!* They had been there varying lengths of time, I judged, but the — eh — evidences of the recency of some were quite apparent.

"'I see that you go in for heads a bit yourself, Mr. Cullen,' said Lynch in his pleasant voice, but hardly was the name between his lips when this hairy giant of ours wheeled on him like a boar. You know the stiff, muscle-bound motion, Doctor, the swift sling of the rigid body all on one axis; the great, brutish head swung on its thick neck, the mean little eyes slanting up evilly. That is what this hairy brute was, a boar, with all of the cunning and surly moroseness of this animal. There was something horribly brutish in the swing of his shock head between the hulking shoulders as he turned on Lynch, and something horridly sinister in the yellow glint of his teeth beneath the bristling red mustache, which seemed to roll upwards like that which one sees on the headpieces of ancient Japanese armor. If he had turned to me like that I would have presented him with the muzzle of my pistol; *Ach!* and very possibly the bullet as well, for the secret of long life in my profession is to take no chances. I could not see, however, that Lynch moved a muscle, except to smile.

"'Where got ye that name?' snarled the man. His beard was thrust almost into Lynch's face, and I could see the twitching of his thick fingers.

"'On the collar of your pajamas,' said Lynch calmly. 'Do you observe, Doctor,' he continued, turning to me, 'that some of these skulls are quite different from any we have secured? Possibly our host might be willing

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to exchange — ' He turned to survey the exhibit with interest. 'What a Golconda it is, to be sure!' cried my New York lawyer enthusiastically. 'You are to be complimented on your collection, Mr. — eh — eh —— '

"'McAdoo,' supplied the red man sulkily, but with a strange quaver in his voice. I glanced up at him quickly, then looked away and at the stockade, for the glimpse I had of his face told me that the burly ruffian had received a fright. He could not have been pale, even if he had been dead, but there was a look in his eyes that meant fear, yes, and meant murder, too, for a beast of that sort can not become frightened without becoming homicidal at the same time.

"'Ye're very obsairvin',' he managed to say in a thick voice.

Lynch turned and regarded him benevolently.

"'You are very modest, Mr. McAdoo,' he replied genially. 'You really have a noteworthy collection here.'

"'They were folk not wanted here,' retorted McAdoo, with, what I could see, was a considerable effort, and then he gathered himself together for a supreme stroke; the one heavily-delivered blow of this round, and yet, do you know, Doctor, in spite of the man's overwhelming physical force and ominous aspect, there was something rather ridiculous in his manner of delivering this last menace; something of the lout of a schoolboy who defies his pedagogue, although he half believes that there may be a thrashing behind it; defies him because his nature is too churlish, and too abundant in a swinish sort of courage born of the sense of a potent vitality, to feel the fear of the result appreciable to a creature of the same courage, but a higher power of imagination.

"I flushed some frightened Dyak servants"

"'*Maybe ye'd like to add to this same collection* ' he said, and he said it with one mental arm raised to ward, in a manner of speaking.

"Lynch laughed outright. It might have been a part of his — what you Americans call *bluff*, but I believe that it was sheer amusement. I began to be convinced that Lynch possessed a very keen sense of a very dangerous sort of humor. He saw the thing just as I saw it; of course he would see it so, because, although I was a trifle slow in discovering it, he had put this man 'McAdoo' on the witness-stand the very moment he heard him speak, and he was cross-examining him and deriving infinite amusement from

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the process. Moreover, McAdoo himself, while too coarse-grained to understand it, was beginning to *feel* it, and there grew to be in his manoeuvres something of the sweating nervousness of a horse at the howl of a far-distant wolf; yet his ears were well back.

"'That's just exactly what we want to do, McAdoo,' he answered, and it almost seemed as if he was going to pat the ruffian on the shoulder, 'but we want to take a head or so in return.' He smiled genially into the wicked face, and actually *turned his back* upon the man and walked in through the gate, as if entering the compound of an old friend. Perhaps something told him that I had a hand on the butt of my revolver!

"Once inside the stockade, Lynch pushed matters; in fact he carried it to the verge of spoiling everything, but you see, Doctor, if this McAdoo had possessed the wit of a cockroach, or had been a little more lacking in that hereditary feudal instinct which made him uncomfortable in spite of himself in the presence of a gentleman, he might easily have slipped away and arranged our assassination, and this was precisely what Lynch did not intend that he should do. He told me afterwards that like *Javert* in 'Les Miserables' he was born with an instinct for a criminal, but I myself could deduct that this man McAdoo had more reason than mere surliness of disposition for not wishing us to stop at the mission-house. You see it had to be a mission; it was either that or a fort; there was nothing there for which to trade.

"All of this had entered my mind just as it had Lynch's, but although apparently careless, Lynch was in reality a painstaking man.

"We had entered the stockade, an enclosure of some size in the middle of which stood a bungalow which had once been pretty, and which was evidently far older than the structure surrounding it. There was not a soul in sight; yet one had the feeling of furtive eyes peering from behind slanted jalousies. Lynch looked about him critically.

"'Quite like an Australian ranch-house, is it not, Doctor?' he remarked, then turned sharply to our host. 'Have you ever been in Australia, friend McAdoo?'

"One could see the man's heavy jowl drop a trifle beneath his coarse red beard; his face looked flaccid — just for the second, and then the blood came pouring back until the veins across the side of his forehead became distended. His pale little eyes began to dance; just as those of a hog when he is about to make a rush — you know the look.

"'Where is Mr. Cullen — the missionary?' asked Lynch, sharply, and at this direct question the congestion of McAdoo's face faded in blotches, and the glitter of his eyes changed to a gleam of cunning.

"'He's gone away leavin' me in charge o' the station, and now if ye'll kindly step inside' — the brute actually mustered a sort of grin which was no doubt intended for an expression of good-will — 'I'll leave ye for a minute or two.'

"'Thank you,' said Lynch calmly. 'Doctor Leyden will wait here on the veranda, but I believe that I will go with you, if you don't mind. I should like to look around a bit.'

"'There's little enough to see,' growled McAdoo, but his tone was growing wary. 'I'll ask ye to bide here for a bit.'

"'Thanks,' said Lynch, and there was actually a sing-song tone of sarcastic *ennui* in his voice, 'but I've conceived such a fondness for your society that I really can't bear to have you out of my sight, friend McAdoo. We'll go together; the Doctor does not mind being left alone.'

"This to that desperado whom we both believed to be an escaped Australian convict, whose presence in the mission-house was still to be explained. Lynch was armed, of course; armed with one of the big revolvers your cow-boys carry, and in fact he had been a plainsman for a while after leaving college, and I knew that for all of his languid air, if McAdoo laid a hand on the butt of either of the two revolvers which he carried he would be a dead man before the weapon was half-drawn, for Lynch was a master of your Western American art of lightning extermination. It did not seem to me, however, that this would help matters much, as I had seen that the man kept a swarm of Malays about him; and Malays, even when ill-treated, are apt to be faithful brutes if the master who ill treats them inspires their respect, as no doubt McAdoo must or he would have been dead long before.

"McAdoo did not permit himself another exhibition of badly suppressed rage; the situation was growing too serious for such petty self-indulgence. Instead he assumed an air of awkward good-nature, which was far more sinister.

"'Please yourself,' said he, and walked away toward the gate with Lynch walking at his side; this time, however, I observed that my companion went out *last*.

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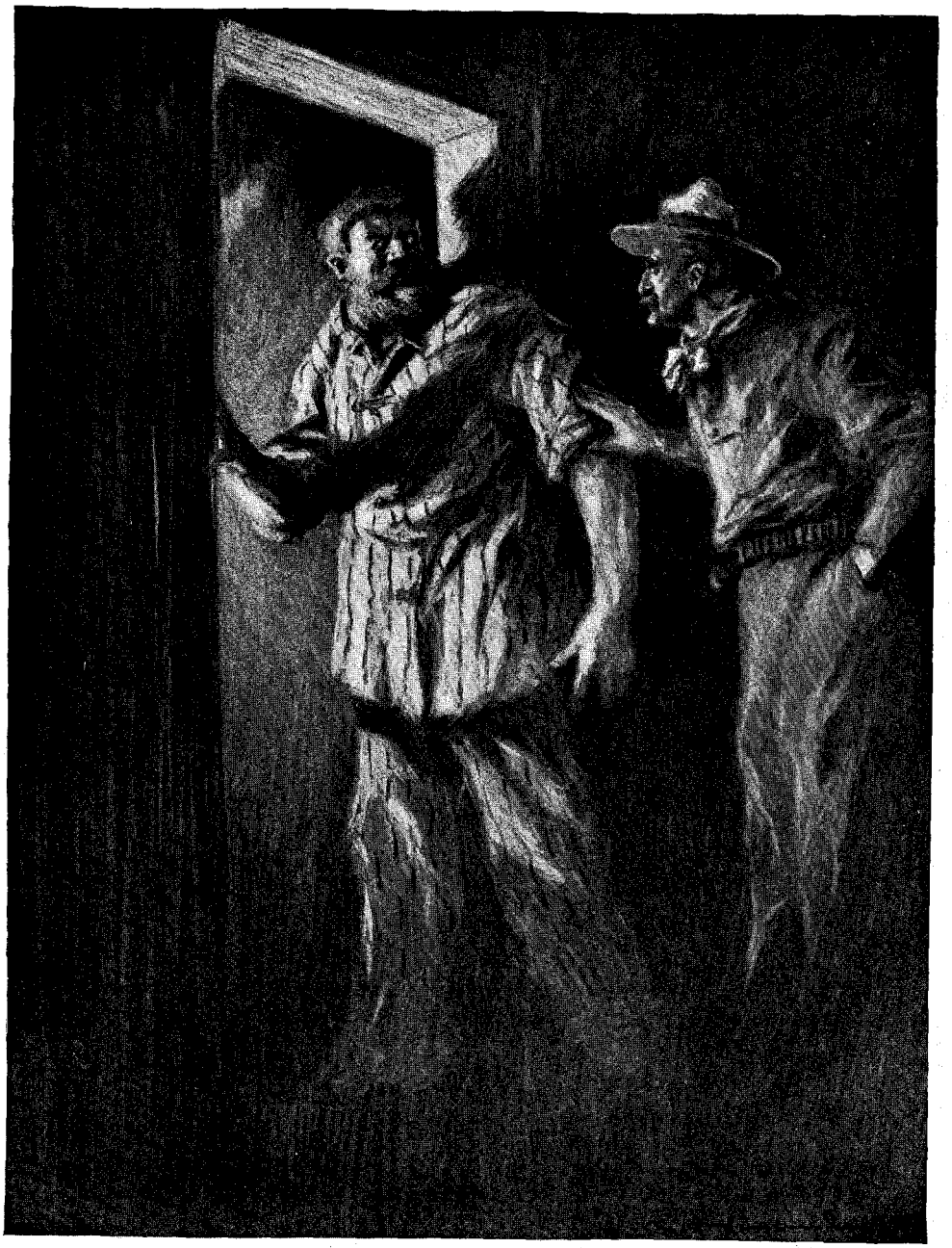

"the tension was high in that bungalow that night"

"When they had disappeared, I entered the silent house. My fever would not mount until late in the evening, and in the meantime though very weak I was able to get about. I went into the first room, which appeared to be a library and living-room. I had been in hundreds of such rooms in mission-houses the world over. The same classic pictures; the same neat rows of classic and unread books, and the same little heaps of much-read periodicals from 'home.' Then there were the local curios draped over the photographs of smug-faced relatives. Everything was in perfect order; there had been little traffic in that room since the — departure of the former occupants.

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"There was a rustle in the doorway and a white-clad figure paused on the threshold"

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"I passed from that to a room beyond, which I saw at a glance had been the missionary's study. There was here the same hushed waiting. One of the drawers was half opened, and there was a sharp line of dust across the papers within. There was a native-made waste-basket half filled, and on top was an envelope with an English stamp addressed to 'Rev. R. M. Cullen.'

"A man of method, as the order of his effects proclaimed him to be, would never have left his house without putting away his personal effects, Doctor, so I decided to rummage. I knew that missionaries invariably kept journals, for the sake of subsequent writing if nothing else. I reasoned that this diary would be in the desk, probably under lock and key, so I tried the different drawers and found one of them locked. When I had pried it open with my hunting-knife, I found the journal."

Leyden paused to light a fresh cigar, which I knew would go out after the first three puffs. Some of the smoke must have found its way into his trachea, for he coughed once or twice before proceeding.

"I am a hardened old campaigner, Doctor, and I have never had much sympathy with missionaries who have usually impressed me as inspired asses, but I will confess that as I read the poor chap's journal my throat swelled until it was difficult to swallow. Perhaps it was because I was weakened by my fever; at any rate, I must confess that when I had finished it the tears were pouring down my face. It was the record of a Christian hero, Doctor; a Christian martyr as well, as I discovered on reading the record of the last four days.

"First there had been three in the family — the missionary, his wife, and a daughter who, as I read on, I discovered to be a deaf-mute. Within the last year the wife had died, and not long after her death McAdoo had come up the river, 'prospecting,' as he said. At this time the missionary was planning to return to England.

"McAdoo had remained a month with the missionary during which time their relations had grown 'somewhat strained.' He had then departed, as Mr. Cullen hoped, for good, but *only a fortnight* before our arrival, Doctor, he had returned with the news that there was a trading schooner at the mouth of the river, and that the captain had agreed to give Mr. Cullen and his daughter a passage to Batavia, whence they could take a steamer to Amsterdam. McAdoo kindly offered to assume charge of the mission until he should hear from Mr. Cullen. In the meantime, however, the missionary had decided to remain, at hearing which McAdoo 'was unable to conceal his disappointment!'

"The following day McAdoo came to Mr. Cullen and advised him to leave, saying that he feared there was a plot among the natives to kill him. Mr. Cullen scoffed at these fears. The day after that he had a quarrel with McAdoo, and ordered him to leave the premises finally. The last words in the diary were: 'To my infinite relief the man, McAdoo, has gone down the river, and I pray that I may never see his wicked face again!'

"So much for the efficacy of prayer! I arose quickly, shoved the diary in my pocket and made for the rear of the house. I passed through what had been the dining-room on my way — *Ach!* — that was where the swine had nested! Something, superstition, distaste — I do not know what — had kept him away from the more intimate retreats of his victim — but the dining-room! — I have seen more cleanly barracoons!

"Rustlings had preceded me as I had moved through the house; they do in Oriental houses, you know, Doctor, just as they do in the forest; wherever furtive beings hold their existence. Now, I moved too rapidly for these rustlings, and in the kitchen I flushed some frightened Dyak servants; three women and an old man.

"'Take me to your mistress' I said to one of the women, and I said it kindly, but I do not think that I have ever seen more fright on a woman's face. After all, Doctor, to witness the horror of some one else is far more gruesome than the thing itself, is it not?"

I thought of the look I had once seen in the eyes of a man whose shoulder had been carried away by a piece of shrapnel, as he had glanced down and seen his wound.

"Nothing is more contagious than dread," I murmured.

"So I discovered a few moments later," muttered Leyden. "The woman led me to a hut a hundred yards behind the bungalow; a well-furnished hut, I think it may have been the mission-hospital — and there I found the daughter — the deaf-mute —— "

Leyden's voice had dropped until it was almost inaudible. I could not see his face in the dark, but I shivered.

"Of course," he went on in a careless sort of way, "I could talk with her, for although

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my ten modern languages and some twenty dialects all are spoken with the mouth, there is one dialect which is universal — and that is spoken with the eyes! We had a little conversation in this tongue, and then I sat down beside her and patted her hands and made her actually smile! They are simple folk — those on whom the hand of God has been heavy in this regard! Perhaps they are above these mundane things — but at the time I did not look at it in this way. Instead, I went back to the bungalow and waited in some impatience for the return of Lynch and McAdoo — and will you believe it, Doctor — just at this time when I needed myself the most, these accursed *plasmodia malariæ*, or whatever kind or species of *fission-fungi* it may be, began to start their segmentation, and segregation, and proliferation in my blood vessels, and I could feel the delirium creeping up my spine to my brain, just as some poor devil of a Passamaquoddy might have felt the fifty-foot rise of the Fundy tide creeping up *his* spine when some coterie of tribal enemies had staked him out on the flats at low water — except that in his case it was cold, and in mine it was red-hot!

"I had not long to wait, however. Back they came, McAdoo sullen but studious, and Lynch smiling and talking as if he were the honored guest. I noticed that his holster was unbuckled, however, and while he had been away I had entertained no fears for his safety — because, you see, I had heard no shot. Our coöperation was really quite admirable!

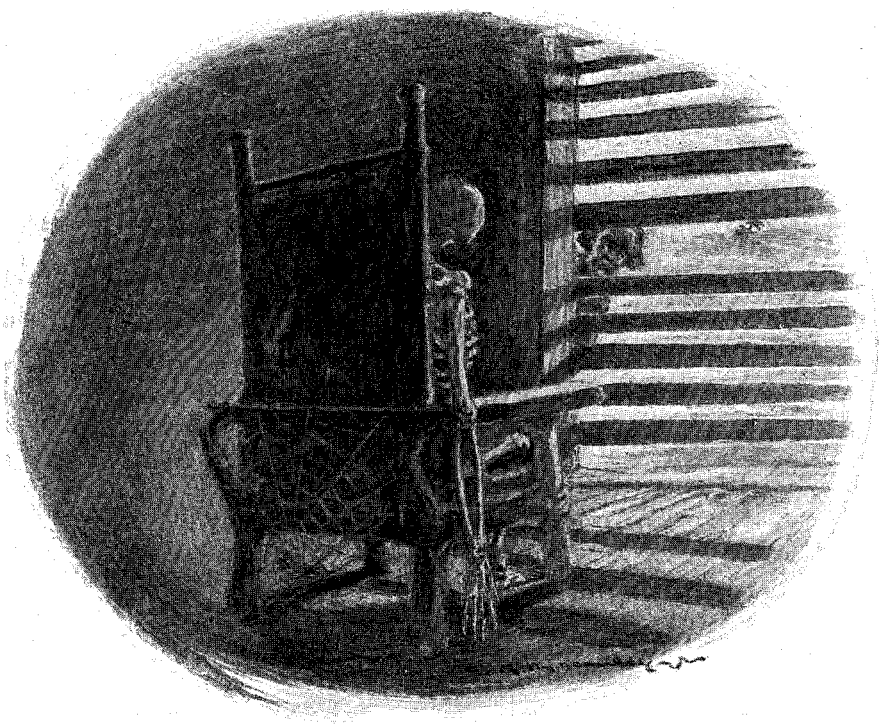
"'Lynch,' said I, and it seemed to me as if my voice came from a very great distance — the fever, Doctor, not emotion, I beg you to believe — I was never more composed mentally in my life. 'Lynch,' said I, 'will you and Mr. McAdoo kindly come into the library — there are some matters which I wish to discuss with you both.' It was growing dark then, so I clapped my hands — quite softly, but a servant flittered out of the shadow like a bat. The tension was high in that bungalow that night.

"'Bring lights,' I said in the vernacular.

"'And food,' suggested Lynch.

"'The food can wait,' I muttered, fighting hard against the inclination to sleep — to drowse — to be let alone, to enjoy my intoxication in peace. 'Come into the parlor!' I said, and Lynch told me afterwards that my manner was as snappish as a dog with distemper.

"The thing which is, perhaps, still held in that ample chair"



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"'After you, friend McAdoo!' said Lynch, rhymingly, and the accursed jingle got caught up in the swirl of ideas racing through my fevered brain, so that while I talked I kept hearing over and over, 'after you, friend McAdoo — after you, friend McAdoo — after you' — b'r'rgh! What is more frightful than trying to do mental work in the face of a delirium!

"I am not clear as to just what McAdoo said: it was Lynch who made the opening move, and this time he did not say 'after you, friend McAdoo!' He drew his revolver and waved McAdoo to a large lounging-chair. I shall never forget that chair; it was a home-made — or rather a native-made chair like those one sees to-day with a back, the angle of which is regulated by a rod behind, which is dropped into notches — you know the kind. At the top there was a little pillow for the head to rest against; a little 'baby-blue' pillow and it was hollowed in the middle where poor Cullen's head had rested — and worn until the fabric held in a streaky sort of way that showed the white beneath. It was probably made in England by some girl parishioner, and there was something in its homeliness that made me feel as the diary had.

"It was crushed beneath McAdoo's great shoulders as he sank into it — and he *did* sink, Doctor, as if he had been ham-strung. In the middle of the room there was a little bamboo table on which the servant was about to set the lamp, but Lynch motioned to place it on a shelf behind him. He himself sat at the table, facing McAdoo, his back straight, as the back of a thoroughbred should be, and the revolver lying in his hand near the middle of the table.

"I walked up to him, staggering a little, and threw down the diary.

"'What is this?' asked Lynch.

"'After you, friend — the diary of the Rev. R. M. Cullen! What do you think it is — a skull?' I snapped. He raised his eyebrows.

"'There is a divan at the end of the room, Doctor,' he said, without taking his eyes from McAdoo. 'Lie there, if you please, during our proceedings.' There was a cold, official note in his voice which seemed to recall the shuffle of heavy feet, whispers, whimpers, somnolence, on one side of the room and nerves stretched like the strings of a violin on the other. Dulled as I was, I could see that it brought back something to McAdoo, for it was at these very first words that he began to slump — doubly armed from the start as he had been, surrounded by his servants and in — the house which he had claimed as his own.

"Then Lynch began to read — intently and with no apparent thought of the man opposite him. I had sunk in a heap on the divan, deliciously relaxed — leaving it all to Lynch and humming to myself; 'after you, friend McAdoo, —' to myself, as I thought, until Lynch remarked coldly: 'Doctor, kindly refrain from interrupting the reading of the testimony.' Then I subsided, very much embarrassed.

"*Ach!* — how I see it now, Doctor, just as I saw it then; as if I was standing apart — a fourth person regarding the other three; Lynch with the light behind him, his face in the shadow, carefully reading the journal and apparently oblivious to the fully armed giant who appeared to have shrunk on sinking into the chair of his late victim, apparently oblivious to me also as I lay muttering on the divan at the end of the room, and rousing myself at longer intervals as the conflagration within my veins gained headway. The servant in placing the lamp upon the shelf had moved a little clock which had run down, and the jar had set it ticking and this and the sharp rustle as Lynch turned the leaves were the only noises in that room — unless my mutterings were audible, which may have been.

"Such a fever as mine is like a fire, Doctor; it leaps upward, then sinks, flickers, smolders for a while, and then bursts out to rage with fresh fury. It was in one of these lapses; one of these returns almost to the normal that Lynch finished his perusal.

"I opened my eyes as he laid down the journal with a smart slap. Lynch had turned half-way in his chair and the yellow light brought out in sharp profile his straight brow, short aquiline nose, and firm legal mouth and chin. There is a forensic type just as there is any other type, and this was Lynch's, except that there was to him an element of the terse and martial rather than the parliamentary. His revolver was lying in the center of the table, and his sinewy hands were in front of him, just beneath his chin, the finger-tips touching, the elbows on the arms of his chair.

"McAdoo was in the same position; the position of the rabbit confronted by the stoat, shoulders hunched, head sunk, muscle-

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heavy arms hanging limp outside the arms of the chair, utterly relaxed yet held half-bent by the tonic contraction of the biceps, and so utter was this relaxation that the hands seemed swollen, the veins on the dorsum stretched to bursting. His bloodshot eyes were fastened on the revolver in front of him which was nickled and threw the limpid lamplight from its separate planes in steady tongues of flame. Perhaps it was this that held him; the hypnosis; the somnambulizing of the optic nerve.

"'Where is the daughter of Robert Cullen?' asked Lynch, crisply. McAdoo started; his great head was raised with a jerk of such suddenness that one could almost hear the creak of the cervical vertebræ. And his voice! Ah, it was ridiculous! You have heard the whistle of this steamer, Doctor, when on entering a port the cord is pulled while the whistle is still filled with the water of condensation? It was such a noise!

"'Where is the daughter? — answer me, man!' said Lynch sharply.

"I clapped my hands and one of the soft-footed women slithered to the door of the room. It was the same who had taken me to the deaf-mute girl.

"'Bring your mistress hither,' said I. The woman vanished.

"Our speech had brought a change in McAdoo. The lusterless look had left his eyes, and even in my benumbed condition I detected a twitching of his thick fingers.

"'After you —' I began thickly, then realized that I was talking nonsense, but Lynch also had seen the movement. His hand fell upon the revolver.

"'If you move a muscle, you are a dead man, friend McAdoo,' he said softly. 'I fear that you are no better than a dead man as it is — but I should advise you not to bring the matter to a climax until all of the evidence is in.'

"We waited in silence; even the clock had stopped its ticking; the journal was lying on the table. Lynch, I remember, was twisting the ends of his wiry mustache with his free hand. Perhaps the tension had cleared my head; perhaps the drugs, taken as usual, four hours before the paroxysm was due, were beginning to act; at any rate my mind was active — abnormally so.

"The crisis had passed with McAdoo; he was no longer held by shock, surprise, rage, the psychic force of the man in front of him, or the hypnotizing force of the shining weapon. The little bullet *in* the weapon was all that held him now — and I do not think that it would have held him long — in that position — for he had the pluck of a pig, and his eyes were beginning to dance again when there was a rustle in the doorway, and a white-clad figure paused on the threshold.

"I looked at her face — and the sight of it chilled the fever in my blood, and whipped the mist of delirium from my brain. When I had seen her before, it had been the face of a beautiful child; a frightened, wretched child — but now it was different; matured. Lynch saw it, too — just the swiftest glance, and then his keen eyes flew back to the man who was only awaiting his opportunity. Afterwards, I learned that Lynch possessed the science of the sign language practised by these folk; he possessed also the science of developing upon his brain an instantaneous photograph taken with the eyes, and *this* science made the first unnecessary, for you see, Doctor, the girl was looking at her father's murderer — and who knows what beside — ah, how true it is, as you said a little while ago, that the horror reflected from the eyes of another is far more dreadful than the thing itself!

"Lynch made a movement of dismissal with his hand; a judicial gesture which told me that it was over; the verdict rendered; sentence pronounced — but I was puzzled for the next — eh — step!

"'Take her back,' I said to the servant.

"'Doctor Leyden,' said Lynch. 'Do you feel that you are in possession of your faculties?' My head was roaring like a cataract, my skin like ice, and my bones were smoldering coals, but my brain was clear — for the moment — too clear!

"'Quite,' I answered — 'in so far as this man is concerned.'

"'What is your opinion? What course would you advise in the matter?'

"'I would advise shooting him,' said I. 'He requires to be shot, and I do not think that we should waste much time about it. If you do not care to shoot him, I will do so myself,' I added. Personally, his death was necessary to our safety in a way, yet that did not occur to me. I was thinking of the diary, the little blue pillow, and the deaf-mute girl.

"'It makes no difference,' said Lynch, and his hand tightened on the stock of the revolver; then suddenly he paused — and I guessed why.

"'She cannot hear,' I said. 'She is deaf.'

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"'That is so — I overlooked the fact,' said Lynch softly.

"McAdoo was watching Lynch in a fascinated way — and I was watching McAdoo. When the report came he pitched forward, and I scrambled to my feet and rescued the little blue pillow."

Leyden was silent — and so was I. He did nothing, said nothing, but we both sat and watched the growing lights in the sea, the increase in the phosphorescence as the moon set.

"It was really a very simple matter," said Leyden lightly, "and it has always been a source of satisfaction to me. It was all so sensible; so many fools would have wanted to give the brute a chance. Lynch had the right idea; he did not even invite any closing remarks; the only one that was really apropos was made by his Colt, and was quite unanswerable.

"Would you believe it, Doctor, the people were sufficiently Christianized to regard the whole thing as a visitation. Not a soul was in sight when we left, taking the girl with us. Lynch himself conducted her back to England, and placed her in an institution.

"Yes — the trip was a success. My anthropologist thought so, I thought so, Lynch thought so, and I have not the slightest doubt that the semi-civilized Dyaks, who still slip through the shadows and peer between the jalousies of the ruined mission-house at the thing which is, perhaps, still held in that ample chair, think so as well."

THE CITY PHYSICIANSHIP

BY

LILIAN TRUE BRYANT

BILLY PARSONS adjusted the curtain so that to the passer-by the light from within fell first upon the sign "Dr. William Parsons," and then upon his largest diploma on the opposite wall. Having accomplished this important result, he turned his attention to the half-dozen sticks of wood behind the Franklin stove, a sufficient quantity, if used with care, to last through the night and through office hours in the morning.

Frost was beginning to gather on the panes, and Billy's chin settled into obstinate lines at the sight. He sat down before his desk in the corner, and drawing a girl's picture from a drawer propped it with a medical book and stared unsmilingly into the eyes looking up at him. Little by little his face softened, till before he knew it his head dropped on his hands; and Dr. William Parsons, twenty-nine years old, late instructor and house-physician at a well-known hospital, cried as only a strong man can cry, with slow, terrible tears.

Sleigh-bells jingled merrily outside, newsboys shrilled the evening papers, people streamed back and forth, an endless procession before his windows; and by-and-by Billy got up with a defiant toss of his head, walked briskly to the window and back, and decided to have supper. Crackers and milk at night, canned soup for breakfast (how

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he loathed it), and a substantial dinner at noon constituted his menu at present. Later on it would be less, since with all possible care his funds had dwindled alarmingly, and only the possibility of the city physicianship, with its salary of three hundred a year, stood between him and starvation; for custom has it that a physician shall be a physican, and nothing else, while working up a practice.

He put on his coat and, taking his grip, hurried out of the door with much bustle, much enthusiasm, much excitement, turning cautiously to observe from the tail of his eye the effect upon the pedestrians in sight. Anything was better than sitting in a lonely office with Ruthie's eyes upon him. He hurried down one street after another and, consulting his watch to see if he had been gone long enough to impress his neighbors, came quietly home, hoping, praying that he had been noticed. Truly, men are but children grown, with burdens all out of proportion.

All Hancock knew the Hon. Horatio Porter, fat-faced, pompous, and showing plainly his descent. Billy entered his office the next morning with a certain amount of reverence for the successful; leaving it, under the light of the Hon. Horatio's affability, feeling more like Dr. William Parsons than he had for some time and, what was more to the point, carrying with him a careful list of the city councilmen.

There were thirty-one, and it took an hour to classify them, with judicious pauses. It gave him once more the feeling of having legitimate work to do; and he entered the dining-room, his arena at present, with his head up, shoulders squared, and a carefully assumed air of responsibility, his audience watching him critically meanwhile, a fact of which he was perfectly conscious.

If only people would let him alone. He could starve with comparative comfort were he not obliged to smile and answer questions and tell lies fifty times a day for the sake of business. It undermined his sense of honor to be expected to expatiate continually upon his prospects, his opinions, his cases, when the only case he had had for six months was the well-worn one of leather which had held his books in times past. This counting of pennies and measuring sticks of wood and going without suppers and wearing summer clothes in mid-winter was all well enough — he had been through harder things than these — but the eternal air of enthusiasm, of plenty, of happy prosperity, of interest in everything under the sun save the one vital question, "Will you help me earn a living?" was what was wearing him threadbare in the fight. To-day, however, he ate his dinner with a clear conscience, and left the room, a wake of interest behind him at his absorbed silence. The new doctor was getting a hold. An appendicitis operation, probably. And so, while his world surmised and gossiped and criticised, Billy was plodding down a country road, his hands in his pockets, his coat collar turned high, newspapers folded across his chest, and his face set resolutely toward the thirty-first councilman, living the farthest from town, and, therefore, to be seen first.

The wind was bleak and cutting. The fields were deep and drifts filled the road. Billy floundered through them, bravely at at first, a little more slowly at the end of the three miles. He found the man comfortably mending a horse blanket beside the kitchen stove, his mouth full of tobacco, and a genial air of horse pervading the room. Billy stated his errand. The councilman shifted his quid. Billy's fingers were numb and he worked them nervously while he talked. His listener heard him unemotionally, no trace of interest or of understanding in his face. Billy finished his speech and waited. The councilman fixed his eyes on the other, and down, far down, somewhere in their undeveloped depths a tiny gleam of humor grew and grew and brightened and spread; and Billy gulped with sudden comfort and gratitude. Here, at least, was a man who had toiled, who perhaps knew what it was to be cold and hungry and desperate for honest work. The mask of brave expectancy dropped from Billy's face, leaving it worn and tired. He can smile at it now, but it meant so very much to him then, and it was long since he had dared be himself. A stream of tobacco sped deftly into the stove and the cover was replaced. "Sa-ay," drawled the man facetiously, "only a durn fool would foot it out here to-day in a summer overcoat and a derby."

A sickening revulsion of feeling swept over Billy, but his voice held its accustomed steadiness as he answered quietly, "Do you suppose I'm here for my health?"

The old armor of pride was on again. Once more the wind cut his face and the drifts choked his steps and the city spires

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rose sharp and clear at the end of the long, straight road. He stumbled on, blind with anger and pain and humiliation and a sense of dumb injustice at the irony of it, more bitter to bear than all else. Ten years of work, day and night, in college and hospital and laboratory for knowledge that had placed him shoulder against shoulder with the workers in his profession; and no one knew better than Billy the grades that help fill it. Ten years of close contact with clear-brained, brilliant, cultured men; and now, begging for a chance to earn his bread, waiting for the decision of an untutored farmer whose eyes saw humor in the fact that a man should freeze and starve and pray for a chance to show what was in him.

Absolute despair settled upon him, not because of this one failure, but at the dreary hopelessness of it all. This waiting till human beings were ready to accept him, nine out of ten judging by the material comforts, or rather, the lack of them, with which he was surrounded. It was well that Ruthie could not see him plodding heavily homeward. It was well she could not know the questions surging in his brain. Was it worth while? Did it pay? If a man's life depended upon such issues, whose business was it if he ended it all?

And then, by some strange process which we blindly feel but never explain, into Billy's soul came the unquenchable flame that had sent him from a little boy of six, all along the way paved with struggles and hardships, into college and through it, into the medical school and through it, teaching from the faculty's staff the very students with whom he studied at other hours, and whose fathers paid their bills while he stood alone.

It was dark when he reached his office and opened the door. On the floor was a letter, thick and firm and cheery. He took it greedily and went into the fireless, silent room and sat down at his desk. His face was white and pinched, but his eyes were brave. He lifted the letter reverently to his lips.

"Thank God for Ruthie," he said softly.

For the next three weeks Billy called upon thirty-one councilmen. Some votes were promised, some withheld, some given conditionally; and through it all the Hon. Horatio was a model of encouragement and and hope.

On the afternoon of the election Billy went to the office of the older man.

"I came in to thank you," he said briefly. "I won't take your time, but I'd like you to know how I've appreciated your help, whether I get the position or not."

"H'm-m," said the Hon. Horatio; "think you're going to?"

"Don't know," said Billy thoughtfully. "Bradbury says I stand a fair chance."

The Hon. Horatio tilted his chair.

"He does, eh?"

Billy nodded and, after a perceptible pause, went out. The Hon. Horatio walked to the window and watched him.

"Mighty fine fellow," he said irritably. "Clean as a whistle." And he drummed on the pane. "But young Abbott gets the place, and old Abbott works for me." He went back to his desk, pushed aside some papers, and settled his fat neck in his collar.

"Ain't pretending to be religious; never was," he said finally, and dismissed the matter.

Billy, meanwhile, had taken his grip and started on his rounds. The time would come when he could afford a horse. The city physicianship once attained would bring that; and then would come more practice and a home for Ruthie. He went up Congress Street hill. The Hon. Horatio lived there, and he turned toward the house in a passion of gratitude for the one hand held out to him.

That night the papers duly recorded an accident to the Hon. Horatio's son, reprimanding the city fathers in polite terms for allowing coasting on prominent streets, counseling parents as to the dangers thereof, and ending with the fact that Dr. William Parsons was in attendance on the case. They forgot, however, to record the look of unholy thankfulness with which he followed the little figure being carried up the steps of the Hon. Horatio's home; or the horror with which the head of the house opened his front door an hour later and was met by a waft of ether, an hysterical wife, and the awesome silence accompanying a surgical case. He sat down on the lowest stair and choked one word wretchedly at his wife.

"Benny?"

"Benny."

He felt suddenly old and thin. Death seemed to come home to him for the first time, and the years of his life stretched far behind. He felt the need of youth and its buoyancy as never before and, strangely enough, a certain face rose before him, its

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grateful eyes swiftly changing into those of reproach. A rush of longing for the boy up-stairs went over him. Without him what else remained in life but old age and childlessness and dreary colorless years.

Father and physician met in the upper hall, and again the Hon. Horatio was conscious of a distinct shock at the strength and straightforwardness and singleness of purpose of the younger man.

"Come and have a look at him," said the latter. His voice held a note of accustomed authority. He was no longer the anxious supplicant, but a man once more in the swing and excitement and power of his beloved profession, bent upon proving himself worthy of confidence in this community as he had been elsewhere in years past.

"I wil. stay here this evening," he said quietly. "I meant to go down and drum up my men; but you can tell me how it goes. You will be among the first to know."

The child stirred and Billy went into the room. Taking a bit of absorbent cotton he wound it deftly around a pencil and, moistening it with water, brushed the parched lips. The freckled face turned toward him gratefully and, with a woman's gentleness, Billy slipped his arm under the boy's head and freshened the pillow.

"Good Lord," said the Hon. Horatio, staring. "Good Lord."

He hurried down the stairs.

"'Ratio, 'Ratio," pleaded his wife; but he was gone. The time was all too short in which with the combined effort of money, pull, and influence of long standing he might hope to upset certain well-laid plans of his.

"There's such a thing as going too far," protested Bradbury helplessly, three belligerent men in his wake, an hour or so later.

"We pull together as long as it's for our good; but when it comes to being swung around like teetotums, one minute here, the next there — You can go to the deuce."

"Save a seat for me," said the Hon. Horatio.

It was long after midnight when he tiptoed up-stairs once more. All was quiet. The air still held its ether tinge, and the man shivered and grasped the railing, his superstitious soul sick with sudden fear. In the dimly lighted room sat a patient figure, and the Hon. Horaito put up his hand as if warding off the repressed misery and the agony of uncertainty that flamed in Billy's eyes.

"It's yours," he whispered.

Billy got on his feet and came out into the hall and held out his hands. His chin trembled.

"There, there," said the Hon. Horatio jerkily. "It wasn't business and it wasn't religion, and I'm blamed if I know what it was; but, at any rate, you and I are square."

Billy looked at him uncomprehendingly, noting suddenly his needs. "Come to bed," he said. "You're dead tired, and I'll give you something to quiet you."

And following the stalwart young figure down the long hall, once again the Hon. Horatio felt strangely old and dead and as if he would like a son — like — well, like Billy.

FOR ME, ROMANCE!

BY

GELETT BURGESS

FOR me, Romance! The golden lie for me,
That my dedalian gods know well for truth.
Yet not for me to solve their mystery;
The price of that dread secret would be — youth!

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A CLEAR CASE OF SCIENCE

BY

JAMES HOWARD GRAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

HULDAH KUPFER, Healer, sat on the south porch, placidly rocking. She was a comfortable-looking woman, so short that her feet touched the floor only when her chair tipped forward, making a regular tip-tapping on the boards. She hummed the air of a familiar hymn as she surveyed the green valley with happy eyes. Occasionally, the song ceased and the tip-tapping softened as she turned her head and listened intently to a voice from within the house issuing orders.

"Raise the south window two inches. No, I said *two*. (Groans). Put the west window clear down. I'm short of breath, and yet I feel I'm taking cold every minute. Put these pillows in the window to cool, and pile those cushions up behind me. (Groans). Hand me that paper. I may possibly be able to glance at the headings by suffering for it afterwards. (Groans). Now fill my glass full of well water, bring me a dipperful of spring water, and a cup of hot coffee — hot, mind you. My stomach refuses to bear luke-warm stuff."

The voice ceased, and heavy steps crossed the kitchen floor. On the porch the tip-tapping began again, and the hum. Within the house groans arose at regular intervals, one "O," followed by "dears," arranged in a monotonous falling slide. Back of the house the chain grated unpleasantly as it descended into the well, and, later, there was the sound of stove covers rattling in the kitchen. Later still, the heavy steps moved slowly through the kitchen again.

Mrs. Kupfer leaned forward and glanced through the open door. An old, white-haired woman was moving slowly, bearing a tray on which rested the coffee, two glasses of well water, and a dipperful of spring water. The moment she reached a certain door opening out of the kitchen, the invisible voice began again.

"Move this chair to the foot of the bed, and fix that pillow where the wind will blow on it. You'll be sorry for it if you don't stop that rocking on the porch. You have no sympathy with my suffering. My heart is fluttering now so that it nearly suffocates me. I'm afraid you'll have to be up with me to-night for I'm beginning to cramp now awfully. Bring me two hot flats *at once*."

The weary footsteps were heard again in the kitchen, and again the groans began, but the intervals were shorter, and there were six "dears" after each "O." On the porch the rocker stood still. Huldah Kupfer drew a watch from under her belt and consulted it, with a pucker on her smooth brow. She hitched her heels in the lowest rung of her rocker, and absently snapped her watch open and shut. A few moments elapsed, and then she looked into the open kitchen door again. Her sister was carrying two hot flats, done up carefully in cloths.

"Now, are they hot?" the voice began. "This coffee is nothing but warm slop. I am sick enough already without having anything added to my suffering. I've got to have a fresh cup of coffee heated —— "

"Delia," broke in an exasperated tone, "the fire is just out. I could hardly heat these —— "

"Oh! Oh! You let the point of that flat-iron touch my spine. Do you want to kill me? Now wait. Put that flat further up to my shoulder. They are cramping like the toothache. No, no. I want the other at my feet. They are aching with a nervous chill. And I can't help it if the fire is out. I wouldn't ask for coffee unless I had to have it, and you know it. If I didn't have it now, I'd *have* to have more waiting on in the night. Put this paper back on the table, and give me that magazine. I may be able to look at

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the pictures. I'm too dizzy to look at the headings. Hand me my shawl. I'm very cold. No, no. I won't have the windows down. I've got to have the air on account of my heart."

At last Mrs. Pimm, her wrinkled face covered with perspiration which showed high among the roots of her thin, grey hair, came out on the south porch and closed the door softly and stealthily behind her, and crept to her rocking-chair, but her stealth profited her nothing. There was a prolonged jangle of the invalid's little call-bell, and the voice, high and indignant now, reached them as soon as the door was quietly opened.

"You leave that outside door open. I've got to have the air circulating through here — and you remember what I told you about the rocking!"

Mrs. Pimm made no reply. She re-seated herself, leaving the door open, and the groans began. This time four "O's" preceded one "dear."

Mrs. Kupfer glanced at her watch. "Eunice, you've been waiting on her exactly twenty-five minutes. It's now four o'clock. Since noon you've been called into her room exactly fifteen times — I've kept track."

Mrs. Pimm fanned herself. She sank her voice to a whisper as she answered. "Often I go many more times. I only hope, Huldah, that the Lord will give me strength to keep up and wait on her until she goes. It's a great affliction for us all, but He knows best what each of us needs."

Huldah gave a sudden snort which she instantly concealed with a cough. Mrs. Pimm still believed that the Presbyterian faith was her sister's stay and comfort, and the latter was not ready to undeceive her. A short silence fell between them as both watched a cloud of dust approaching, surrounding an open buggy and a single horse. As the vehicle drew nearer they saw that the driver was a straight, white-haired man, who raised his hat gravely to the women on the porch.

"Why, it is old Doctor Smith!" exclaimed Huldah. "It has been years since I saw him last. Does she call him in as often as she used to?"

Mrs. Pimm shook her head. "No, Huldah, she doctors herself now. She's not asked to have him called in — why, it's going on five years now. I guess it's just one of her notions. She says, now, that she's found he doesn't understand her case — he's too old, and she can apply her own remedies."

"If she'd found that out thirty years ago," remarked Huldah grimly, "it would have saved you some pretty steep doctor's bills."

Mrs. Pimm sighed and opened her lips to reply when there came a sharp, "Mother, come here *at once.*"

"It's been exactly five minutes since you went in there," interrupted Mrs. Kupfer. "Why do you go?"

Mrs. Pimm arose. "Because I have to, Huldah. I've done it for thirty years. If I didn't go there'd be a fuss, and it would end in her having a crying spell." Mrs. Pimm shuddered. "Besides that, it's my duty. She's a great sufferer, and I'm her mother. I try to be patient, but I'm getting so that it is a great effort to be. I don't know what the trouble is."

Again Mrs. Kupfer snorted and coughed. She waited until her sister had disappeared, and the voice had begun its directions, then she drew a tiny, well-worn pamphlet from her pocket and read a sentence here and there throughout:

"The healer must study the patient and act at his discretion. There are times when it is advisable to raise the patient gradually, giving his soul substance opportunity to pervade his mortal mind — Thus he may be brought to a realization that disease is not, and that only Goodness and Beauty and God are ——"

She closed the book and restored it to her pocket, smiling happily. She began to rock again, tip-tapping softly, and the hum expanded into a song. Under her breath she sang softly:

"Take the name of Science with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe.
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go."

That night, as she went to bed, Mrs. Kupfer was conscious that her mortal mind felt slightly fatigued, but the certainty that she herself, the soul substance, could feel no weariness, put her to sleep with a happy smile on her plump and placid face. Twice during the night she was awakened by a sharp rapping on the wall below, and the voice of direction calling for a cup of hot coffee, fresh water, and hot flat-irons.

After five in the morning there was no sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Pimm arose, and the voice of direction took up its duties for the

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"An old, white-haired woman was moving slowly"

day. "We are obliged to get up at five summer and winter," explained Mrs. Pimm, "for she complains of faintness if she doesn't have her breakfast at six."

The two women were standing beside the back-kitchen stove. Mrs. Pimm looked sleepless and worried. "Huldah, I've a mind not to go. She'll take on dreadfully when she finds I'm gone. I don't know what you'll do with her, and then," hopelessly, "I dread the coming back so. It will be worse afterwards in so many ways — I guess I won't go."

Mrs. Kupfer turned a pleasant face on her sister. It was a face which ended in a square jaw. "You've not got me here, Eunice, and made your dress, and promised to go all for nothing. You needn't fret one bit about leaving her to me."

The worried expression on Mrs. Pimm's face did not disappear. It only deepened.

"You'll never be outside the sound of her bell, will you?" she implored.

"Never," promised Mrs. Kupfer.

"I always think that something might happen, and then I'd not like to be to blame."

"Um-hum," said Mrs. Kupfer behind closed lips, listening to the one "O" and four "dears," which arrived regularly from the sick-room.

After breakfast Mrs. Pimm stole into her bedroom and hurriedly put on an old black lawn and her bonnet, while Mr. Pimm took a satchel already packed, and stole out of the back door and across the field to the stage route to Sodus. There he was joined in a few minutes by the women, Mrs. Pimm looking guilty and uncomfortable. "I never did such a thing before," she said aloud as though reasoning with herself, "but you know how useless it would be to ask her if I might go." Then to Huldah, "Go right back to the house, please. There! I hear her bell. It doesn't do to leave the house alone for a minute. I do hope she won't get to crying. I don't know what you would do with her if she should."

Mrs. Kupfer tranquilly smiled, kissed her sister, and walked leisurely across the fields, singing beneath her breath:

"Take the name of Science with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe."

She surveyed the house as she approached. The roof on the north side leaked badly, but shingling it was out of the question. The house-lot was left unmowed. It was too large to mow by hand, and, after mature deliberation, "she" had decided that she could not endure the noise of a machine that summer, because she had so much extra to bear.

"'She's a great sufferer'"

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The "extra" was a visit from her aunt, Huldah Kupfer!

Mrs. Kupfer entered the kitchen, and simultaneously her song descended to a hum. The bell was being rung violently, and a voice was angrily demanding that "mother come *at once* and wait on her."

Still calm and placid, Mrs. Kupfer continued her way through the kitchen and sitting-room into a large airy room beyond. On the side of the bed sat a grey-haired woman of fifty. Her gums were toothless, making her chin protrude and the end of her nose fall. Her eyes were sunken and angry, and there were dark rings beneath. She wore a white night-dress, and blue bed-shoes.

"'I don't want you to wait this long again when I ring'"

"I don't want you to wait this long again when I ring," she began in an unpleasant voice without looking up, "and keep me waiting. When I call, you know it is necessary —" Here the invalid suddenly discovered her aunt, and fell back on a heap of eight cushions piled at the head of her bed. Her three pillows each occupied a chair in front of the windows, airing.

"Where is ma?" she demanded sharply.

Mrs. Kupfer smiled pleasantly and proceeded to pull a shade even with the middle sash of the windows. "Delia, your mother and father left this morning on the stage for Plainville to attend John's wedding. They will be gone three days."

The invalid's face took on a pale yellow hue and she gasped, too astonished to speak at first. When she got her breath again her voice was weak. "Ma gone! What does that mean? She has not left me alone a day for thirty years. Of course, she must come right back. Write *at once* and tell her so."

Mrs. Kupfer swung all three pillows on one chair and set the others against the wall. She did not speak, but behind her closed lips sounded an "Um-hum" of so independent a nature that Delia's eyes nearly started from her head, and she did not notice the disposition of the pillows until her aunt had left the room and began to clear the table. Then she called loudly for her to return.

Mrs. Kupfer paid no heed to the calls, but moved about her work singing, not in a subdued voice this time, but loudly and joyously.

"Take the name of Science with you, (Ring, ring, ring went the little bell). Child of sorrow and of woe, ('Aunt Huldah, come at once!') It will joy and comfort give you, (Pound, pound, pound on the wall). Take it then ('Aunt Huldah') where'er you go. (Ring, ring, ring.) Precious name, O how sweet. ('Do you hear me?') Hope of earth and joy of heaven. Precious name, O how sweet. (Loud thumpings on a tin basin). Hope of earth and joy of heaven." ("O dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.")

The dishes were washed and the hymn sung through, both to an accompaniment which would have crazed any one whose mortal mind was in control of those small instruments of torture which the non-elect of heaven call nerves. But the accompaniment only caused Mrs. Kupfer's song to strengthen in fervor, and Mrs. Kupfer's eyes to shine with faith and trust, and her resolution to strengthen momentarily. When the last dish was set away, she appeared in the midst of the din going on in Delia's room.

Delia was lying across the bed in a peculiarly strained position, pounding the wall with a pair of shears and shrieking, "Aunt Huldah." Her aunt viewed the situation imperturbably and announced quietly: "I'm here."

Delia turned and sat up in a rage. "Didn't you hear me call?" she demanded.

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"I did."

"When I call, you must come *at once*. You've made me worse for all day and all night. My head is whirling so that I can hardly raise it, and I'm so faint I must have a cup of strong, hot coffee now. Put those pillows back on the chairs where you found them, and fix the shades exactly where they were. My eyes are too weak to have an extra strain on them. And Aunt Huldah," Delia fell back on her cushions and her tone became more conciliatory — she had forgotten that she was not talking to her mother. "I can't have any singing at all about the house. It makes me so much worse that I may have to get you up often in the night."

"Um-hum," sounded Mrs. Kupfer expressively.

She stood at the foot of the bed, and fixed her eyes steadily on her niece. She made no move to obey instructions. In fact, she had not heard them. She was giving Delia a treatment.

Delia threw herself about on her cushions an instant, and then asked sharply: "Do you hear? I must have that coffee *at once*. I am in the midst of a perfectly awful stomach spell, and I'm beginning to cramp. Please heat two flats very hot, and do it *now*."

Mrs. Kupfer held her position at the foot of the bed rigidly. "Delia," she began solemnly, "you are not cramping. It is your mortal mind —— "

"Not cramping!" shrieked Delia in a voice which penetrated every nook of the house. "My feet are drawing and my legs are cramping, and my shoulders are beginning. It's my nerves the doctor says —— "

Mrs. Kupfer had not swerved her eyes a hair's-breadth from Delia's, nor had she ceased speaking. "And as God is love, and the real and enduring part of us is Him, a part of Him —— "

Neither had Delia ceased to speak. "These cramps come on when I overdo waiting on myself. I ought to have constant attendance. Mother does the best she can, but she is getting old and childish. She forgets often to do what I order —— "

"Your soul, which is you, is painless, tireless, all pervading."

"And so I overdo every day until it seems as if I should fall dead with exhaustion and suffering. You must get me the coffee and flats *at once* —— "

"Therefore, your soul substance can overcome the illusions of the flesh ——

"You will only force me to require more waiting on all day long by not getting those things *now*. And the shades *must* be fixed as I told you and the pillows —— "

"Sickness is not real. It is a part of our mortal selves and is merely the product of our — "

"No tongue can tell what I have to endure and suffer every day."

In the end, Mrs. Kupfer being out-talked was obliged to retreat to the south porch where she tip-tapped on the boards for two hours, bearing Delia strongly up to the fountain of Eternal Healing, while Delia groaned, and pounded, and screamed, and jingled her bell. Nothing like this had befallen her in all the thirty years of her invalidism. Every one about her had been glad to yield in order to avoid a worse calamity, because, as she reasoned, she asked to be waited on only when she needed aid — not to receive it made her much worse, which, in turn, obliged her to require far more care night and day. A consistent observance of these principles had brought an instant response to her demands for years.

But Mrs. Kupfer, upborne by a holy zeal for the cause of Science, gave to the afflicted one thorough absent treatments rather than care. She tip-tapped on the south porch

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and concentrated her mind on the Good, and True, and Holy, while floating out to her came Delia's voice.

"You are killing me. You shall write to my mother to come home. Do you hear me? (Ring, ring, jingle-jangle of the bell). I shall call in the neighbors and demand help. You are worse than a murderer the way you are treating me. Do you hear me? (Pound, pound, thump, thump, knock, knock on the wall with the shears). When mother comes home you shall be turned out of this house. I shall never see you again. Do you hear? (O, O, O, dear, dear, dear!) I guess you'd say there's no such thing as pain if you had to bear all that I bear. I shall call in the neighbors and tell them how inhuman you are, and how you abuse me. (O dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.) *Get me hot irons and coffee!*"

"'Get me hot irons and coffee!'"

The day wore itself out, and had it not been for the fact that her soul substance had gone far toward pervading her mortal mind, it would have worn Mrs. Kupfer out also. As it was, mindful of her promise to her sister, she never went beyond the sound of Delia's bell and voice, and, mindful also of her little book of instructions to healers, she did not altogether neglect the mortal requirements of the invalid, seeing that the latter was so firmly wedded to the flesh. She dealt out hot coffee and hot flats, tea and salaratus water, magnesia and Sedlitz powders, grape juice and cream of tartar water at rare intervals, and the outraged and suffering Delia was silent only so long as they were being consumed.

When night came, and Mrs. Kupfer entered the sick-room to make up Delia's bed, she encountered the first lull of the day. It was a lull which would have made Mrs. Pimm tremble, but it had no meaning for Mrs. Kupfer. Delia lay on her back, flat on the bed. She had pushed the eight cushions out on the floor, as there had been no response to her orders to remove them.

"Pull the rocker close to the bed," she commanded. "Now you will be obliged to lift me, as I am completely exhausted and not able to help myself. You have forced me to do without necessary waiting on to-day until my back has given out. I feel that I am going to be entirely helpless, just as I was this time last year."

Mrs. Kupfer, instead of placing her arms under the invalid, put them akimbo. There was an exalted expression on her face. She paused long enough to put herself well into tune with the Infinite, and then she smiled and spoke with calm firmness. "If your bed is made to-night you will get out on the chair without my help. Remember, Delia, you are not sick."

Then came the climax, a climax of which Mrs. Pimm lived in daily dread, a climax which had never failed to break down any unexpected stubbornness on the part of every member of the family — Delia went into hysterics. The sounds which rolled in torrents from her room could not be analyzed, but they could be felt in every fiber of the listener's being. Even Mrs. Kupfer fled, and closed all the doors behind her. This unprecedented behavior added to Delia's "spell," and in the midst of it she rang her bell and wielded the shears against the wall. But her aunt sat on the back porch, giving a treatment not only to Delia, but to herself.

There was no sleep for aunt or niece that night. All night long at intervals the ringing and pounding and calling continued, and when these ceased an instant, groans, long-drawn and loud, began. Before morning there was a glitter in Mrs. Kupfer's wide-open eyes and a firmness about her closed lips, which was not the result of Science, but

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of her mortal mind. When the clock struck six she slid her feet out on the floor and said aloud, with a curious expression on her face: "And Eunice herself says she can't stand noise. Um-hum." The sentence was ambiguous but conclusive, and something lay behind it.

After breakfast she tiptoed to the pantry and shut the door. The telephone was located in a shed opening off the pantry. It could not be put in the house on Delia's account. She called up a farmer living a mile away and had a little talk with him. "This afternoon at two," she said decidedly and rung him off. Next she called up the village carpenter, ending that conversation with, "To-morrow morning, bright and early." Then she hung up the receiver, and her expression became buoyant once more.

If the previous day had been marked by squalls, that day was one of heavy storms. Delia had another "spell" before noon, and stiffened with a violent contraction of her muscles. At such times her mother always bathed her in hot water for three hours, wrapped her in hot flannels, and applied hot flats without and hot coffee within for the remainder of the day. Not so Mrs. Kupfer. She provided the coffee, but disregarded the stiffness. "There is no such thing as cramps," she said calmly and firmly. Whether there is or not, Delia was limber by two o'clock, so limber that when the whirring and grinding of a mowing-machine was heard in the house-lot she sat up without any aid and called, "Aunt Huldah."

"At the name of Science bowing,
Falling prostrate at its feet,"

sang Mrs. Kupfer, appearing.

So intent was Delia on the mowing-machine that she did not notice the song. She sat up unsupported, her eyes fairly starting from her head, and her toothless gums working. "I want to know what fresh outrage this is?" she demanded.

Her aunt smiled happily as she noted the strength of Delia's movements, and said in her soul: "Praise be to Science." Aloud she said: "Can't you hear? It is a mowing-machine."

"I cannot endure the noise. I am as sore now in every muscle as though I had been pounded. You are killing me. I shall appear and condemn you on the day of judgment. God shall punish you!"

"Um-hum," said Mrs. Kupfer doubtfully, and left the room.

That night when the lawn was nicely mowed, and the music of the machine which sang a sweet lullaby in the aunt's ears was stilled, and the other sounds, not lullabies, arose strongly from Delia's room, the boy who brought the milk brought also a letter. Mrs. Kupfer read it through and then said thoughtfully: "The Lord be praised. It gives me an opportunity to win a grand victory for Science."

She at once carried the letter to Delia who gave the Lord no praise at all. She read it and wept — silently this time — in dread and real fear. The letter came from Mr. Pimm. Mrs. Pimm had from the first moment of leaving home appeared ill, until, at the time of writing, she had a fever, and a physician was in attendance. "A case of utter exhaustion," the latter had said. "She must not be moved."

"I do not wonder," ruminated Mrs. Kupfer on the south porch, "that one controlled by the mortal mind should feel exhaustion."

That night Mrs. Kupfer slept. Whether Delia did or not she never inquired, nor did she notice the latter's haggard face, sunken eyes, and shaking hands the following morning. She did notice, however, the

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invalid's changed demeanor, the "pleases" which prefaced the commands, and the subdued air which pervaded the sick-room — noticed it and rejoiced.

"Will you *please* make up my bed this morning?" asked Delia.

Mrs. Kupfer instantly pulled the rocking-chair near, assented cheerfully and then waited. Delia held out her arms to be lifted, but Mrs. Kupfer, fresh from a good night's rest, was engaged in giving her the first treatment of the day, a silent treatment, and paid no attention to the movement.

"Will you — *please* — lift me up?" asked Delia, the subdued one.

With a placid smile the healer replied: "You will help yourself and so realize that the soul is in control."

Delia's mouth opened with an angry snap, and then closed again. She suddenly reflected that she was alone with this woman, whose calmness no storm could upheave, whose way no pleas could change, whose sympathy no suffering could touch, whose will was more than a match for her own — and the mother, who had been her servitor for thirty years, lay sick a hundred miles away. It was an unparalleled situation in Delia's history, and it caused an unparalleled move on her part. She slid out on the chair unaided, and slid back again also unaided, clasping and unclasping her hands in helpless anger, as her aunt, disregarding a dozen directions preceded by forced "pleases," serenely retired to the kitchen, singing:

"O the precious name of Science,
How it thrills our souls with joy."

Fifteen minutes later two carpenters arrived, and began tearing away the shingles on the north side of the roof. Delia, worn out with the uncontrolled rage of two days, raised herself and listened. Then she called her aunt, who responded cheerfully. Terror shone in Delia's eyes. "Aunt Huldah, what are you doing now?"

"Having the north roof shingled."

The expression of terror deepened. "I *shall* not endure the noise. I *can* not," Delia gasped, shaking. "Don't you understand? The house must go unshingled. The noise would murder me."

"Then came the climax — Delia went into hysterics"

A gleam of amusement shot across Mrs. Kupfer's face. Her tone was dry. "I notice that you survive your own noise, and a worse racket I never heard," and she vanished, nor would she respond to another call until dinner-time.

After dinner as she stood outside of the house, gazing on the work of her ordering, she heard her name called from the road, and there, erect in his open buggy, white-haired but robust, was Doctor Smith. She walked leisurely down the path, notwithstanding the little bell was jingling furiously inside the house.

"Ah, Mrs. Kupfer," began the doctor, shaking hands. "How is Miss Delia taking that?" nodding toward the men on the roof.

Mrs. Kupfer smiled and rested her elbow on the wheel. The angry jangle of the bell reached them, but she did not even turn her head. "Very nicely, doctor, thank you. I do not think she will mind it at all, presently."

Doctor Smith's face underwent a curious change. His cheeks puffed out and his eyes began to twinkle. Then suddenly changing his mind, his face became grave as he asked courteously: "Is what I hear true, Mrs. Kupfer — that you have gone over to Christian Science?"

Mrs. Kupfer lifted a pair of clear, glowing eyes to the doctor's face. Her tone was

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emphatic but sweet. "I certainly have, Doctor Smith."

"Ah! Ahem!" coughed the old man, gathering up the reins. "Yes, it is a — a — yes — a pleasant day, is it not?"

"Very pleasant," assented Mrs. Kupfer, and wended her way back composedly to the south porch, where she sat the afternoon out, giving Delia strong treatments — and letting her wait on herself.

The house was shingled —and Delia still lived, albeit the hollows under her eyes, when viewed by carnal eyes, were deeper and her back was weaker than in years before. "You are my murderer," she informed her aunt a few days later. "You will cripple me for life. My whole system has had a shock from which it will never recover. Hand me that pillow and move that chair near the bed." She was preparing for the night.

Mrs. Kupfer stood by, her chubby face beaming with happiness and faith — but she made no move toward either chair or pillow.

"Do you hear?" demanded Delia, who alternated between helpless fear and violent rage, between pleas and threats, neither of which moved her aunt a hair's-breadth. "Do you hear me?" Delia again cried.

"Um-hum," assented Mrs. Kupfer sweetly, but motionlessly.

Delia knew well what it meant. With prolonged groans, full of exasperated notes and quavers, she pulled her chair up to the bed herself and got off on it, letting the pillow remain where it was. Her sunken eyes gleamed with anger, and her voice worked through the intonations of sneering scorn, helpless anger to whining weakness.

"Call yourself a Christian Scientist, do you? You are not even a Christian to stand by and see me suffer as I do. It is fiendish of you to act so. Any one around here could tell you ma has had to do all of these things for me for thirty years. I've gone so far beyond my strength now that I shall be obliged to ask you to get up several times to-night —— "

Delia suddenly paused. She had forgotten that this threat had lost its power since Mrs. Kupfer snored peacefully now through any din which she could contrive. In fact, she could invent no threat which proved efficacious. Mrs. Kupfer even disregarded the judgment-day and her niece's connection with it — a picture which often made the mother tremble and obey for days, the well-trained mother who lay ill one hundred miles away.

The weeks passed, and the neighbors began to open their eyes in wonder as one after another dropped in to call on Mrs. Kupfer, and sat with her on the south porch for hours at a time undisturbed by any summons to the sick-room, for the time came when Mrs. Kupfer said calmly to Delia that there would be no further summons, and Delia felt the strange sensation of obeying instead of commanding.

At last the crowning blow fell. Mrs. Pimm got no better, and Mrs. Kupfer was needed at home. A new Science Church had been erected and she was eager to be once more in touch with congenial souls. Therefore, as she quietly informed Delia one morning, they two were going back to the city. She came on Delia as the latter, having pushed herself around the room by the aid of a rocking-chair, was raising a window — it being the only way she could get one opened.

The invalid lifted her hands and shrieked: You are insane! You are wild! Take me on the cars! Take me to the city among all

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the noises! You would murder me! It shall not be done! I will appeal to the neighbors! I will write to ma that she must come home if she is dying! I cannot go if you drag me. I shall not stir. I've not left this room for thirty years."

Mrs. Kupfer's face was glowing. "There are three healers at home who are all eagerly waiting for you. They give wonderful treatments. Science has done great things for you so far, but when they get hold of you — " Mrs. Kupfer's enthusiasm prevented further speech.

A vision arose before Delia of four healers ranged around her bed, their happy, unsympathetic eyes fixed on her, their lips motionless — for Mrs. Kupfer had never attempted a second oral treatment, and the vision deprived her temporarily of speech. Her aunt retired singing joyfully:

"Take the name of Science with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe."

"Miss Pimm had returned and not in the easy-chair"

For the next few days Mrs. Kupfer worked briskly, preparing Delia for her journey. She oiled the long unused sewing-machine (Mrs. Pimm had been obliged to sew by hand) and ran it gaily at the top of its speed. Delia was also busy — thinking, groaning, and weeping.

She threatened daily to appeal to others for aid, but calm reflection showed that there was no one to whom the could appeal. It had been five years since she had admitted a neighbor to her room, on the plea that she could not endure it to listen to conversation. If she could not endure them in her own home, surely they would not be willing to endure her in theirs. Mrs. Kupfer wondered slightly at her making no appeal to Doctor Smith, but she did not mention his name.

Even the threats became fewer as the days passed, and Mrs. Kupfer, so busy that she gave Delia only hurried treatments and left her to wait wholly on herself, set the house in order, packed the invalid's effects briskly, and finally hired a man to drive them to the station. By this time an awful sense of helplessness gradually took possession of Delia — mental helplessness, that is; her aunt would not allow any helplessness physically — until she had arrived at a state in which her own mother would not have known her.

"This is the morning we start," said her aunt bustling into her room one bright September morning. "You will get up and put on this dress" — and she did.

"The wagon is coming," announced Mrs. Kupfer an hour later. "Now you will stop that groaning" — and she did.

"The man is coming in," Mrs. Kupfer appeared bonneted and gloved. "You will take his arm and mine and walk out to the wagon" — and she did.

Then they drove away toward the station in triumph, the driver and Mrs. Kupfer on the front seat, and Delia Pimm, invalid, in an easy-chair behind, for this much had Mrs. Kupfer conceded to the mortal mind, which she realized still largely controlled Delia. Thus they journeyed toward the land of promise where other healers were waiting joyfully to greet their sister and aid her in a cure which should be a bright star in the crown of Science. And all the neighbors stood beside their doors in open wonder at the miracle being wrought — all except Doctor Smith.

For a while the doctor kept his views quite to himself. But to one inquiry, after Miss Pimm had returned, and not in the easy-chair, he did acknowledge:

"Five years ago when I told Delia Pimm that she was recovering she said I'd lost track of what was the matter with her. Well, I don't know but I had!"

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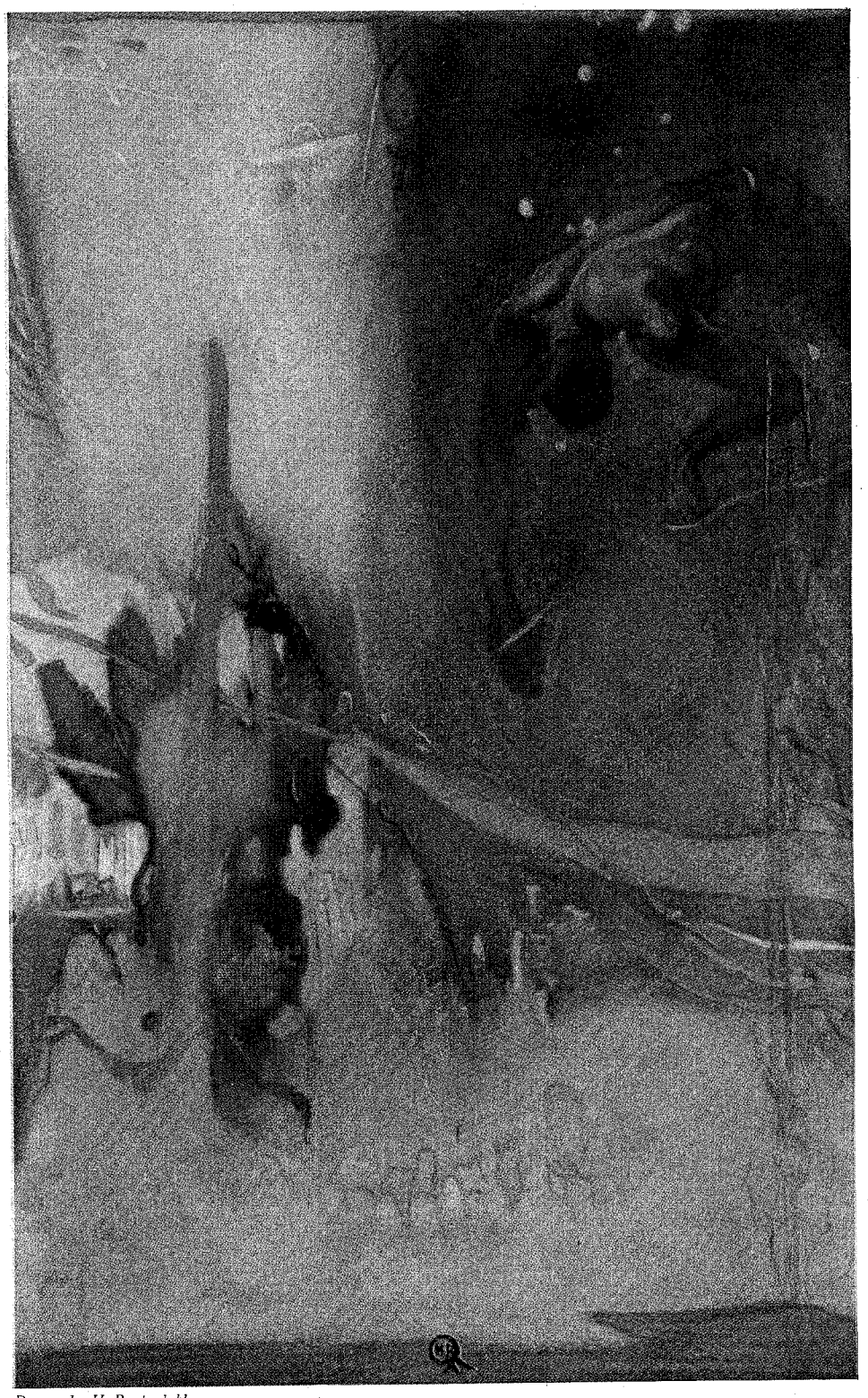

Drawn by H. Reuterdahl

"HE SWAM QUICKLY DOWN"

—"*Beneath the Bulldog's Bilge*" *Page 348*

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